DON RENATO

By the Same Author

★

STORIES TOTO TOLD ME

IN HIS OWN IMAGE

CHRONICLES OF THE HOUSE OF BORGIA

HADRIAN THE SEVENTH

DON TARQUINIO

THE WEIRD OF THE WANDERER

THE DESIRE AND PURSUIT OF THE WHOLE

HUBERT'S ARTHUR

NICHOLAS CRABBE

DON RENATO

AN IDEAL CONTENT

A Historical Romance by

Fr. Rolfe

(Baron Corvo)

EDITED AND
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

CECIL WOOLF



1963

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NOTE ON THE TEXT

The sole authority for this text of *Don Renato* is the original unpublished edition of 1909. Neither the manuscript nor the two typescripts that are known to have existed have survived.

The text has been faithfully reproduced from a photostat of a copy of the original edition, which has courteously been made available to me by the Bodleian Library, where Lord Esher's copy—later, Sir Hugh Walpole's—ultimately came to rest.

Only a single fragment of a preparatory sketch for *Don Renato* survives. It consists of a few brief notes in Rolfe's hand on one side of a sheet of paper, and it has been reproduced in collotype as the frontispiece to the limited issue of this first published edition.

The numerous peculiarities of Rolfe's orthography are, of course, left unchanged; but I have attempted to correct silently all obvious mistakes in spelling and punctuation. Among Rolfe's various caprices it should perhaps be noted that in the Greek quotations which occur in the text, the author omits all accents and soft breathings: rough breathings alone are given. Words clearly omitted in error from the original printing have been supplied here in square brackets. There is only one serious lacuna in the text of the 1909 edition, and that occurs here on page 238 between lines 19 and 20.

Don Renato might very easily provide endless hours of interest and amusement for an industrious annotator, but this edition is designed for the general reader, and I have refrained from adding more than an essential handful of explanatory notes (signed 'Ed.') to the hundred or more footnotes written into the original text by the author.

C. W.

INTRODUCTION

THE curious history of the original 'publication' of *Don Renato*, and of the fortuitous rediscovery of the book many years later, is shadowed with elements of mystery which would have delighted its author.

It is not often that a finished major work of a recognized writer is first offered to the public more than half a century after its composition. Yet Frederick Rolfe's *Don Renato*, his earliest surviving novel and a luxuriant product of the beginnings of his literary career, saw printer's ink, paper and binding in 1908-1909, but has had to wait some sixty years for its first effective publication to-day.

This does not mean that the interest and importance of the novel have never been fully appreciated. Handsome tributes have already been paid to its story and style by Miss Alexandra Zaina[1] and by A. J. A. Symons in *The Quest for Corvo*[2] where he writes that:

> It [*Don Renato*] certainly deserved his [Trevor Haddon's] praises. No more faithful reflection exists of its extraordinary author: and it could be the work of no other hand. The infallible touches of his fascinating, overladen style (the style of *Don Tarquinio*, not *Hadrian*, of Baron Corvo, not Fr. Rolfe) are prominent from the first page to the last. . . . No writer ever set himself a more difficult task. He, or rather Dom Gheraldo in his entries, tells a story: he reveals by slow and feline touches the character of the priest from within; and at the same time he attempts to give an English equivalent for the verbal mix-up of the pretended original. And in all this he succeeds, though in retaining Dom Gheraldo's macaronics

[1] See her essay *Don Renato* in *Corvo 1860-1960*, St Albert's Press, 1961.

[2] For biographical sketches of Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo (1860-1913) see *The Quest for Corvo· An Experiment in Biography*, A. J. A. Symons, Cassell & Co., 1934; and the introductions to the several volumes of *The Centenary Edition of the Letters of Frederick Rolfe*, edited by Cecil Woolf and others, Nicholas Vane, 1959, 1960, 1962, etc.

he almost makes his book unreadable. Fortunately, he provides a glossary, so that it is possible to understand, without a headache, the exact meaning that he meant to extract from such constructions or compounds or rarities as argute, deaurate, investite, lucktifick, excandescence, galbanate, lacertose, insulsity, hestern, macilent, effrenate, dicaculous, pavonine, and torose. Even so, *Don Renato* is not a book to be read at a sitting, but rather one to be dipped into at odd hours when the mind can be stimulated by puzzles in verbal ingenuity.... But when the effort has been made, and the pedantic vocabulary mastered, there is a reward. By touch after touch Fr. Rolfe (or Baron Corvo as he was when he wrote this book) builds up his central character, the comfort-loving, word-loving, superstitious yet learned priest, and shows the round of daily life in a great Renaissance family, the turn of mind of the sixteenth century. Perhaps this study in ivory and amber owes something to *The Ring and the Book*; certainly Browning would have delighted in Dom Gheraldo, with his mediaeval medicines . . .; who keeps a benevolent paternal eye on the morals of the pages, with whom he bathes naked by moonlight; who notes with satisfaction the good dishes of the day . . .; to whom water is not hot or cold, but gelid or calid; who frequently admonishes himself in his diary—'Gheraldo, Gheraldo, Gheraldo, take care of thy stile'. Perhaps there is no greater public now than when it was written for this humorous and human mixture of learning and *naïveté*, but posterity certainly owes Fr. Rolfe the tribute of a popular edition of *Don Renato; or an Ideal Content.*[1]

The history of the composition of *Don Renato*, and of Rolfe's persistent and tortuous efforts to find it a publisher, is neither a complete mystery to us nor is it yet wholly clear.

The assigning of any exact date, in the absence of supporting evidence, is always precarious and more or less arbitrary. With our present knowledge of the facts, it is impossible to determine the precise year when Rolfe set to work on the writing of *Don Renato*, though it seems likely that he had completed the greater part of his labours on the book in 1902.

[1] *The Quest for Corvo*, pp. 275, 277, 278.

The earliest unmistakable reference to *Don Renato* occurs in a letter to his friend Edward Slaughter, dated September 1, 1897, where the author refers to it as

> a translation I have almost completed of (α) a sort of diurnal of Don Gheraldo Pinario, chaplain of Prince Marcantonio Publicola of Santa Croce AD 1528-9-30; (β) a letter to his father of Prince Renato Publicola of Santa Croce, Duke of Ardea AD 1545 (?); (γ) an account of the discovery, in 1890, before my eyes, of the oubliette in the Palazzo Santa Croce in Rome, which contained the bones of Don Gheraldo with a stiletto in his tonsure (the stiletto now used as a paper knife by Vincenza Contessa di Santafiore). I send you my only copy of this translation, as far as it has gone, by which you will see that it is a Work. If you think proper to show this letter and MS. to Lane,[1] do so, guarding the interests of my uncompleted MS. See if you can strike any sort of bargain with Lane for me.

Writing to Lane on December 16, 1897, Rolfe says that the MS. does not include 'the letter from Don Renato to his father', or 'my own a/c. of the opening of the oubliette', and he adds, 'I simply am not able to go on with these at the present moment for I lack the very means to live, and the winter is very cold'.

In a letter to his brother Herbert, written at Holywell on August 26, 1898, Rolfe says that he is working on two novels. He gives no details which might serve to identify them, but it is probable that one was *Don Renato*. Shortly afterwards Rolfe came to London, and we know that until the summer of 1900 he was engaged in writing the second series of Toto stories, which were published in *In His Own Image*, and *Chronicles of the House of Borgia*. Thus *Don Renato* appears to have been laid on one side for a while. Then in a letter to Lane's manager, Frederic Chapman, dated from Jesus College, Oxford, July 12, 1900, Rolfe writes: 'With means and leisure I should stay here, enlarge *Don Gheraldo* to four times its present bulk, by adding the whole of his notes, from which I had

[1] John Lane, the publisher and founder of the Bodley Head

extracted the love story: and reduce him to a form which would be more in accord with the publick morals. I believe MacArthur for Doubleday would take it'.

In December of the same year, in a letter to Kenneth Grahame, we find him listing *Don Ghiraldo's Diarium* (*A D 1528-1530*) among what he calls 'my projects'. The next reference to the book is contained in a letter to Temple Scott written from his lodgings in Broadhurst Gardens, West Hampstead, and dated March 21, 1901: '*The Pandecta of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj* (which you shall see at Oxford) is in a different style to these [*Chronicles of the House of Borgia*, the Toto stories, and *Don Tarquinio*] absolutely, a comic, pathetick affectation of Latial classicism, very human, infinitely superior to anything I have yet done. (This, by-the-bye, is an awfully feeble analysis, if you can't understand, I can't make you.)' And later in the same letter he says: 'I am busy writing Dom Gheraldo, and coming to the end of my paper—the stuff you gave me last year which I think has lasted wonderfully'.

In an undated memorandum addressed to J. B. Pinker, who acted for some time as his literary agent, Rolfe says that 'Robert Leighton (for Putnam's) saw part of [*Don Renato*] in 1901, and offered a substantial advance on completion of the MS. Subsequently I met him personally, and deeming him an unintelligent person, I have not approached him since'. By 1902 the work had become known as *An Ideal Content* and was apparently completed, for Rolfe writes in a letter to Maurice Hewlett dated from Broadhurst Gardens, March 17, 1902: 'My romance, *An Ideal Content*, an attempt at historic fiction in an unworn formula, goes to-day to Heinemann. The thing immediately in hand is called *Hadrian the Seventh*, a modern and simple psychology, deliberately written for the many'.

It must have been at about this time that Rolfe sent the MS. of *Don Renato* to his new friend Trevor Haddon, the painter.[1] In his

[1] Arthur Trevor Haddon, R.B.A (1864-1941), a portrait painter, specialist in Spanish and Venetian subjects, and Roman Catholic convert, studied at the Slade School, obtaining a three years' scholarship of £50 a year in 1883 when he was 19 years old. It was during this

recollections of Rolfe, which appear on pages 142 and 143 of *The Quest for Corvo*, Haddon writes:

> It is possible that the inception of the *Dom Gheraldo* book was an incident that Rolfe related to me as occurring in Rome when he was in the town palace of the Duchess Sforza-Cesarini, who was employing workmen to take up the pavement of the ground-floor in connection with the installation of a new calorifer. In the course of the work a deep oubliette was discovered. The household was in a great state of excitement when the workmen who had descended reported the discovery of a skeleton, which was intensified on his remains being brought to light, when the skull was seen to be pierced. 'That proved him to have been a priest,' said Rolfe, and explained to me that this form of assassination was reserved for the priesthood. The hero in the unpublished book I have mentioned perished by that means.
>
> More than twenty-five years later I read Mr Shane Leslie's essay in which he describes a visit paid by Rolfe to W. T. Stead, 'who, before testing Rolfe's literary talents, handed a penny held by the Baron to his medium Julia, who from another room furnished the oracular reply, "He is a blackguard! He has a hole in his head." Mr Stead thereupon chased and seized Rolfe until he could feel his cranium, when behold there was a perceptible hole to be found in the skull! He was accordingly dismissed as a blackguard, and for once Rolfe was baffled by powers more sinister than his own.'

time that Haddon read the poems of Walt Whitman—after reading R. L. Stevenson's essay on the poet—and, being amazed by some things he found there, wrote to Stevenson asking for further comment and observation. Stevenson's side of this correspondence is printed in the second volume of Sir Sidney Colvin's edition of *The Letters of R. L. Stevenson* (Methuen, 1911). In 1885 Haddon was awarded a medal for painting from life and a prize for landscape painting. After travelling in Spain for two years and further study in Madrid, he worked with Sir Hubert von Herkomer from 1888 to 1890. For a time he lived in Rome. In 1921 he worked in Venezuela; and in the following year life membership of the Royal Society of British Artists was conferred upon him. Haddon appears as 'Alfred Elms' in *Hadrian the Seventh* and as 'the Painter' and 'the Divine Friend' in *Nicholas Crabbe*.

Julia's verdict, 'He has a hole in his head', amazes me. Surely there was more than coincidence in this? Was Rolfe a modern projection of Dom Gheraldo, or had he built up a dream-entity of such psychic stability that it coincided with himself—or what?

Presently Rolfe decided to dedicate his book to Haddon, who admired it greatly, but later, after Rolfe had terminated this friendship, only the dedicatory letters to the painter were allowed to stand. For Haddon's name the author substituted the present dedication—'To Apistophilos Echis' (i.e. Untruth-loving Viper). Rolfe's own account of his relations with Trevor Haddon is contained in the latter part of *Nicholas Crabbe* (Chapters 24 and 27), where *Don Renato* is called *Necessary Propositions*.

'For years he kept the manuscript by him', according to A. J. A. Symons, 'adding to its rich sentences and obscure learning, showing it, quoting from it, offering it at intervals to the blind tribe of Barabbas.'[1] Unfortunately, in the present state of our knowledge, and in view of our lack of any manuscript authority whatsoever, it is impossible to determine the exact extent to which Rolfe altered, rewrote, revised and recast various portions of the work either during its composition or later. Our only scrap of clear evidence in support of revision comes from a letter to J. B. Pinker written in about July 1903 which indicates that the manuscript had at one time contained an architectural diagram: 'I have taken out the architectural plan which accompanied the original MS. When the said MS. was returned to me the plan was misplaced altogether; and its elucidating purpose consequently annulled. I judge that you deem it useless, and I withdraw it'.

By the end of the year 1902, the book had been declined by Methuen, Longmans, Smith Elder, Macmillan, John Murray, Lawrence & Bullen, Fisher Unwin, Heinemann and Constable. 'The average reason for rejection', Rolfe later wrote in a letter to J. B. Pinker, 'is that the work errs on the side of extreme distinction'.

Another letter to Pinker, dated January 9, 1903, also merits quotation for the light it casts on the author's opinion of his work:

[1] *The Quest for Corvo*, p. 279.

'I hope that I clearly impress'd upon you my firm intention to succeed in literature. I am devoting myself to book writing *in order to make a lot of money*.[1] I don't expect to do this with the [translation of] Meleager or my historical romance *An Ideal Content*. These are merely works which have some distinction, and will serve well enough to introduce me. The books which I am doing now are of a different kind, less academick, deliberately "popular". You will see that you have the chance of "making" a writer; and I hope that our connection will be for our mutual advantage'.

From his unpublished and published correspondence with his literary agents J. B. Pinker and Leonard Moore[2] we learn that throughout 1903 and 1904 the book was being read and rejected by another long list of London publishers. One of them, E. J. Oldmeadow of the Unicorn Press, ventured the opinion that 'the Prefaces are debateable', 'the title [*An Ideal Content*], which grows out of the Prefaces rather than out of the story, is hardly a practicable one', and considered the book to be 'exceptionally well devised to escape popularity'. These remarks offended Rolfe—who was extremely sensitive to adverse criticism of his work and was always ready to put up a spirited defence against its detractors—but they appear to have caused him later to change the title to *Don Renato*, making *An Ideal Content* the subtitle.

After so many rejections it must have seemed almost impossible to suppose that the book would ever appear in print. But, dauntless and persevering, Rolfe continued to offer his novel; and, at length, more than five years after he had begun circulating it, he found a publisher not only for *Don Renato* but also for his translation of Meleager. This publisher was Francis Griffiths, of Maiden Lane. Under a contract dated October 29, 1907, it was agreed that he should issue a first edition of 2,000 copies of the novel at a net

[1] Rolfe's illusion that there was money to be made by writing books must have been roughly shaken by the fate of *Hadrian the Seventh* and *Don Tarquinio* which, despite favourable notices in the press, were to sell so slowly that between them they brought him only £1 18s. 3d.

[2] *Letters to Leonard Moore*, edited by Cecil Woolf and Bertram Korn, Nicholas Vane, 1960. See pp. 27, 32, 38, 53-55.

price of six shillings, and that the author was to receive a royalty of ten per cent on each copy sold.

Don Renato was ready for the printer in December 1907, and the first proof-sheets reached the author early in 1908. He appears to have been irritated at finding numerous errors in the typesetting, for we find him complaining in a letter to R. M. Dawkins,[1] 'Why won't the devils print what one writes? But I'll tell you what annoys me most. It is the correcting of the proofs of a book which one wrote years ago, and has grown beyond, and has forgotten and is not a bit amused by. That's how I am with *Don Renato* and *Meleager* at this moment. Piles of proofs sweep in from time to time, and I desire to burn them on sight: for one never seems to come within sight of the end'. One is led to believe that Rolfe made many corrections and alterations on these galley-proofs, for it was not until the autumn of 1908 that he received the greater part of the page-proofs. By this time Rolfe was visiting Venice on what had been planned as a six-weeks' holiday as the guest of R. M. Dawkins. In due course his host returned to England, but Rolfe stayed on, contending with accumulating adversity. When he told his friend Pirie-Gordon that 'my books *Don Renato* and *Meleager* cannot be issued in my absence',[2] and proved himself reluctant to return the corrected page-proofs of the novel,[3] his lawyers, who had been advancing him money against future royalties, abruptly terminated his monthly allowance. This was a truly crushing blow, but it only served to strengthen him in his determination to stay on in Venice.

At length, in February 1909, Rolfe was persuaded by Pirie-Gordon to return the page-proofs, which contained further extensive corrections. But by this time other complications had arisen. Rolfe wrote to Pirie-Gordon on a Saturday announcing that he was to be put in prison for debt on the following Monday.

[1] *Letters to R. M. Dawkins*, Nicholas Vane, 1962, p. 85.

[2] *Letters to C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon*, Nicholas Vane, 1959, p. 87.

[3] Rolfe afterwards claimed in several letters that his 'retention [of the page-proofs of *Don Renato*] was solely to prevent the loss of said proofs'.

The letter, which unfortunately has perished, arrived on the Monday; and, believing that Rolfe was no longer at liberty, Pirie-Gordon at once communicated with Griffiths, the publisher. Acting on the author's behalf, Pirie-Gordon thereupon 'passed' the title-page of *Don Renato*—Rolfe had apparently been making certain difficulties about its ornamentation in two colours[1]—and also authorized Griffiths to proceed with the publication of *Don Renato*. 'This was imperative as Griffiths's printers were about to go bankrupt', Pirie-Gordon has since stated, 'and unless the book was printed off before a certain date, then very close, the bankruptcy would take place and the type used for the book distributed for sale with the other effects'.[2]

Writing to Pirie-Gordon early in May, Rolfe was still unaware of Pirie-Gordon's action, and he asks in reference to *Don Renato*, 'What is the meaning of this infernal delay? What are you doing or going to do about it?'[3] And towards the end of the same month he again demands: 'What about . . . *Don Renato*? I have no news of that book even now'.[4]

Shortly afterwards Rolfe wrote direct to Griffiths: 'I have had no news from you of *Don Renato* and *Songs of Meleager* for quite a long time. Please let me hear something. And will you kindly note that Mr C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon . . . is not authorized by me to act for me in any way'. Griffiths's reply to this letter has not survived, but it would appear to have been unsatisfactory to Rolfe, for in a letter to his lawyers dated June 19, 1909, he writes: 'I have warned Mr Griffiths that I withhold my consent from the publication of *Don Renato* and *Songs of Meleager*, till I myself have seen and passed those works in their entirety'. Evidently he had not yet

[1] Pirie-Gordon wrote to Rolfe's lawyers under date of February 17, 1909: 'I think the cover design need not go to Venice—but as the other [Rolfe's device for the title-page] is only 17/6d. and the use of red certainly does make the book more attractive to a certain class of buyer, I am rather tempted to say "Let it be red" '.

[2] This is quoted from a statement by Mr Pirie-Gordon to Rolfe's lawyers Messrs Barnard & Taylor.

[3] *Letters to Pirie-Gordon*, p. 102.

[4] *ibid.*, p. 109.

seen either the binding, which he had designed, or the title-page, for which he had created an original device.[1]

Meanwhile, the delays had been such that the actual publication of the book had to be deferred until the autumn. Publishing in those days was a far more seasonal business than it is now, and publishers were inclined to place great faith in the Autumn Season, when most of the important books appeared and when the approach of winter drove people to fireside diversions.

Why Griffiths did not proceed with the issue of *Don Renato* during the autumn of 1909 is a puzzle which has not yet been solved. Had the book in fact been 'printed, bound, and ready for immediate publication' at the end of May, as Rolfe stated in a complete accounting[2] of his published work and work in progress, it seems improbable that the publisher would meekly have accepted the author's ban, which had little or no legal weight. We cannot of course be certain, but it appears likely that only a few revised page-proofs were printed (and later bound up in a 'proof' or sample of the binding Rolfe had designed) before the printer's bankruptcy and the subsequent distribution of the type. If Griffiths made any further attempts to bring out either *Don Renato* or the translation of Meleager,[3] which would seem unlikely, his efforts came to nothing. And there the matter rested until the author's death, and for many years after.

Then, in the late nineteen twenties, when A. J. A. Symons was assembling facts for *The Quest for Corvo*, he had the great good fortune to make the acquaintance of the highly-placed, mysterious

[1] In a statement written in about 1912 Rolfe says: 'I have corrected text-proofs of [*Don Renato*]: but [my lawyers], who had the matter in hand, have neglected to submit to me proofs of blocks, bindings, &c. I have therefore suspended publication'.

[2] This is one of several surviving detailed written statements of his affairs. It was addressed to R. M. Dawkins under date of May 29, 1909 (*The Centenary Edition of the Letters of Frederick Rolfe*, Vol. III, pp. 144-147) and in it Rolfe lists his past, present and future literary assets.

[3] *The Songs of Meleager* was eventually published by A. J. A. Symons's First Edition Club, in 1937.

Maundy Gregory, who some years later was convicted of trafficking in honours, and still later was alleged to have resorted to murder at one point in his chequered career.[1] Gregory had lately fallen under Rolfe's spell, and when Symons told him of *Hubert's Arthur*, *Songs of Meleager* and Rolfe's other lost works, he at once devoted himself to an intensive campaign for their recovery. His biographer tells us that 'Gregory devoted considerable energy and expense' to this end, but unfortunately we are given no account of how he and his 'agents' went about the delicate task.

The circumstances in which *Don Renato* was rediscovered were related by Symons at the second banquet of the Corvine Society:[2]

> Time and prudence do not permit me now to narrate in detail the search for more than one of his lost books. From letters and agreements, it was plain that a pendant to *Don Tarquinio*, entitled *Don Renato*, had been accepted for publication, more, that an edition of 500, or perhaps 1,000, copies had actually been struck off the press, though never issued. Unfortunately, the publisher had long since passed into insolvency, if not oblivion, leaving neither an address nor a successor. Here, however, our treasurer's[3] guile prevailed. Publishers must have printers, even if they do not pay them; and accordingly he directed his attention to finding the printer of that edition, taking as a hypothesis the probability that he was Mr X's *usual* printer. The first obstacle was that the printer also was long since bankrupt; but even so, he was ultimately found; and not only found, but found to be a Methodist in Birmingham, and extremely vexed at being disturbed on Sunday. But not even the principles of bankrupt Methodist printers are proof against the allure of gold and silver, and ultimately our

[1] For an account of the career of A. J. P. M. Maundy Gregory, see *Honours for Sale: The Strange Story of Maundy Gregory*, Gerald Macmillan, Richards Press, 1954.

[2] *A True Recital of the Procedure of the Second Banquet held by the Corvine Society, December 12th, 1929 at the Ambassador Club*, Privately Printed, 1929, pp. 21-22.

[3] Maundy Gregory was Treasurer and joint Founder (with Symons) of the Corvine Society, in 1929.

> envoy (for by this time the Society had been officially constituted) was directed to a rat-infested cellar, wherein by candlelight he sought and recovered a single copy of one of the strangest romances ever penned.

The story is certainly picturesque and may very well be true: but I doubt that Symons expected it to be taken too seriously or too literally; and in the absence of any corroborative evidence, we can, I think, regard his tale as a myth based on embroidered fact.[1] If the account were literally true, then one might reasonably expect the retrieved copies to show some signs of deterioration; but I have examined all three that survive, and for books which are said to have lain for some twenty years in a rat-infested cellar their general condition is astonishingly good.

A further significant point—and probably the most convincing of all—is that the copy now in the Baron Corvo Collection of Yale University Library bears an autograph note on the half-title page which reads: '*This Publisher's Proof Copy is the only copy of "Don Renato" in existence. Francis Griffiths.*' Also, and contrary to what Symons says, Griffiths was still active in the publishing business until at least 1934, so it becomes difficult to avoid the conclusion that this particular copy, which bears Maundy Gregory's bookplate, either emanated directly from the publisher's files, or from a place of storage (even a cellar). It is possible that Griffiths himself may have steered Gregory to the warehouse, and that, after locating these bound-up proof copies, Gregory may have taken a single copy to Griffiths who thereupon inscribed it as 'the only copy'—not knowing, of course, that Gregory had cunningly concealed the other two copies, in order to make this particular copy 'unique' and therefore all the more valuable. The three known copies were clearly not found in the form of sheets, such as one would expect from a printer's shop, but as bound-up copies in the publisher's binding.

[1] Is it merely coincidence that in the Epilogue to this novel (see p. 322) Rolfe also claims that the mortal remains of Dom Gheraldo were *discovered in the rat-infested basement* of the Sforza-Cesarini town palace where he stayed for a time after his expulsion from the Scots College?

In any event, we owe a debt of gratitude to Maundy Gregory, and this edition of Rolfe's first surviving novel is dedicated to his memory. For without his shrewd, persistent campaign to bring it to light, *Don Renato* might very well have been lost to us for ever.

The Italian scenes in *Don Renato* are, of course, a translation and a re-working of Rolfe's own experiences in that country during and after his months of training for the priesthood at the Scots College, Rome, in 1889 and 1890. Rolfe appears to have made the fullest possible use of the knowledge and insights he acquired during that brief visit to Italy, drawing upon them again and again for his Toto stories (1898 and 1901), *Chronicles of the House of Borgia* (1901), *Hadrian the Seventh* (1904) and *Don Tarquinio* (1905). And undoubtedly much of *Don Renato* found its origins in the days when Rolfe 'lived in the British Museum, studying, discovering unknown [Borgia] MSS and some unpublished holographs, following clues, and generally collecting the atmosphere and background on which to place his figures'[1] for the *Chronicles of the House of Borgia*.

The very length of *Don Renato*, the variety of subjects treated, the stores of curious learning displayed, and the profusion of precise detail all suggest that if the actual composition occupied Rolfe during thirteen months, as he states in the opening pages, the finished novel was almost certainly the product of several years of accumulated thought and inspiration, exceptionally wide reading and acute observation.

CECIL WOOLF

London, May 1963

[1] *Nicholas Crabbe*, p. 70.

DON RENATO

AN IDEAL CONTENT

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROLFE TO APISTOPHILOS ECHIS:[1] GREETING, AND THESE LETTERS.

THESE are the words of the book which I, Frederick William, the son of James, the son of Nicholas, the son of William, the son of Robert, wrote in London and in Rome.[2]

Because you, o painter, incessantly perturb me with inquisitions concerning the sources of my curious knowledge of matters archaick and abnormal, because you incessantly transfix me with the intent regard of your Kretan brows,[3] and molest me with entreaties that I, as man to man or (at times) as artificer to artificer, should demonstrate to you the Four Causes of my gests, especially that I should tell you how I do my deeds (and you know how many and how rare these be)—I will give you this book.

A life, as of an anachoret, as of an eremite, in severance from the

[1] This name, printed thus in the original edition, is a transliteration of Ἀπιστόφιλος Ἔχις, which means *untruth-loving viper*. It had been applied by Rolfe to Trevor Haddon, the painter.—Ed.

[2] James, Nicholas, William and Robert Rolfe were the author's father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather, respectively. It is perhaps not without interest to note that William, who in 1784 founded the pianoforte manufacturing business which bore his name for more than a century, was at one time a partner of Thomas Cullıford, a maternal great-grandfather of Charles Dickens.—Ed.

[3] The word Κρητικός may be used to denote a particular metrical foot: (— ᴗ —), and therefore might be an allusion to the configuration of Haddon's eyebrows On the other hand, the earlier reference to him as Ἀπιστόφιλος Ἔχις suggests that Rolfe may also be using the word in the sense of *playing the Cretan*, i.e. lying.—Ed.

world of articulately-speaking men, while rendering me inhabile in expressing thoughts, creeds, opinions, in spoken words, has made me subadept with the pen—a very detestable condition. On this account, time and human patience would be exhausted before I should be able to satisfy you by word of mouth: but, thirteen months occupied by me in writing, and seven nights or three days (when your workshop may be obscured by London fog) occupied by you in reading, will make clear to you at least one of the sources of my knowledge.

Yet, for your hypotechnical inquiry as to How the Thing is Done, I am unable to supply an apophthegm. My own consuetude, in matters of which I desire to be informed, is to place very many interrogations among experts; and, from the responses received, to respond to myself. This mode has advantages and disadvantages. On the whole it produces satisfaction; and I know no better. Indeed I doubt whether any artificer could respond to your inquiry either in spoken words or in written I doubt whether von Herkomer[1] himself ever told you *How*. He did the thing: you observed him doing it; and, from your own aisthesis (which, I may remind you, according to Epikoyros neither can be proved nor contradicted), you invented your own *How*. You concisely know that your *How* is not von Herkomer's *How*, although you learned your subtile *How* from his vivid *How*. I am no sophist: nor do I presume to liken myself to your master, or my works to his. I only say that, if he could not tell you *How*, neither can I.

But, ever since you began to inquire of me, I have pondered you and your inquiry, and, because I myself from my boyhood very gravely have laboured barehanded to obtain a little knowledge, I am the more unwilling to deny to so eager and so exquisite an artificer, that counsel and assistance which have been denied to me. For men (as far as I know them) always will tell you what they think you ought to know, and always will give you what they

[1] (Sir) Hubert von Herkomer (1849-1914), a popular British painter of Victorian and Edwardian times.—Ed.

think you ought to want: but they never will give you what you want, and they never will tell you what you want to know. Perchance they cannot. Perchance I myself shall fail. But I will try.

Feliciter.

From Hampstead. The day before the Ides of November, mcmvi.[1]

[1] November 12, 1906.—Ed.



OF THE EFFICIENT CAUSE

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROLFE TO APISTOPHILOS ECHIS: GREETING, AND THESE LETTERS.

About two years ago, I was present at a symposium consisting of myself and three publishers' managers, a Scot, an Israelite,[1] and a Cockney. They disputed of the matter of, and the mode of making, books: but I was the attentive audience. Much of what they said was the merest katharma; and, as such, has been cast into oblivion by me. Two dogmas, however, were announced, and noted.

The first was the secret opinion of the dark Scot concerning the future of historick romance. He obscurely said that the *Waverley Novels* obtained success, because their form was new and plausible and probable. He said that *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *Joan of Arc*,[2] *Quo Vadis*, in turn obtained success, because their form was new and plausible and probable. Further, he gloomily said, although more recent writers are as habile as, if not more habile

[1] This is Temple Scott. After leaving the publishing firm of George Bell, he worked for a time as Grant Richards's manager, and later went to America as New York representative of John Lane. Readers familiar with Rolfe's *Nicholas Crabbe* will recall that Scott (who was born Israel Isaacs) figures in that novel first under the name of Abrahams and again later as Church Welbeck. At the time of his death in New York 1939 he was in business on his own account as an antiquarian bookseller. J. L. May makes no reference to him in his biography of Lane, but there is an interesting account of him on pp. 74-77 of *Author Hunting* by Grant Richards (Hamish Hamilton, 1934).

One of the other two publishers' managers is probably Frederic Chapman, who was John Lane's first manager. The other remains unidentified.—Ed.

[2] This is Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1896).—Ed.

than, Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Charles Reade and Mark Twain and Henryk Sienkiewicz, in the invention and creation of stories, yet they fail in the matter of form; and, on this account, their romances lack the newness, and the plausibility and probability, which qualities are essential to any book not intended to rot in the two-penny box until the crack of doom. Hence, he wilily concluded, no writer of historick romance may hope to obtain success, unless he can invent a new (that is a *strange*) form which also is plausible and probable, convenient to (and uniquely convenient to) his story.

Do you see the point? As a painter, you know that some portraits require the solid megaloprepeia of oils, others the delicate allure of pastel, and others the diaphaneia of aquarelle. Suum cuique. Oh, you ought to see that part of the point!

The Israelite took up his parable and said that this was all gerrae and phlyaria; for the day was gone in which writers might have consumed the sweat of their brains in elaborating masterpieces. In this more vivid age, when books are read in hammocks or in week-end railway jaunts, (so he affirmed), the public will accept anything which shall come within its capability of comprehension, which shall be topical, written in a fluent and popular style, obtainable at all the libraries, and insistently and clamorously advertised on sky-signs and sandwich-boards. (Divine Arcitenent Smintheys, afflict me this man!) It was his opinion that the successful publisher of the Twentieth Century would be he who kept one eye on the Publick's whimseys, the other eye on his bagmen and advertisements, and a score of threadbare specialists at a pound a week in his back office, to whom he himself would adumbrate matter, form, and all things connected with the confection of books which could be sold in demimillions. In brief, he would reconstitute Grub Street, this publisher's manager of the Twentieth Century, this 'bleating echo of the far away past.'[1]

[1] Max Nordau, *Degeneration.*

And the Cockney smacked a thigh hypertrophied by abuse of bicycles, invoking all is gawds to witness that a horacle ad spaoken.

But I revolted; esteeming it apt and proper rabidly to inveigh against these heterodoxies, affirming that I for one preferred a dignified death by hunger, rather than to transform myself into a machine, which, when filled by a pig, would produce literature paragonable only to sausages, flabby, flaccid, enervate, and obscene. And upsetting my tea, I fell over the dog (of course there was a dog); and away I went in a rage.

It was late on Sunday afternoon. London N.W. was damp and cold and foggy. So was I. Damp with furious emotion, as a slave derided for his slavery by slave-drivers; cold at heart with disappointment; foggy in mind as to my office as an inexperienced and ignorant writer;—yes, I was damp and cold and foggy.

While I was hastening away from the sound of those detestable dogmas, confused ideas began to sort themselves, as is usual with me: the worthless ones dropped into obilvion: the important ones arranged themselves for examination. This eklektick process having been completed, I went on to analyze. You shall have the sum of my analysis.

It appeared to me that the Matter of the novels of Sir Walter Scott was sympathetick, despite the stolidity of the heroes and heroines and the similarity of their assistants; and that the Form which that writer used, being new and strange to readers of the pre-Victorian and early Victorian Eras, must have had the glamour of verisimilitude. I did not ponder those novels which are written in dialect: but I examined *Quentin Durward*, *Ivanhoe*, *Talisman*, *Woodstock*, and others, which purport to be written in mediaeval and Tudor English, and no doubt convinced the primal clients of *Waverley* that they so were written.

I pondered the *Cloister and the Hearth*: that its matter, as you know, was lifted from (among other works) *The Colloquies of Gerard of Rotterdam called Desiderius Erasmus*,[1] and *The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*; collocated in the reign of Pius P.M. II,[2] and consolidated and illuminated by the genius of Dr. Charles Reade. And its Form; well, the other day at Oxford there occurred to me a version of Erasmus in delectable early Eighteenth Century English. You may ask for it at the British Museum; or you may look for it at book sales. Its title is *All the Familiar Colloquies of Desiderius Erasmus*, translated by N. Bailey, London, 1725. Compare it with the Latin, *Colloquiorum Familiarium Opus Desiderio Erasmo Rot. Auctore*, Antwerp, Christopher Plantin, 1564, and you will not ask me to tell you anything about the Form of *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

I pondered *Joan of Arc*. The Matter of the immense tragedy which cast indelible obloquy, eternal infamy, on France requires no words of mine. The form appeared to be real, human, of most pithy verisimilitude. Whether there actually be a Fifteenth Century MS. written by the page of the martyr-maid, I know not: nor do I care. The book is as convincing as though it were transcribed from an original; and Doctor Mark Twain himself should not persuade me to the contrary. However, like all absolute works, I suspect it of being the result of an occession.

I pondered *Quo Vadis*. A similar character, a similar idiom, appeared to distinguish it: the Matter possible, human, freakish, singular: the Form real, and Roman-Roman-Roman, real Neronian Roman, fastidious, aisthetick, noncurant, cruel, such as the elegant author of *The Supper of Trimalchio* (himself an exquisite

[1] Gerard = Desiderius = ερασμιος = The Beloved.

[2] Enea Silvio Bartolomeo de' Piccolhuomini, poet-laureate of Caesar Friedrich IIII, author of a novel intituled *De Duobus Amatoribus* published 1444.

tiger[1]) might have used. If *Quo Vadis* be not Truth, it must be her eidolon. Did you ever read it in the only authorised Italian version of Federigo Verdinois? If not, you never can know how magnifick a work it is.

I turned into 'The Spaniards'[2] for a chop and a pint of sherry-wine.

Over a cigarette, I asked myself why the Scot clandestinely had omitted to name *Esmond*, that splendid work which at every reading brings the lump i' th' throat for the Jesuit hearing the proclamation of the Elector of Hanover as King. Instantly I answered my own question, Because *Pendennis* came first and as well; because, after *Pendennis*, the matter of *Esmond* was dyspathetick to the Form. It perchance might be urged that the Divine Delian conceded to W. M. Thackeray knowledge of *Esmond*: that, in deference to the Publick (which, say fools, a new writer must not presume to take beyond its depth,) Thackeray produced this knowledge in the vulgar garb and galligaskins of his day: that, in contrition for this ingratitude to his daimon, he subsequently reverted to his primal inspiration. The theory is plausible enough; and almost every pensive writer can testify from his own experience, to its plausibility. But penitence, as always, came too late. The Divine Ones (possessing Olympian Mansions) will have implicit *confidence from the men whom they delight to honour*; or—Θ.

Esmond, alone, would have been a consumate example of historick romance. If *Pendennis* and *Philip* and *The Newcomes* had been stifled as abortions at their birth, *Esmond* and *The Virginians* and *Denis Duval* might have lived, laurelled.

[1] Petronius Arbiter (d. A.D. 66), Roman poet and the author of the *Satyricon*.—Ed.

[2] The Spaniards Inn, Hampstead Heath.—Ed.

I examined no other specimens: for at that time I had no cognizance of Mr. Maurice Hewlett; and MM. de Balzac and Jean Lombard[1] have a private circulation.

The fog now had evanished. I strode the Heath, up and down the long broad black cinder-track, in a plum-bloom-coloured night flecked with pale gold points of little lights, continuing my meditation. The fresh air invigorated me.

I had learned that historick romance must be true, apparently if not actually, accidentally if not essentially, implicitly if not explicitly. I had learned that the Form of it must be appropriate to the Matter in order to give it individual existence; and that with these must be included Potentiality and Actuality, all in a most correct Aristotelean formula. But above all I had learned something about the PUBLICK. I had learned that the PUBLICK has not much relish for the normal, but for the abnormal: asks of writers 'some new thing,' and leaves retailers of 'chestnuts' in the gutter. I had learned that the PUBLICK is like a plucky boy, who delights, who prefers (as I myself prefer and delight), to be taken out of his depth. Why? Because neither the PUBLICK, nor the plucky boy, (nor I who write), are the boors who neither can read nor swim named in the proverb of Diogenianos of Herakléa.[2] I had learned that the PUBLICK, very far from being the blithering simpleton, the blitomammas, designated by the Sage of Ecclefechan,[3] or the shallow ovine smatterer insolently designated by that sententious Israelite, on the contrary is strenuous, is ardent, is strong, to discriminate between pap and pie; prefers the pie; and eagerly pounces on the task (for task it is,—and Task, when all is said and

[1] Readers who may wish to learn more about the French novelist Jean Lombard will find a summary critical account of his work in Octave Mirbeau's short preface to the illustrated edition of Lombard's novel, *L'Agonie* (1901). Rolfe refers to Lombard on more than one occasion in his *Letters to R. M. Dawkins* (Vane, 1962).—Ed.

[2] 'Μητε Νειν, μητε γραμματα· επι των αμαθων.'

[3] Thomas Carlyle, the essayist, historian and philosopher.—Ed.

done, the PUBLICK loves) of picking out the plums. (Indulge my flippancy, o sober painter.) Otherwise, the PUBLICK never would have exerted itself to master Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Charles Reade, Mark Twain, and Henryk Sienkiewicz; or (to state the thesis not in my terms but in yours) otherwise, the PUBLICK would prefer meek Academicks, and never would have taken pains to understand, to make a fashion of, Whistler, Burne-Jones, Byam Shaw, Abbey, and Anning Bell. Mediocrity, the generous PUBLICK tolerates. Individuality, distinction, it admires and cultivates. The custom of the English-speaking Race (said a certain Roman once to me), is to attempt the most impossible adventures, by the most impracticable way, at the most inopportune time, with the most unsuitable equipment: but invariably it compels success, and covers itself with glory. Oh believe me, dear Kretan, the PUBLICK is no fool.

And, having arrived at this conclusion, the artificer in me, clerk though I be,[1] subarrogantly began to aspire to do historick romance, not (of course) to equal the aforesaid masters of the art, but as a humble student of their excellence:—to aspire to do historick romance of such a quality as would controvert the abjectly imbecile thesis of that Israelite.

It was an illecebrose notion. It was a perdelectable idea. It was a hyperepagogick scheme. It would be such a blooming lark.

I would try it.

I ransacked the mind of me for my Four Causes,—for my Material Cause, for my Formal Cause, for my Efficient Cause, for my Final Cause.

[1] Rolfe received the clerical tonsure from the Bishop of Birmingham while he was studying for the priesthood at Oscott in 1888. This incorporated him formally into the clerical estate, with its rights and privileges. In his biographical entry in the *Literary Year Book* he described himself as a 'Tonsured Clerk'.—Ed.

Suddenly, Divine Mnemosyne entered and illumined that arcana where were stored the affairs of Don Tarquinio, of Dom Gheraldo, of Duke Renato, of Don Ruggiero, the affair of the opening of the oubliette—

But these affairs shall be intreated of in other letters.

Farewell.

From Hampstead. The twelfth day before the Kalends of December, mcmvi.[1]

[1] November 20, 1906 —Ed

OF THE MATERIAL CAUSE

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROLFE TO APISTOPHILOS ECHIS: GREETING, AND THESE LETTERS.

I INVITE you to conceive of the most beautiful woman in the world, (there is imperial authority for the epithet), now alive and blooming like a great white flower in Golden Rome.

She is Donna Claudia Valeria Agapita Giorgia Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, in right of birth Princess Poplicola di Hagiostayros, in right of marriage Countess of Santa Cotogna. Her descent is from that Publius Valerius Poplicola who was four times Roman Consul five centuries Before Christ: but tradition (on which all history depends) carries her genealogy into the mists of the Heroick Age. Her marriage made her the consort of one (cujus animae propitietur Deus) whose status not many years ago was that of a tyrant-regnant, enjoying rights of cord and gibbet and the sovereignty of the Knighthood of the Golden Quince. Beside her beauty and her rank, (perchance because of them), she is a friend of queens, a mistress of affairs, and a diplomatist who once reported victory, (but that was in her girlhood), in the teeth of the College of Cardinals and the omnipotent Company of Jesus, from no less sacred a potentate than our Holy Father and Lord the Pope.

Concede that she is a notable woman.

If to these essentials you add the adorable accident of her sex, it will be evident to you that, when so very great and gracious a personage admits to her comity an obscure clerk, a plebeian student, unmannered, self-taught, physically and mentally alto-

gether dyspathetick, and manifests so profound an interest in his labours as to give him the freedom of her archives, (charters, breves, diurnals, accompts, and the multifarious manuscripts which a House can accumulate in, let us say, a thousand years,) very intimate cognition of the by-ways of literature and history is not unlikely to be attained, very curious knowledge is not unlikely to be acquired, very precious excerpts are not unlikely to be collected. Grant me so much.

Then, you now will be pleased to conceive of Don Tarquinio Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros as a younger son of His House (but a very distinguished one) who died three hundred and seventy odd years ago;—of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj as a genial good little priest, who died three hundred and seventy odd years ago;—of Duke Renato Ascanio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros as heir of that Prince Marcantonio who assisted Clement P.M. VII during the Sack of Rome in 1527;—and of Don Ruggiero Rodolfo as an Englishman of the suite of the aforesaid Duke Renato. Conceive that these four left literary remains.

Conceive of Don Tarquinio as having opposed Paolo Giovio and Francesco Guicciardini as historians, he himself being a Roman and of the inner circle of the Court of Rome, who wrote from personal knowledge because he chose to write; (not a Fiorentino who wrote from hearsay only, and at a wage.) Conceive that he wrote a series of theses, chiefly concerning the reigns of Alexander P.M. VI, of Pius P.M. III, of Julius P.M. II, of Leo P.M. X, of Hadrian P.M. VI, of Clement P.M. VII, from 1495 to 1527, but intreating also of ethical and philosophical matters; and all intended not for publication but for the information of his own son Prospero.[1] Herein you shall find graceful and witty theses,

[1] This Prospero, subsequently Cardinal and Apostolick Nuncio prepared for himself an illustrious name by introducing Tobacco into Italy.

Concerning the Murther of the Duke of Gandia, Concerning the Annulled Marriage of the Lady Lucrezia (Borgia), Concerning the Fall and Death of the Duke Cesare, Concerning the Effigy of Leo P.M. X which Mr. Raphael of Urbino depicted, Concerning the immuration of the Mediocre Anisopod[1] *of the Belvedere, Concerning the perfidious Cardinal Pompey, Concerning Sleep, Concerning the Gods, Concerning the Virtues proper for Boys, Concerning our Ban, Concerning the Way in which History Ought to be Written, Concerning my Fortunate Day*, and thirty-two other theses.

Conceive of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, if his name actually was Pinarj, (for you know that most observable persons of his day assumed, if they had not already, a classick name) as being a Roman of Rome, descended from the patrician Gens Pinaria which shared with the Gens Potitia the hereditary priesthood of Hercules, from long before the Founding of the City (c. B.C. 753) until B.C. 312, when the Potitj were destroyed and their office passed to the Pinarj. (I think he subconsciously makes out a case.) Conceive him as chaplain, physician, and confidential familiar of Prince Marcantonio; as a white magician; as governor of Duke Renato, but not tutor or confessor, (and therefore morally free to record secrets.) Conceive that he wrote a diurnal of events in the private life of Roman patricians of the Sixteenth Century, containing gossip of the City, containing a study of a prince in his passage from boyhood to manhood, with the rare story of his love.

Conceive of Duke Renato, serene and vivid, '*una gemma primaverile sull' albero della vita*,' as continuing his own history from the term of Dom Gheraldo's diurnal.

[1] This is an elaborate and witty disquisition very detrimental to the inexplicably celebrated statue called the Apollo of the Belvedere, shewing that at least one man of taste of the Sixteenth Century was not seduced to admire antiquity solely because it was antiquity. 'The Mediocre Anisopod' (The Unequal-legged One, the Mediocre Limper,) 'L'Anisopode mediocre,' is a deliciously epigrammatick label for that contemptible but sleek deformity.

Conceive of Don Ruggiero as the firm English bravo, prefect of the cohort of Duke Renato, intimately cognizant of him and of Dom Gheraldo, forming his own rigid solid opinions concerning them, affected with the fashionable *insanibile scribendi cacoethes* compiling a history of his experiences in order that his children, 'having before them certain examples of virtue, magnanimity, germanity, and true nobility, may be moved to emulation, giving thanks to Him Who for His Own Glory hath created Romans not less than Englishmen.'

Conceive that these four manuscripts are not unconnected. Conceive that Don Tarquinio wrote at intervals from 1495 to 1527 as already stated: but that he wrote as a younger son who lived his own exquisite and eventful life apart, to some extent, from the elder branch of his House. Conceive that Dom Gheraldo wrote continuously from 1527 to 1530, chiefly of that elder branch, but not neglecting the younger: indeed, writing as a priest would write, of everything which occurred to him,—dear verbose genial busybody that he was. Conceive that Duke Renato wrote in 1545 as a voluntary sojourner for fifteen years and more at the gates of Death,—'before the Dawn.' Conceive that Don Ruggiero wrote in 1550-1, completing the tale.

When, in response to your Kretan inquiries, I deliberated (for my own benefit not less than for your satisfaction) to do a historick romance for you, it appeared to me that you ought not first to read the pandects of Don Tarquinio (which I have prepared under the title of *The Kataleptick Phantasm*,[1] because, in common with the Stoicks, his criterion of Truth was Sensuous Apprehension), nor the works of Don Ruggiero, (for I myself as yet have but a superficial acquaintance with them.)

'Love from Chaos formed the World, Whether he did Well

[1] Rolfe's *Don Tarquinio. A Kataleptic Phantasmatic Romance* was first published by Chatto & Windus in 1905.—Ed.

or ill is Another Question. But, since He did so, we mortal Men are forced to recognize His Omnipotence.'

To LOVE, to the youngest and the eldest of all gods, then, let us pay our duty. Here, you shall have, not the whole nor the best part, nor the chief, (for no part is chief or best): but an Ideal Content, simply that part of the archives which I have selected for your satisfaction and diversion,—yes, AN IDEAL CONTENT,—the love story of Duke Renato, narrated discursively by Dom Gheraldo, concisely by himself.

Vale.

From Westminster. The third day before the Nones of December, mcmvi.[1]

[1] December 3, 1906.—Ed.

OF THE FORMAL CAUSE

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROLFE TO APISTOPHILOS ECHIS: GREETING, AND THESE LETTERS.

I JUDGE that I have divulged to you the Material Cause and the Efficient Cause. I now will indicate the Formal Cause.

You will conceive of the Diurnal of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj as a quarto of sorts, measuring thirteen inches by eleven by two and three-eighths; containing six hundred pages of thin opaque paper, with a space of half an inch in the middle for the insertion of a fascicule; bound in stout white vellum. It is surrounded by an imbossed silver band, hinged at the back, and fastened by a silver letter-lock; the outer corners are fortified with guards of the same metal. Three hundred and seventy-four pages are covered with manuscript done in greenish-brown ink. The gesture is exceedingly simple, varying in restraint in the course of each entry. The fascicule consists of eighty-two vellum pages retained between p. 300 and p. 301 by a silver wire. Eighty pages and a half are covered with the Little Hours of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Office for the Dead, the Order for the Commendation of a Soul, the Seven Penitential Psalms with Litanies of All Saints, Orations, Litanies, Various Benedictions, Prayers on a Journey, all finely written in small capitals of the Damasine Character without abbreviations, perfectly black. Capitals of pages and initials of proper names are adorned with fine simple foliages in vermillion. The book is a little warped and worn. There are brownish-purple stains on the front cover and upper edge.

Can you see the outside of that book? Let me proceed to its inside.

From time to time, as you know, Italian men of letters have affected a curious species of language, in which they have used Greek, Latin and other foreign words. Sometimes to these they have given Italian terminations. Cicero used many Greek words, especially in his epistles. Plautus used Punick words. Dante Alighieri gloried in using Latin and Provençal words: 'namque locutus sum in lingua trina' said he. Petrarch followed the same mode. Fra Teofilo Folengo, a noble of Mantua and a friar, under the pseudonym Merlinus Cocaius, wrote *Il Libro della Gatta*, *Chaos del Tri per Uno*, and *Liber Macaronices Libri XVII*, in a language of his own mixture. You shall find Don Tarquinio aforesaid,—indubitably an atavism, or a reversion to the Hellenick type of his remote ancestors, steeped in Hellenism to his white finger-tips,—to have written not unnaturally a hyperaisthetick dialektosdiephtharmene of Greek and Italian. Fra Francesco Colonna (of whom you have a vivid portrait in *The Cloister and the Hearth*), published (through the Aldine Press at Venice in 1497), his *La Hypnerotomachia di Poliphilo, cioè pugna d'Amore in Sogno*. Guarinus Capellus wrote *Macharonea di Rimini* in 1526; and you will note that this diurnal began two years later.

With such ensamples before him, it is not surprising that Dom Gheraldo, who would have been as familiar with Latin as with Italian, who habitually would have thought in one language while writing in the other (as may be seen in his use and abuse of idioms), should have followed the fantastick fashion of his day, compiling a simple jargon of his own, comparable to no other (not even to the jargons of Dominie Sampson or the Limousin Student) which merely is Latin words with Italian terminations and Ciceronian idioms with Petrarchan spelling. No doubt he thought it very 'chic'. Here are three specimens of his Macaronicks, (for we may as well begin to call his style by its actual name;) and you will compare them with my versions on pp. 47-48, 52, 53-54.

'Hoc die, ad avemmaria, venendo da la taberna de lo guan-'tajo in Catinari con Messer Piero Steccolini[1] per combin-'atione ho speculato in un portone una solivaga micina di 'sufflavio colore che mi ha jactato un intuito supplicante, 'pudibundo. Ma io, cupido di dare ad codesto letterato che 'non fa che deridermi un saggio de la mia qualita, ho dom-'andato ad lo detto Messer Piero se volesse ch'io invitassi 'la detta micina ad acceptare da me hospitalita. Et, egli con-'sentendo i'ho fatto attendere dum ad lei mi indirizzavo, et 'deinde sequire ad tale intervallo et con tale mansuetudine 'cosi ch'il suo pudore regale non ne potesse esser offenso. 'Egli, cachinnando ad mia insulsita,—cosi l' ha denominato '—nichilominus ha concesso obedientia. Ma io, suavemente 'advicinando la detta sufflavia micina, urbanemente ad lei mi 'sono indirizzato con certi suono inarticulati quali sono usati 'da le creature de lo genere Felis inter se. Et essa, percipiendo 'mi simpatico, avendomi risposta in simile dulcissima guisa, 'mi ha cominciato sequire in proximo lo mio dextro talo, con 'immensa admiratione di Messer Piero che forte ora puo 'existimarmi justemente. Ma, intrando in palagio, perterrita 'da lo aspetto de li mercenarj de La Supernitade de lo mio 'Domino desidi vicinitate portae, sfuggiro la detta sufflavia 'micina, et piu non e stata vista, fin che piu tardi quando 'intrato son' io in lo mio cabinetto; et ecce, la era avanti me, 'recumbente sopra un cuscino, exponendo la consummato 'dignitade et gravitade di una regina ch' e obito in haeredi-'tatem suam. Ma io avendo obtinuto da la ruota lacte et un 'catillo di pisce decorosemente intratteme la mia hospita; et, 'se ella vuole esser la mia contuberna, sara la benvenuta: 'perche fin' un inquisitore generale di Hispania, per quanto 'curioso et per quanto atroce, non potrebbe vituperare un 'presbitero cohabitante con una domina di codesta colore. 'Costui e di Divus Gajus Julius Caesar Semper Augustus lo 'stilo historico.'

'Hoc die, laxandosi da li affari privati occulti, dopo cena La

[1] I think this is a nickname, 'Stiff-leg' or 'Dot-and-go-one': but if this conjecture be correct, the diurnal bristles with nicknames, pleasant and unpleasant, but all personal, as might be expected when the diurnalist is a Roman.

'Supernitade de lo mio Domino vene ad sedersi con noi sotto 'li aranci piccoli odoriferi in novo tecto di codesto palagio. 'Adesso, contemplava lo tracto violaceo luminoso di coelo ad 'tergo Janicolo, dum intonavano ad la musica de lo mio 'teorbo, antiphoni, litanie, et ballate, Don Renato et Eros con 'voci dulci et clare. Quando canta lo detto Don Renato, testa 'erecta et luci astrilucenti volando in empyreo, la rutilantia di 'sui capelli et lo candore di suo jugulo possono esse paragon-'ati ad lo luteo et ad lo albume di un ovo di oca, edito in 'campagna, et in aqua delicatemente fritto; tal' e la suprema 'claritudine et puritade di loro diversi colori. Adesso, super-'naliter Lo Domino mio si degna parlare, approbando quegli 'studj in l'arte magiche che, dic' io, prosequo tanto per lo mio 'proprio delectamento quanto per la felicita de li altre: perche, 'dic egli, potentie esservi et leggi, invisibili ma naturali et 'tucti lucrifiche, ubique operanti, che debremmo inventare 'et coercere fino ad loro esser obedienti ad voluntade nostra, 'ut lo genere de li huomini mortali, che in codest' orbe di 'terra Si e degnato ponere Regnator Olympi, in loro possa 'quaestum facere. Principe splendido superbo inaccessabile 'magnanimo, saturato con ingenio generoso, perraro de-'scendenteSi inter huomines, disdegnando inclinarSi da 'l'altitudine Tua mentale, perche Ti con condescenderesti 'ad me?

'Hoc die, a.d. iii Id. Sept, ad la quarta hora di nocte, 'essendomi inpossible di dormire, causa de lo calore di 'l'aria, perambulav' io aree silenti deserte; quando, forte, in un 'angulo murale, ho incontrato una ventina di paggi palatiale 'in berretti di nocte, seduti ad lo claro di luna, audiendo la 'recitatione di una fabula da Don Flamino Triorchi. Inter 'codesti, reclinanto lato ad lato erano Don Renato et Eros, 'avorio et ambra, menti in palme, teste erette, flamma et 'inchiostro, pedi undulandi, genui aperti. Ad mio advento, 'incombette sopra tucti terrore; di l'oratore la voce langui in 'silentio. Allora respondit michi Divus Adolescens Virbius, 'sarebbe dire Don Evandro Borgianni paggio priore, dicendo 'che essendo loro inpossibile di dormire, et cupide di bene 'gerersi, eccolila, ad nullo noxj, simpliciter per frigida quieta. 'Et io, in simile conditione, non poteva vituperare. Et

'instanter mi sono rammentato colui versi di Messer Quinctus 'Horatius Flaccus ubi scriptus est . . . . ter uncti transnanto 'Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto.

'Ideo, sub silentii conditione, ho communicato lo 'praecepto ad li circumstanti, che lo stesso con decorosa 'hilarita acceptarono, con luci micanti, con silente et pernica 'exsultantia. Et avendo citato una plotone di guardia, et 'avendo prese le nostre armi con parecchi fiaschi di olio, 'silenter procedemmo ad lo passagio di Dellabarca ubi fu 'multi exuti vesti et multa mutuale unctione. Continuo, una 'barca di pueritia plena, nitida per olio et come nive per-'candida ad lo claro di luna, passo ad la ripa di Trastevere 'sine sonitu. Insequ' ibi una ventina di levi aspersioni: 's'incrispo Tiber, et si puncteggio di teste. Codeste cose 'securiter essendo state complute, et li bargelli non essendo 'adspectabili, io quoque mi summersi et lentemente natai in 'Trastevere et ritornai: ma li pueri palatiale natarono li tre 'cursi secundum praecepto. Sara firmissimo natatore Don 'Renato quando ad lui superverra adolescentia. Ha Don 'Giorgio Gagliardi un saliente modo di natare, paragonabile 'solo ad lo modo di un delfino exsultante et veloce. Finaliter, 'in silentio revertendi ad palagio, in diversi nostri dormitorj 'retirammo, ubi instanter dormimmo: per la quale distincta 'mercede in gratia habeamus l'ingeniosa mente di Messer 'Quinctus Horatius Flaccus.'

Beyond this, my dear Kretan Echis, I will not exercise you: but, from time to time, (taking you entirely into my confidence, as you will observe, and endeavouring to the utmost of my power to let you see How the Thing is Done,) I have appended to the text certain phrases and clauses in the Macaronicks of Dom Gheraldo; which in my opinion, should enable you to taste the rare beauty and singular accuracy of that writer's ideas and modes of expression, to see (I put it in your terms) the colours as well as the contours of his images. When, however, he is purely (or impurely) Latin, I have presented to you his ipsissima verba: for he used a Latin all his own, as Cesare Borgia used a Latin all his

own (you have seen those letters which I have of his), and as Duke Renato, and every man of affairs (as distinct from the scholar) of the Sixteenth Century, used a Latin all his own. For Dom Gheraldo's Latin+Italian Macaronicks I have ventured to give you Latin+English Macaronicks, i.e. I have given to his Latin words English instead of Italian form, retaining as many archaisms of spelling and of idiom, as might be compatible with elegant English Macaronicks, and without distortion or obscurance of his meaning. This seemed to be the only mode by which the individual character of his style could be conserved.

All persons of any pretensions to fashion at the present day at least have forgotten their Latin; and I have no doubt but that you will be pleased to refresh your memory, and to confront the strangeness of this book with intelligent alacrity verisimilar to that which your grandfather and great-grandfather used in regard to Sir Walter Scott. (He also was pseudonymous at the beginning, you will remember.[1]) For your assistance I have appended a little glossary at the end of this MS.

I am certain that you will enjoy yourself in these pages as much as I have enjoyed myself; for here you have a writer who only means one thing at a time, who knows what he means, and who says what he means,—a single-minded writer concentrated on the moment of which he writes, pondering and meticulously selecting each word, discriminating the exact shade of its meaning,[2] (as you discriminate among your pigments), using it in a primary sense, placing it in such juxtaposition as that its meaning is in no wise modified by circumstances, (as you are used to place your pigments on your portraits in such considered relation, as that

[1] This suggests that *Don Renato* belongs to the period when Rolfe was using the pseudonym Baron Corvo,—a period which ended in about 1902.—Ed.

[2] You will note how assiduously he fits people with proper epithets, by which he distinguishes them on all occasions.

chymical change cannot affect them nor alter their just and constant value.)

The effect of this mode of writing actually is the simplification of language. It obviates all the damnable and futile labour of reading 'between the lines,' for you only need to read on them; of dissecting your author's epigrams to find no kernel: for it appears to me that every sentence of Dom Gheraldo's diurnal might be taken as a Necessary Proposition,—as meaning concisely what it says, and nothing else. Yes; get to know him. Read him as he wrote, a little or a long bit at a time, remembering the verses of Martial where is written

'Si nimius videor, seraque coronide longus
'esse liber: legito pauca, libellus ero.
'Terque quaterque mihi finitur carmina parvo
'pagina: fac tibi me quam cupis esse brevem.'

Nibble at him now and then; and,—(in an age which says 'unloose' when it actually means 'loose,' in an age which calls that thing a 'pantomime' wherein every mime talks or sings as loudly as possible, in an age which officially denominates the Sacred Majesty of England 'King of All the Britains' when strictly speaking there are neither Britains nor Britons any longer but only England and the English-speaking Race predominant in all the world,)—you will get to love his frank and accurate simplicity. He is so refreshing, so comically contagious;—at least he was, if ever he actually existed and wrote his diurnal.

I do not propose to spoil your pleasure in reading, by providing you with an analysis or an apologia of the work, or with disquisitions on the character of Dom Gheraldo (he lays himself quite open to your view), on his experiments in 'stiles,' his swoops from grave to gay, from ornate diction to pungent slang, from the natural to the supernatural. You must expect moods, quick

changes, repetition, in a diurnal; and you always must think of Dom Gheraldo as a priest, remembering that a priest is neither masculine nor feminine but a combination of the two + sacerdotium, i.e. a priest. Nor do I intend myself to exculpate him for his custom of convincing himself in the course of his argument, for his sympathies and dyspathies, for his slips and errors, his innocuous superstitions, his wild-cat opinions, his habit of calling muscles sinews and sinews nerves, his unconcern for and ignorance of what was happening in 'The City and the World': for you will be good enough to remember who he was, the advantages which he had not, and the circumstances under which he wrote.

But it may help you if I append a list of the persons named in his diurnal as belonging to the household of Poplicola di Hagiostayros.

DON MARCANTONIO Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, Prince Poplicola di Hagiostayros, Duke of Deira, Duke of Squillace, etc. Roman Patrician:

DON RENATO Ascanio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, Duke of Ardea, *son of Prince Marcantonio*:

DON EROS Ardeati, *foster brother of Duke Renato*:

DON PROSPERO Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, DON TARQUINIO SECONDO Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, *sons of the Don Tarquinio before mentioned*:

DON MARCO Figlidelre, *seneschal of Ardea*:

Don Ugolino Cenci, Don Stefanino Senzapaura, Don Zampietro Zannoni, Don Cristoforo Pinarj, Don Livio Drusi, Don Silvestro Rigogliosi, *chamberlains and gentlemen*:

Don Evandro Borgianni, Don Manlio Tarchiati, Don Lelio Pettilatte, Don Flavio Anguillara, Don Giorgio Gagliardi, Don Angelo Begliarti, Don Glorio Coscetonde, Don Lorenzino Gamberone, Don Tito Beicorpi, Don Flaminio Triorchi, Don Ferrone Culoni, Don Oddo del Drago, Don Furio Nerboruti, Don Oddantonio Testeroventi, Don Giacinto Perdutini, Don Iulo Cordadamante, Don Tullio Tripette, Don Lucio Braccidiferro, Don Pierettore Ruttoni, Don Nero Sanguibollente, *pages*:

Don Ruggiero Rodolfo (an Englishman), *familiar of Duke Renato*:

Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, Dom Francesco Tarugi, Dom Giangualberto Dardi, *chaplains*:

Messer Vincenzo Fravolanasati, Messer Piero Steccolini, Messer Gianfrancesco Stroppiati, Messer Uguccioni Sciancati, Messer Antonio Teobaldi, *men of letters*:

Messer Gabinio Gabinj, *news-collector*:

Ser Ilario Tarentini, *captain of the mercenaries*:
Ser Duilio Manfredi, *lieutenant*:
Ser Fabrizio Tripalle, *herald*:
Messer Bastiano . . . . *armourer*:
Ser Ercole Romano, *armourer's apprentice*:
Ser Isidoro Bucalossi, *treasurer*:
Ser Guidantonio Bolzone, *keeper of the wardrobe*:
Biagio Guercj, *servant to the Prince*:
Silvio Flavj, Baltassare (a Moor), *servants to Duke Renato*:
Valerio Flavj, *servant to Don Eros Ardeati*:
Iasone Flavj, *servant to Don Prospero*:
Dionisia Flavj, *nurse*:
Madonna Felicita Tarentini, *wife to Ser Fabrizio Tripalle*:

Madonna Catarina Drusi, *wife to Don Cristoforo Pinarj*:
MADONNINA MARCIA Figlidelre, *daughter of the seneschal of Ardea.*

In regard to the manuscript of Duke Renato, I will say no more than that you will find it in a convenient place, and that (in my opinion) it requires no explanation. In succession to it, I shall give you a certain statement by way of completion, a narration of certain recent events which appears to me to form an apt termination of the present history.

The affair of the singular phenomenon vulgarly known as 'The white boy of Ardea', to the existence of which all sorts and conditions of men from all the country-side for centuries have testified, belongs rather to the narrative of Don Ruggiero than to the present work. I simply will say that I myself am unable to imagine any more decorative or affecting spectre. Its appearance and disappearance have not been traced to any single moment or place: but, night after night from twilight till dawn, in a crowd or alone, in darkness or in the glare of lamps, suddenly the 'White Boy' is present, by the well in the courtyard, or on the gospel-side of the altar in the chapel, or on the left side of the fireplace in the hall, always standing, always resting on the left raised arm against wall or pillar. The attitude, the singularly graceful listless drooping of the whole figure, of the head inclined in the hollow of the arm, of the half-closed sad eyes, are inexpressibly patheтick. The form is exquisite and strong. It appears to be clothed in white hose which reach to the waist. From the belt a dagger is suspended by a belt of linked medals. A very short white sleeveless jacket clings to the upper body, and is strapped to the waist by four straps. Between jacket and belt, at the neck, and on the arms, a full-sleeved linen shirt appears. The face is young, and of a fervent pallor; and the short red hair curls from five points on temples and brows. There is no appearance whatever of that diaphaneia

which usually is associated with supernatural apparitions; but, on the contrary, of substantial solidity and of actuality. At the same time, the phantom is absolutely impassible, absolutely intangible, absolutely unaffected by any experiments with natural objects.

But on this point I will offer no theory, until you shall have read the treatise of Don Ruggiero. You can form your own opinion, if you please: but, in the absence of authentick evidence of origin, I myself think mere speculation to be vain.

Only one thing more. The age, in which you are invited to imagine Dom Gheraldo as having lived, was reticent neither in word nor deed. Solomon said 'Speak not in the ears of a fool.' This book is not made for a fool: but for a man of sense.

I think that this is all I have to tell you for the present. I believe that you should know the Material and the Formal Causes of this book. I hope also that you begin to know the Efficient Cause of it. Have patience; and you shall know all that can be known from me. Anon you shall know even the Final Cause, which is the good of each and all but I anticipate that you yourself will invent that. And so, for the nonce, I relinquish you to Dom Gheraldo.

Vale atque salve.

From Ardea. The eighth day before the Kalends of January, mcmvii.[1]

[1] December 25, 1907.—Ed.

DOM GHERALDO'S DIURNAL



DOM GHERALDO'S DIURNAL

(A.D. 1528)

(xxii Aug, (?))

In Nomine Patris et Filj et Spiritus Sancti· Amen.

THIS day, in this new and very artfully confected book,[1] I have stated and deliberated in my mind to cultivate a diversity of stiles, after the example of those prisk scribes of antick times who seem to have constituted valid modes, inviolable even in this more ample age when turpid noxious ignorance and vain inane superstition have been eradicated and consumed by the ardent radiance of science. Nevertheless, for the soul's security, opinions rarely ought to be formed, never ought to be recorded.

This day, returned to those extraneous places whence they came certain peregrine masons, formerly sent by the Gallican cardinal at my Lord's supernal command, who have labored in the new audience-chamber under my said Lord's sole and proper supervision. Says Biagio Guercj, My Lord will continue to eat and to sleep on the scene of his secret labor. Also, that that wing of this new palace remains closed.

I dislike the antipathetick Biagio Guercj, his livid smile, his luctifick taciturnity, whom they call Fascinator—Di meliora—and not without reason. Of the reputation of this one, no doubt, the Supernity of my Lord has cognizance; and, on this account, deigns to him a position at the entry of the gallery as custodian of his supernal privacy: for none there be in this palace temerarious enough to violate, or even to approach, a custodian possessing

[1] The artifice would appear to consist in the intercalation of the ms. Offices, enabling Dom Gheraldo to 'intone the psalm' at his Lord's command, or to employ his leisure in writing up his diurnal.

quality to this literate who continually derides me, demanded of the said Messer Piero whether he willed me to invite the said kitten to accept hospitality from me. And, him assenting, I bade to wait while I addressed myself to her; and then to follow at such a distance, and with such mansuetude, as that her regal pudor might not be offended. He, cachinnating at my insulsity,—so he called it,—nevertheless conceded obedience. But I, suavely approaching the said sufflavian kitten, urbanely applied myself to her with certain inarticulate sounds such as are used by the feline race among themselves. And she, perceiving me to be sympathetick, having responded to me in like manner, very dulcet, put herself to follow at my dexter ankle, to the immense admiration of Messer Piero, who by chance now rightly may existimate me. But on entering the palace, being terrified by the aspect of my Lord's Supernity's mercenaries lounging about the gate, the said sufflavian kitten fled; and was seen no more, until later when I entered my cabinet; and lo, there she was before me, recumbent on a cushion, exhibiting the consummate gravity and dignity of a queen who has entered upon her inheritance. But I, having obtained from the ruota[1] some milk and a platter of fish, decorously entertained my guest; and, if she wills to be my contuberne, she shall be welcome: for not even a Grand Inquisitor of Spain, however curious, however atrocious, could vituperate a presbyter cohabitant with a dame of this color. This is the historical style of the Divine Gajus Julius Caesar Semper Augustus.[2]

Epilogue to the first volume of *The Centenary Edition of the Letters of Frederick William Rolfe* that Rolfe had a curious influence over cats and 'on one or two occasions he was seen standing in the moonlight in front of the house [Gwernvale] and apparently talking to ten or a dozen cats from far and near which were all looking at him'. Readers of *Hadrian the Seventh* will remember George Arthur Rose's little yellow cat Flavio.—Ed.

[1] The revolving cupboard between the kitchen and the hall

[2] The condition of Dom Gheraldo's classical knowledge leads him to dub everything in the shape of a Caesar 'Semper Augustus' in the manner of his own era; [notwithstanding that the 'Semper' only dates

This day I gravely deliberated in my mind concerning my nephew Cristoforo; and, seeing the species of male that he is, also the last of our very antick sacerdotal House, moreover with nothing particular in the way of a religious vocation, it is my sentence that he (if possible) should be dispensed, that he may lead a wife in matrimony.

(xxviiii Aug)

This day being the Solempnity of the Decollation of Saint John Baptist, the Divine Mysteries having been celebrated in the chapel, came from his seclusion the Supernity of my Lord, who deigned to ride with us to Nemi for a dinner al fresco in the umbriferous ilicet on the shore of that lake. And, when we no longer desired to eat and to drink, and were reclining in the barge under the frondosity of sycamores, it was very amoene to note the tender otiose zest in my Lord's sensile animose eyes as he regarded Don Renato, who disported, after manner of puerice (patrician or plebeian), in the limpid imperscrutable waters. That serene and vivid putt indeed is one whom the Sanctitude of the Pope Himself might be glad to have for a son: but the Supernity of my Lord, engrossed by the ample conceptions of his sublime exalted genius, cannot be expected to comport himself as a vulgar father in regard to the conceptions of his body; though I observe that he delights in his said unick son, and on his account accompanies us this day. Anon, experging himself from contemplative meditation, my said Lord supernally deigns to discuss, to elucidate, to expound, certain doctrines connected with his art and mystery; describing certain pictures of the Divine Lionardo his instructor, of Messer Michelangelo his friend, of Messer Rafæle Sanzio, of Messer Bernardino Betti the instructor of the last, and of others whose names are not unknown; saying with dissatisfaction that these, though they be singular and distinct, also are human; and, for this cause, their

from Marcus Julius Philippus I. (A.D. 244-249), or Marcus Aurelius Claudius Gothicus (A.D. 268-270):] and everything in the shape of a dead Caesar 'Diuus,' notwithstanding his own Christian sacerdotium.

creatures, prodigious though they appear to be, yet lack that special quality which is necessary to make them only so much as a reflection of, and not to say comparable to, the dival creatures of Pater Coelestis Deus Optimus Maximus. For, my said Lord supernally would have me to observe, Il Pinturicchio and Il Sanzio have excelled in setting on their panels the quality of suave gracility and mollitude of lineament and color; the Divine Lionardo da Vinci has excelled in the quality of conceptional fertility, in the quality of ingenious profundity; while Messer Michelangelo Buonarotti has excelled in the quality of solid splendid grandity of design: but yet, quoth the said Supernity of my Lord, for the quality of pure inhuman pulchritude we must go to more antick masters, videlicet to Messer Cimabue of Fiorenza, or to Messer Buoninsegna of Siena, and above all to the inaccessible Messer Alessandro Filipepi, whom lewd fellows of the baser sort call Botticelli; though not even these, nor indeed any limner since the creation of the world, saving (of course) the Probose Physician and Painter Saint Luke Evangelist, have been able to reconcile imperious inevitable circumstances, to progress beyond scholastick canons, to combine the just value of light in its relation to color, which last he affirms to have no actual existence apart from light. And, having enunciated this cryptick dogma, he caused me to inspect the heads of Don Renato and of Eros, as these two swam together in a part of the infinite lake about *dxv.* cubits distant, where sunlight glared upon the water with the solid blinding candor of molten refulgent gold in a crucible, commanding me to put names to the several colors of the said several heads. To whose Supernity I replied that in my opinion the head of Don Renato resembled the golden apple of the daughters of Hesper: but that the head of Eros resembled a coerulean blot. Instantly, my said Lord supernally commands Ser Fabrizio Tripalle to summon the swimmers; and when these had attained the shore and were requiescent in the purpureal tenebricosity of the antick gnarled ilicet, His Supernity repeated his command to me. When I had looked and meditated during the space of one paternoster, I re-

sponded saying that the head of the Little Lord[1] blazed in that obscurity as though some rutilant nimbus clustered in crisp flamelets on his brow of ivory: but that the head of his venustous foster-brother exhibited the profound nigritude of the ravens cursed by Divine Phoebus Apollo. From which words, my Lord deigned to let me know that color only is color in virtue of light: for, though Gajo and Titio and also Sempronio,[2] unobservant, obsequious, would be content to say that the hair of Don Renato was as red as fire, and that the hair of Eros was as black as night, yet their judgment would be of no price, by cause that, as I myself had seen, no color inhered in the hair of these perlepid putts, but varied according to the quality of the light in which the said hair was inspected. Placet. With this admirable doctrine, my said Lord concluded his supernal discourse; and, having summoned the guard, we took horse beyond the ilicet, returning to the City after avemmaria without molestation of our peace.

This is my own stile. Rather lucid.

This day at the castle of Ardea, I ordained to the veteran Don Marco Figlidelre roots of daffodillies—Asphodelum narcissum pseudonarcissum—to be strewed about the floors for the killing of mice.

This day, observing me to be absorbed in meditation, the Supernity of my Lord required me to declare my mind; and to him I unfolded the case of my torose nephew. Whereat he very supernally proposes, not only to obtain the dispensations from our Lord the Pope, Who can deny nothing to Poplicola di Hagiostayros, but also to name Cristoforo among the palatial familiars. For this signal benefaction I render actions of graces.

Now Don Livio Drusi has a nubile daughter, grand, pinguid, and salubrious; and, being a poor gentleman, he will be glad to

[1] Dominulo.

[2] The Roman equivalent for those magnificent abstractions 'The man in the street', or 'Tom, Dick, and Harry'.

dispose her to Cristoforo: nor will she, with her *xxi.* years, abhor from Cristoforo's *xviii.*

It shall be done.

This day, relaxing from his private occult affairs, after supper, the Supernity of my Lord came to sit with us under little odoriferous orange-trees on the new roof of this palace. Anon, he contemplated the violet luminous expanse of heaven over (Monte) Janicolo, while Don Renato and Eros, dulcet, clear-voiced, intoned anthems and litanies and ballads to the musick of my theorbo.[1] When the said serene Don Renato sings, with head erect and astrilucent eyes soaring in the empyrean, the rutilance of his hair and the candor of his throat may be compared to the yelk and the white of a duck's egg laid in the country and delicately fried in water; such is the supreme claritude and purity of their several colors. Anon, my Lord supernally deigned to speak, approving those studies in the magick arts which, quoth I, I pursue for my proper delectament as well as for the welfare of the rest: for, quoth he, there be forces and laws, invisible but natural and all lucrifick, operating on every side, which we ought to invent and to coerce until they be obedient to our will, that the race of mortal man, which Regnator Olympi has deigned to place upon this orb of earth, thereby may be profited.

Splendid superb inaccessible magnanimous Prince, saturate with generous genius, rarely bending to man, disdaining to stoop from thy mental altitude, why shouldst thou stoop to me?

(v Sept)

This day, Non. Sept., at the Trinitarians, the very urbane novice-master pronounced my proposition excellent. Don Livio Drusi behaves conveniently, as well he may, seeing that Cristoforo will be my heir.

[1] A very grand and sumptuous species of arch-lute, double-headed, carrying twenty-four strings, and capable of producing the most glorious musick· rare in Italy: unknown, except in museums, in England and America.

(Tuesday, viii (?) Sept)

This day of Mars, I named my sufflavian kitten Minerva in honor of that obsolete divinity who is said by the best authorities to have had eyes of a sea-green color.

Gheraldo, use this very artificial book for conserving thy magick formulae. Note herein each act with all particularity. Record effect as well as cause. So, the secrets, which thou and other mages heretofore have wrung from Nature, will not be diminished; and thou thyself mayst add to the said secrets, for the benefit of those who come after thee.

(xi Sept)

This day, a.d. iii. Id. Sept., at the fourth hour of the night (11 p.m.?), being unable to sleep by cause of the calor of the air, I was ambling through the silent deserted courtyards, when by chance, in a mural angule, I encountered a score of palatial pages in their nightcaps, seated in the moonlight, hearing the recitation of a fable by Don Flaminio Triorchi. Among these also reclined Don Renato and Eros side by side, ivory and amber, their chins in their palms, their heads erect, flame and ink, their feet waving to and fro, and their knees wide. At my advent, terror fell upon all; and the voice of the orator languished in silence. Then to me responded the Divine Adolescent Uirbius, that is to say, Don Evandro Borgianni prior of pages, saying that, being unable to sleep and cupid to behave themselves well, there they were, noxious to none, simplicitly for frigid quiet. And I, being in a similar situation, was unable to vituperate. And instantly I remembered those verses of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus where it is written:

> '*Let those who want sound sleep anoint themselves,*
> *And thrice swim over Tiber.*'[1]

Wherefore, making silence a condition, I communicated the precept to those standing round; who accepted the same with decorous

[1] '..... ter uncti
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto.'

hilarity, with micant eyes, with silent pernick exsultation. And, having summoned a small guard, and having taken our arms, and several flasks of oil, we silently proceeded to the ferry of Della-barca, where there was much exuding of vestures and much mutual unction. Anon, a barge full of puerice, nitid with oil, percandid as snow in the light of the moon, passed over to the bank of Trastevere with no sound. There insued a score of light aspersions. Tiber broke into ripples, and became dotted with heads. These things securely having been accomplished, and none of the city-guards having appeared, I also summerged myself, and slowly swam to Trastevere and back again: but the palatial pages swam the three courses according to the precept. Don Renato will be a very firm swimmer when adolescence comes to him. Don Giorgio Gagliardi has a salient mode of swimming, comparable only to the mode of a delfin, exsultant and swift. Finally, in silence, returning to the palace, we retired to our several dormitories where, instantly, we slept. For which distinct mercy let us laud the ingenious mind of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus.

This day, at Ardea, responded to me the veteran Don Marco Figlidelre concerning his name, saying, that it was a tradition in his House that they were descended from some antick king who formerly reigned in the City.

Now the Divine Ancus Marcius[1] was the fourth king of Rome; and, from the reiteration of the names Marco or Marcia in all of this House, I should dare to suppose that our seneschal might call himself with perfect propriety Marcus Rex.

This day, in his odoriferous olivet at Lanuvium,[2] sagaciously responded to me the paganick Ser Cecco Garaviglio, saying that the reason why his crop of olives excels the crops of all vicinal farmers is by cause that he selects his olitors solely from virginal

[1] Dom Gheraldo appears to give to dead royalties or notabilities the epithet 'Diuus', in the sense of 'The Late—'.

[2] He uses the classick name of Città Lavinia.

puerice, permitting no others to touch the trees. A very rare and singular reason. It is rational to suppose that the quality of the agent may determine the quality of the act: but the concise way in which the increment of the olives is augmented by the chastity of their curators is not yet known to me. As some Anglican has written:—What man knows is little, and worthless in respect of that which he believes without knowing, and still less in respect of that which he does not know.[1] Indeed what mortal man is so audacious as to say that he has penetrated the arcana of natural magick, seeing that every day ingenious Nature manifests some new prodigy, some difference, evident, but incomprehensible. Interrogated further, the paganick Ser Cecco affirmed that, in this matter, he merely continued the use of his antecessors. Very prudent.

This day, at supper, certain of the palatial pages, having obtained magick ambergris from me by very bland words, secretly mixed the same with the wine of Don Tullio Tripette and of Don Pierettore Ruttoni; who incontinent became ebriate, and produced themselves in bestial aspects. Very abhorrent. Very fastidiose. Once is enough.

(Tuesday, xxviiii Sept)

This day of Mars, a.d. iii. Kal. Oct., in the Supernal Prescence, before siesta, Don Renato declaimed that ode of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus intituled *Ad Augustum*: whereafter the Supernity of my Lord deigned compliments to Messer Vincenzo Fravolanasati by cause of his pupil's proficiency: but to me my said Lord deigned comments on the present congruity of that ode, especially the verses where it is written,

'Thee, the Spaniard hitherto untamed,
Indian, Mede, and vagrant Scythian,

[1] 'Pauca enim sunt et uilia respectu eorum quae non intelligit sed credit, et longe pauciora respectu eorum quae ignorat.' Dom Gheraldo's Anglican would appear to be Brother Roger Bacon, O. S. F.

Thee, these admire, o Arbiter Divine,
Of Italy and of her Mistress, Rome:'[1]

for he has news that, anon, our Lord the Pope returns.

This day, at supper, was served, at the table of chaplains and literates, a marchpane[2] of little black plums as well as almonds. Grateful to the eye, and tasty.[3]

(Thursday, i (?) Oct)

This day of Jove, returned empty the envoys sent by the Supernity of my Lord through vicinal cities inquiring for the five lost children of Don Tarquinio Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, who, together with Madonna Hersilia his wife, died of the Pest a year ago, while my said Lord was beleagured in the Mola with the Sanctitude of the Pope, and I, with Don Renato and the rest, was fortified at Ardea. Not even the infandous Dellavalle[4] would kidnap investite infants. But Dellavalle well may be bold, having their Lord Andrea very potent in the Curia, who wears the mitre of Melita and the vermicular hat of Cardinal-Presbyter of the Titule of Sante Prisca et Aquila, which last he obtained in reversion for Sant' Agnese *in Agone.*

This day, to the maternal Dionisia, I imparted a poultice of bulb-of-the-squill—Iris pseudocorus—with bread and vinegar, for one of the women, name unknown, with a whitlow.

(Tuesday, vi Oct)

This day of Mars, Prid. Non. Oct., our Lord the Pope, with a

[1] 'Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
Medusque et Indus, Te profugus Scythes,
Miratur, ô tutela praesens
Italiae Dominaeque Romae.'

[2] 'Marzapane.

[3] 'Gustoso.'

[4] There appears to have been a feud between Dellavalle and Hagiostayros· for Dom Gheraldo always is inclined to suspect that family.

triumph, rode into the City from Viterbo; and so terminates His sanct exile: for which signal mercy Laudemus Dominum.

This day, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, having been named Index to the Supernity of my Lord, and reputed veridical, saying that the Pope has been much gratified by a breve from Don Alessandro de' Medici, who bids His Sanctitude to remain of good heart in this hour when, by God's Assistance, He finds Himself about to be instaured in His pristine dignity; and promising aid in any need. It is comfortable to hear of adolescence nourishing and manifesting such respect and love for its natural parent.

This day, to the odious Don Tullio Tripette, I gave a vial of the humor of spurge—Euphorbia polygonifolia—done with salt, wherewith to dismiss his warts.

This day, at supper, having honored me with a stool at his table, the Supernity of my Lord deigned to speak of a certain Gallican custom, which Cardinal Giorgio d'Amboise formerly explained to him, saying that the barons of that country cause to be made in their castles a secret pit or well, whereof the cover generally is a certain part of the floor of a chamber; which cover, when some magick shall have been incepted by a stroke on the wall or on some other part of the said floor, instantly falls down on hinges; and whatsoever person or persons shall be standing thereon, incontinent is or are dejected to a dark death, and his or their cadaver or cadavers concealed until the consummation of the world. So most horribly, not by fair strife with club or blade, but by exitial perfidy, these diabolically instigated Gallicans are used to rid themselves of enemies. Far otherwise are we Romans.

I administered a potion of the humor of wild thyme—Thymus Campestris—to remove foulness from the interior parts of Don Silvestro Rigogliosi. Messer Lucius Appulejus quaintly named this herb Thlaspi.

(xii Oct)

This day, a.d. iiii. Id. Oct., came from the Vatican Messer Gabinio Gabinj bringing the dispensation for Cristoforo; wherewith incontinent I invaded his convent and redeemed him, mute, purpureal, torose, gigantick. Here, to the Supernity of my Lord I present him; who deigns to name him among Don Renato's gentlemen, with domicile at Ardea. In my apartment, he exudes the rest of his religious habit, and indues a patrician vesture, becoming vehemently erubescent at the exposition of his femorals in leek-green hose, but presenting a most virtuose aspect, notwithstanding that his mind at present is more acolythical than mundane. I deliver a long hortation on the offices of the secular estate, which he docilitly accepts with his ears. I divulge to him his projected nuptials; whereat his eyes micate: but he places no objection. Finally, I conduct him to the parloir, whither the maternal Dionisia already has conveyed Don Livio Drusi's ample Catarina; and when I return, after a few minutes' ambulation in the courtyard, they are sitting hand-in-hand, very pudibund, and with flagrant cheeks. Whereupon I bid them to expect their betrothal and their nuptials on the morrow after mass, dismiss Madonnina Catarina to the gynaeceum, trade Cristoforo to the equerries that he may begin to learn the use of a horse; and retire to my cabinet to slap my knee, and to laugh until the tears depend upon my nose's tip.

What said he to her? What said she to him?

This night, after supper, I continued my hortation to Cristoforo; and, having examined his conscience, and found him to be conveniently disposed, sitibund and expetent, I put him to sleep in my zotheck[1] under my proper eye: but I in my cubicule continued to laugh.

This day, having administered to them their rites, I imparted benediction at the nuptials of Don Cristoforo Pinarj and Madonnina Catarina Drusi. At the hour of Terce we escorted them to

[1] 'Zotheca', a little chamber with a couch for a siesta.

Ardea where we convivially feasted them, and left them, mute, purpureal, to their proper occupation. After siesta we returned to the City; where I continue to laugh.

(Wednesday, xiiii Oct)

This day of Mercury, Don Livio Drusi has derided my nephew Cristoforo's leek-green hose before the other gentlemen, alleging them to be indecorous, seeing that custom keeps the palatial familiars in sober colors such as black and white, or violet; alleging further that a presbyter of middle age is not qualified to choose an adolescent gentleman's vesture from the tailors. Don Livio Drusi is an ignorant and stupid old cavillator: for this same presbyter formerly was himself a bit of a blade,[1] and precisely knows what are the aptest vestures for a florescent adolescent similar to Cristoforo, who has no need to go inconspicuous, similar to a squint-eyed, red-nosed, pimply-faced lump of senility, distorted with lumbago and hip-gout such as the said Don Livio Drusi.[2]

(Friday, xvi Oct)

This day of Venus, a.d. xvii. Kal. Nov., being the thirteenth anniversary of Don Renato's natal-day, after he had received his rites, the Supernity of my Lord sent him in his estate with me to pay our respects to our Lord Pope Clement. O quam est delicatus ille: Nescimus an non Diuus Hesperus de sideribus descenderit, quoth His Sanctitude on seeing the suave putt. And, having sent to the treasury for the rings which the siege had left Him, He chose one containing a rose-sapphire, in magnitude of the grandity of a hazel-nut and set in diamonds, which He donated to Don Renato, to whom also He deigned caresses, perceiving the inhuman pulchritude of his form and the vivid serenity of his habit. Anon,

[1] 'Un pezzetto di trossulo.'

[2] 'Com' un guercio napparossa inpustoloso tocco di senilità slombato e gottoso, talequal' est il dicto Don Livio Drusi.'
This would appear to be a specimen of that 'urbanitas' of speech at all times dear to every Roman.

our Lord subhilariously deigned to ask whether my studies had obtained the notice of the Holy Office· to Whose Sanctitude I promptly responded, saying that, although with complete probity of motive I pried into the natural arcana, yet I never had done a deed to cause me perturbation in the Presence of Pontifex Maximus; and I humilitly offered at His feet a vial of a very artful liquid, colorless, pellucid, known to no other mage; explaining that whatsoever matters should be inscribed therewith upon Greek vellum would remain invisible, save when inspected through a venete cristall. The Pontiff stroked that beard which He has cultivated during the siege, and engaged in momentary meditation. His Sanctitude presented a more distinct aspect in His inberb days, as may be seen in that picture by Il Sanzio of His cousin and Most Sanct Lord Leo X., wherein He also is depicted as Cardinal Giulio de Medici. There the straight abundant caesarial hair of His head, the nasute nobility of lineament, the salubrious pallor of pure pervalid juvence, envisage Him as peer of any of His race which is no mean one. Anon, He designed to say that He would use my magick liquid for secret breves which He might address to the Elect-Emperor; and so He imparted Apostolick Benediction, adding, Give Us thy good favor, o little Renato, until thou comest again; and to me, Beware of the Holy Office, o Dom Gheraldo. As we returned through Borgo and Ponte, Don Renato avidly was observed by meretricious persons at their windows[1] and by the people in the street; for he was mounted on his great white horse, the largest known; and he was indued with galbanate vesture of percandid silver tissue, with long hose, gracile, silken, of the same, and his face, crowned with rutilant curls, was so lepid and ingenuous, that no wonder the people looked as though they saw some divine apparition. But his grave dark eyes strayed not beyond the halberds of the guard surrounding us; and of nothing

[1] No 'respectable' Roman woman ever would show herself at the window. Some Roman women did, and do, show themselves at their windows. Therefore such are what Dom Gheraldo says they are.—Q. E. D.

would he speak save of our Lord the Pope, Whose donation caused him so grand a measure of delectament, that he vows never to let the ring leave his sinistral minim, except when he shall be engaged in gymnick exercises such as swimming. But when I perceived what was in his mind, I in turn intercalated the saying, That without doubt this was a very grand Pontiff, Who had become adroit and sapient through continual misfortune and corporeal ægritude. For Divine Providence, quoth I, afflicts with divers dolors men of excellent parts, that they may be refined, even as garden-worts must submit to pounding, maceration, and the fire, before their quintessence can be extracted for the alleviation of human misery. So, our Lord Pope Clement, from lifelong discruciation mental and corporeal, has won the facile manner, the prudence, the moderation which distinguish Him from other men. Certainly not infelicitous was His puerice, in that though He was born out of matrimony to Don Giuliano de' Medici by a dame of the Gorini named Madonna Antonia (as Messer Antonio di San Gallo says), yet, nevertheless, the Magnificence of Don Lorenzo, out of love for his brother the said Don Giuliano perfidiously assassinated, took his tender progeny for a son, to whom he gave a patrician breeding persimilar to that of his own son. Also, that own son of the Magnificence of Don Lorenzo, as Cardinal-Δ of Santa Maria *in Domnica*, and later as our Lord Pope Leo X., preferred His spurious adolescent cousin (the said Don Giulio) as His contuberne; whose fortunes He advanced, by concession of the legitimation necessary to make Him capable of Holy Orders, by nomination to His Own relinquished cardinalature, with the archbishoprick of Fiorenza, and revenues, and countenance, whereby He was liberated from those vile chains which often burthen and restrict minds naturally volatile. In this estate, pudicity, sobriety and piety compelled esteem; and erudition, as well in liberal letters and philosophy as in theology, commanded such admiration that His said Pontifical Cousin named Him secret counsellor and vicechancellor. Moreover, since He, Giulio, Himself, under the name Clement, has worn the pontifical triregno,

His invituperabilissimous life; not arrogant nor avaricious nor lubidinous, but noble and mansuete and patient; incapable of violent hatred as of violent love; animose, but, in the verses of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus:—

> '. . . . . . *imperious to himself,*
> *Whom neither poverty nor chains, nor death affright;*
> *Strong to deny desires, and honors to despise,*'[1]

has sustained him in trials which would have crushed an inferior man. Turmoils, seditions, quoth I in peroration, in which His kin are slain, their goods and territories confiscate, their library with its curious manuscripts devastated, open hostility abroad, and false amicity at home, Mars ravaging His demesnes, Bellona battering His very portals not a year ago;— such are the reagents which have distilled, purified, fortified, the soul of Clement very gloriously reigning over Christendom. To which panegyrick—in the biographical stile of Messer Gajus Cornelius Tacitus—Don Renato conceded eximious attention; and, after siesta, the Supernity of my Lord rode with us to Ardea, where during eight days we shall remain. Here amid these paganick circumstances, I intend myself to increase my store of magick worts; for, in the City, nothing is save war and art, but nature hides.

This day, I have so terrified the palatial familiar that they deem me to be a professor of black magick. Yet the matter was by no means a grave one: for, having it in my mind to entertain the Supernity of my Lord, I exhibited a little mirror of steel wherewith, according to a secret code which I explained to him, I flashed sunlight across the outer courtyard, and even as far as the city beyond the duplicate fosse which fortifies this castle on the city-side. My ingenious prince instantly perceived that here was a

[1] '. . . . . . sibique imperiosus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque unicula torrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis.'

means of communicating with persons at a distance, and with no sound; and he said that the invention would be utile in a beleaguerment such as that of the Mola. But the plebeians in the courtyard were perturbed at seeing fulgurations emanating from what they vainly imagined to be my void hands, when I moved the tiny mirror to and fro; and wide-eyed citizens gasp in gossip at the gate, concerning fulgurations which they declare themselves to have seen in a cloudless sky. Well it is that I am the familiar of a prince: for, had I been attached to the family of a patrician inferior to the Supernity of my Lord, or acting as a private independent mage, without doubt I should be denounced as a hariol; and should experience being boiled alive as clemently as possible, and without effusion of blood.[1]

This day was divulged the eximious plan which my Lord has been constituting in his supernal mind: for he has confided to me his determination to depict on canvas the formosity of Don Renato in the image of Saint Agapitus, patron of the last. Wherefore, Biagio Guercj is dispatched to the City with a mandate to clear the audience-chamber, and to set therein an apparatus convenient to this inception.

This day has been demonstrated a singular specimen of the generosity of Don Renato. Not only in the maternal dominical City are turpitude and crime, or fortitude and virtue, to be found. Here also, in paganick Ardea, rages the interminable conflict between Saint George of Seriphos, in his illustrious progeny, and the Dragon infernal. At the second hour of the night, when twilight tenderly was descending upon the world, the delicate little daughter of Don Marco Figlidelre, having glided down the secret winding stair cut in the rock of the citadel, approached the river, intending to bathe. And, in the very articule of exuding her woollen smock, she was seized by *ii.* infidels, of those who infest

[1] 'Quam clementissime et citra sanguinis effusionem.' (Evidently a formula.)

these shores, ascending our Latin rivers for some leagues, that they may kidnap Christian infants and ravish them into insidious slavery. But, by chance, Don Renato was in the vicinity for a purpose unnamed; and, hearing the shriek of the virgin, he encountered one wretch with his poignard, slaying him by an incision below the ear; and, before the other could assume a posture of defence, my puerine champion of virgins dexterously hamstringed him with retrofemoral dilaceration. Anon, in pure pudicity, he covered Madonnina Marcia, now unconscious, in his cloak, and carried her up the stair, raising very strident alarums. Janitors ran down; and found the inhabile pandar dolorously wriggling a serpentine way towards his boat; whom, having bound, they dragged up as far as the inner courtyard, that the Supernity of my Lord might adjudicate the expiation due to his crime. Here, Don Renato narrated the affair in a tumult of words; and forthwith my said Lord proffered to the infidel the privilege of baptism in the articule of death. But that pirate, furious with audacity, opposed: he spumed a torrent of blasphemies against our Most Sanct Faith. Whereon, blazing with splendid bile, Don Renato exsulted upon him; and, with the identical poignard which had sent his accomplice to eternal fire, he performed a most absolute work upon the miscreant's eye, driving brain and life through an orifice at the base of his calvaria. Singular and horrid was the aspect of the unpierced eye, extruded at the moment of the piercing of the pierced; very singular and very horrid were five sanguine spouts from throat and nostrils and ears. This act of justice having been accomplished, the Supernity of my Lord caused the carrion to be suspended in chains on the extern water-gate, as an example to malefactors. This is the tragick stile of Messer Lucius Annaeus Seneca.

Madonnina Marcia remains inconscious: but intact, they say. When I shall have intoned the Office for my Lord, I will administer a supreme cordial of the aromatick quintessence of bay-leaves—Laurus nobilis—consecrate to Saint Michael Archangel.

Madonnina Marcia will not revive. Human potency is dependant

on the Inscrutable Will of our Divine Creator. Puella lacteola formosa. Anima puta pura. In the twelfth year of her age she dies. Quem di diligunt, rebus humanis uiridem eripiunt, as the adage says.

At midnight came Don Renato, very merciful, bringing Don Marco Figlidelre, who has wept, who has kissed my feet, who has supplicated me to save his daughter, who has alleged that I possess the Elixir Uitae for the convenience of my Lord's Supernity, who has implored me to spare one drop in this emergency. I cannot persuade him that I have it not. Indeed, what mage yet has the unick alexipharmack which will defeat the veneficous inresistible attack of Death. These ignorant ones nourish strange opinions concerning us who have gathered some few grains of dust from Wisdom her sandals. To mitigate his grief I must deceive: wherefore, after Unction I will pray long and silently, asperging aquasancta. He may think what he will. I am not the creator of his thoughts. No, by Day![1]

This day, when white dawn irradiated the sky, Madonnina Marcia opened her eyes. After my mass I visited her, and administered cordials. She is shocked and debile: but a most delicate virginal floweret of flowerets. Quam magnificata sunt Opera Tua, Domine. Reciting the prescribed orations, I anointed her with oil in the Name of The Lord, and the prayer of faith has saved the sick. No more. But the familiars regard me with awe; and Don Marco protests that I am Thaumaturgus Rediuiuus. Now Don Renato flies with Eros in search of sylvan delectament, at such a pace that his guards will be distressed.

My Lord wills to return to the City to-morrow, and for this cause I am grateful.

At supper, a proper dish of young cucumbers grown out of

[1] 'Non son io il creatore dei suoi pensieri. No, per Diem.' The last two words appear to be a clerical euphemism. Dom Gheraldo, a very clean-souled man, would have considered 'per Dio' (by God) an objurgation unsuited to his 'sacerdotium.'

season, boiled, eviscerate, replenished with a farce of beef and herbs, and fried in new oil. Very grateful.

This day, I inspected the prodigies which Biagio Guercj has performed in the principal wing of this palace; and I found the nine antechambers furnished with arras, chairs, argent lavabos and aureate coffers: but the audience-chamber void, save for the arras on the marmoreal walls, and a new baldaquin for the new throne, argent and sable party per pale, very solemn. I especially admire the vast open floor, polished like a mirror and full of duplicate lights, of oak for the greater part, but diapered with marble, white and black, at the lower end. The apparatus for painting attends my Lord's supernal selection. That ingenious prince, all ardent to begin his labor, commands my matutinal service to intone the Office while he paints; commands the presence also of Don Renato diurnally from terce to sext; commands the palatial pages to the stair, the gentlemen to their quarters, Biagio Guercj and Eros respectively to the first and ninth antechambers.

This night I gave to Biagio Guercj elecampane—Inula helenium—for my Lord to chew, to constringe his supernal teeth.

(Wednesday, xxviii Oct)

This day of Mercury, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the barons of the House of Doria, Don Andrea and his son Don Filippino, have captured Savona from the Gallicans, and have proclaimed the Republick of Genoa. Now at the beginning of this year these said palatines devastated the navy of the Elect-Emperor at Salerno on behalf of the Christian King,[1] asking only the liberty of Genoa as the premium of their victory; which being denied, they turned their arms against the said inane Gallicans, expelling them from Genoa a month ago. Finally, Savona also falls to them; the said republick is accomplished; and the Gallicans eternally and once more are dishonoured.

[1] Official style of the Kings of France.

Gheraldo, learn from this that it is a fatal ineptitude to refuse to give that which can be taken.

(Friday, xxx Oct)

This day, the Supernity of my Lord began to paint. The positing of the example was a labor of extreme difficulty, accomplished solely by the ingenious sagacity of my said Lord, and by the voluntary indomitable perseverance and hability of Don Renato. A pulley had been affixed to a beam above the middle of the audience-chamber. A staple had been affixed to a lateral wall. Over the wheel of the pulley a long rope passed. One end of the said rope sustained a stout steel hook. The other end was coiled on the polished floor. Biagio Guercj spread a thick carpet on the floor, and retired to his station in the first ante-chamber. Eros entered to adsist Don Renato; and, when the last had exuded his vesture and was exposed enucleate, my Lord confined his delicate ankles in a soft strong ligature, to which he joined the steel hook, explaining that it was his supernal will to view the example in a void space. Obedient to a nod, Don Renato exhibits that adept agility which he derives from athletick exercises, wherein his natural corporeal levity and sinuosity enable him to equal even Eros, who performs more admirable contortions than a tumbler; for, balancing on his hands, he dierected himself in inverse order, his feet close and rising in the air; and my Lord, with gentle alacrity pulling the rope over the wheel, caused him to ascend, head downward, arms pensile, and digits floating about half a braccia[1] above the carpet. My Lord brought the rope to the staple, knotted it there, commanded Eros to note the action; and lowered Don Renato to the carpet. He reclined, while my Lord ordained his canvas at a distance near the dais, where I had my siege. Anon His Supernity gave a sign. Eros raised the example. I began to intone the psalms. After the space of about an avemmaria, Don Renato again was lowered to the carpet. This was reiterated about a score of times, my Lord studying the flexuous puerine form, the example resting

[1] A braccia = 1 ft. 7 in.

between the suspensions, and my Lord storing in his supernal mind the phaenomena which his eyes had seen. The effect of this exercise upon the two putts was different in kind; for the frequent pulling of the rope was to Eros in his autumnal vesture as a soporifick: but Don Renato (tranquil, rigid, and connudate), cooled. At the termination of the Office, I retired to my cabinet where Messer Bastiano is installing a little furnace, for distillation of certain herbs whose virtues are unknown to other mages.

This night I compounded a cataplasm of mustard—sinapis—for the suave Don Ugolino Cenci with a little fever.

(Saturday, xxxi Oct)

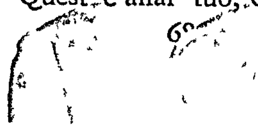
This day, Prid. Kal. Nov., I read my hestern exercise, and thereupon deliberated in my mind. It is my opinion that a mage so should dispose his faculties that not the minutest detail shall escape his notice; for by perspicacious observation only is sapience attained. Secondly, from the details so accumulated, selection must be made of those which are essential or differential; and these must be recorded in a lucid order, and in a literate form. There is thy task, Gheraldo.[1]

(Sunday, i Nov)

This day, being the Solempnity of All Saints, after siesta we rode to see the new houses which are being built on Campo Marzo; and when the Peace shall have been signed and concluded, more will be built there, they say.

This day, Dom Maurino of the Benedictines donated to me a cross of our Sanct Father Benedict, which, though invented *cxiii.* years ago, I never yet have seen. And on it are carved these magick letters following, of which this is the signification. In the four angules of the cross, C.S.P.B. signifies Crux Sancti Patris Benedicti. The letters from the top to the bottom of the cross,

[1] 'Quest' è affar' tuo, Gheraldo.'



C.S.S.M.L., signify Crux Sacra Sit Michi Lux. The letters from sinister to dexter of the cross. N.D.S.M.D., signify Non Draco Sit Michi Dux. The letters round the edge of the medal begin with the Sacred Monogram and proceed by the dexter, U.R.S.N.S.M. U.S.M.Q.L.I.U.B., signifying Uade Retro Sathana, Nunqam Suade Michi Uana, Sunt Mala Quæ Libas, Ipsa Uenena Bibas. Now this should be a very potent amulet which bears such supreme incantations.

(Wednesday, iiii Nov)

This day of Mercury, Prid. Non. Nov., to the Supernity of my Lord I presented certain pigments prepared by alchymical art under the invocation of Saint Luke. For, having triturated lapis lazuli and malachite severally; and having expelled the cacodaemons (who usurp the said triturations) with aquasancta, in Balneo Mariae,[1] I obtained a coerulean pigment, and a virid pigment, of admirable dense profundity. Also, having affected with sulfur, with aquasancta, and with other efficacious means, the dross removed from that old furnace of Daspello, I obtained a crocus-colored pigment[2] which, with oil of papaver well refined in the sun, possesses impenetrable opacity superior to all translucent pigments of this color. In token of his gratitude, my Lord very supernally deigned to say that he would require our Lord the Pope [to] erect a bishoprick of Ardea and thereto to preconize me. So, after *xv.* centuries, Pinarius again will be numbered among the pontiffs. Euge, o Pontifex Pinarj.

This day, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj saying that the Genovesi rest upon their arms, watching the Gallicans on their frontier. Also that famine and the Pest afflict that republick, the harvest having been destroyed by war.

[1] A shallow pan of water in which other pots are kept boiling.

[2] This obviously is an artificial sulphide, and a sulphide of antimony (orange), or of cadmium (yellow). But, in the absence of information concerning 'colei fornace antica da Daspello', it is not possible to say which.

(Saturday, vii Nov)

This day of Saturn, came from parts unknown Messer Antonio Teobaldi; who imported a cedar chest, fortified with copper bands, and said to contain certain manuscripts. He seeks news of the evanished progeny of Don Tarquinio deceased: but especially of his apt disciple and amiable friend Don Prospero. Him I examined in my cabinet; causing him to rehearse the history of the horrid deaths of the said Don Tarquinio and of Madonna Hersilia. And these be the facts:

That the Goths and Catalans of the Elect-Emperor, persuaded by the devil, were ravaging the city, menacing the Pope's Sanctitude in the Mola.

That Don Tarquinio sickened in the morning of a pustule on his dexter thigh near the groin; and at Avemmaria was dead of the Pest:

That Madonna Hersilia sickened on her husband's venustous cadaver, of a pustule on her sinister thigh near the groin; and at dawn was dead of the Pest:

That he, the said Messer Antonio Teobaldi, then roused the said Don Prospero from his studies, and showed him in what manner Divine Providence had deigned to afflict him.

That the said Prospero, of the age of *xiii.* years, went forthwith to the apartment of his twin-brothers, of the age of *iiii.* years, and of his sisters, of the ages of *vi.* years and *vii.* years respectively; and there enclosed himself with them, saying nothing, having dismissed the nurses.

That, at noon, and at Avemmaria, food and wine were brought to him in the said apartment, and by him accepted in silence.

That, before night, the familiars, in terror because of the Pest, fled, no man knows whither.

That, at the next dawn, he, the said Messer Antonio Teobaldi, sought the said sad miserable tender orphans, but found their apartment void and no trace of them.

That, since then, they are as though the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed them, or as though they had never been.

Also, Messer Antonio laid bare to me the angor of his mind on account of the evanescence of the said very admirable Don Prospero; who, at the age of *xii.* years, did into the Roman tongue, from the Greek of Messer Aristokles cognominato Plato, the *Apologia* and the *Crito* and also the *Phaedo*; and who to eximous mental genius unites immense seraphick virtue of form. Yet in all these words I find no key wherewith to solve the mystery.

This day, the Supernity of my Lord being satisfied with the progress of his piece, and the dinner having gratified his palate, I recommended Messer Antonio Teobaldi, preceptor and friend of the lost Don Prospero, a very fidele gentleman, literate in the *iiii.* human languages uidelicet, Roman, Tuscan, Greek, Hebrew; who, by the troubles of the time, and the death of Don Tarquinio his patron, is without means of prolonging his life. And incontinent, my generous grand prince names the said Messer Antonio as his extraordinary literate, with an apartment in this palace, a stipend of *vi.* zecchini per mensem, portions, and the usual allowances. The key of the cedar chest is mine. Observe Gheraldo, that thy recommendation hath the force of law. Beware, Gheraldo, that thou recommendest nothing unworthy.[1]

This day, after supper, I burned smearwort—Aristolochia clematitis—on a brazier by the bed of the suave Don Ugolino Cenci, whose fever becomes pernicious: for the stifling fume of the wort, which no man may endure with ease, is efficacious to compel the cacodaemon of fever to expand his membraneous wings, and to flit to his own place, the preferable fumes of which last he perforce diabolically must endure. But, after one hour, the ingrate gentleman to me protested, saying, that he rather would perish by fever than tolerate so abominable a foetor. And this signified that the cacodaemon incontinent has fled, vanquished

[1] 'Pensa, Gheraldo, che una tua raccomandatione est legge. Cave, Gheraldo, che tu non raccomandi alcunche d'indigno.'

by the magick art of me; and that Don Ugolino presently will recuperate. And I caused the removal of the brazier.

(Thursday, xviiii (?) Nov)

This day of Jove, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, his tongue twitching with news, saying that that section of the Religion of the Seraphick Brother Saint Francis of Assisi grows apace, since the Bull *Religione Zelus* was conceded in the summer, while our Lord Pope Clement was reigning in Viterbo: saying also, that the superior of the said section, aptly named Fra Matteo de' Bassi, finds the strait lodging of the curate of Saint Christopher's at Renacavata, near by Camerino where he lives, to be insufficient for his mob of sectaries, saying also, that the said sectaries resemble the heathen hereticks who formerly were denominated Cynicks, by their rude inurbanity, by their dog-like obscoenity, by their filthy beards: for a beard is the mark of a barbarian—ecce signum—: saying also that the new frock used by the said inlutibarb sectaries, with its immense cappuccione shaped like an inverted pyramid, which the said Fra Matteo in vanity has devised, is derided by the urchins in every street, who derisively cry Johia, Cappuccino; Johia, Cappuccino. Ex ore infantium, etc. Saying also, that the juvenal Sacred King of the Anglicans, although Defender of the Faith, is causing angor to our Lord the Pope. And many other news.

(Saturday, xxi (?) Nov)

This day of Sabbath, acute angor and sollicitude of conscience dilacerated the virginal pudicity of Minerva. For, having composed herself as usual at the foot of my bed, at the fourth hour of the night she slept, but at midnight very suddenly she awakened me by leaping from her station. And I, having invoked her by name, heard a prodigious scratching produced in a remote corner of my chamber, with which were commingled little feline lamentations.[1] Anon, I emerged from my bed; and, having removed the

[1] 'Lamentatiunculae.'

shield from the night-lamp, I perceived that native forces had overcome the tender Minerva; who, in an excruciation of penitence, and with dejected head labored to veil contumely from my male eyes, uttering most moving sighs and ejulations, digging and strewing with the most nervose, equal-handed energy, all in vain, seeing that the insensate marmoreal floor produced no sand. But I, with no hilarious risibility—for the gods might afflict me in a similar manner, and I venerated the delicate fastidious little creature in adversity,—did with the shovel what she willed to do, but could not do, with paws: infected the spot with oil of lavender—Lauandula spice—; and earned her amorous gratitude. And now I will return to bed. This is the saturical stile of Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal.

(Tuesday, xxiiii (?) Nov)

This day of Mars, I have passed the morning recumbent in my zotheck, with celery—Apium graueolens—bound on my head, and a stick of the same to sniff at, by cause of the musty wine at hestern supper. Now, if I were bishop of Ardea, I should wear an amethyst ring. If I wore an amethyst ring, I should not need to wear a mitre of celery, as now. Ergo, the Supernity of my Lord should hasten to procure for me that, or some other, bishoprick.

(Sunday, xxviiii Nov)

This Dominical Day, a.d. iii. Kal. Dec., from Messer Antonio Teobaldi, not without difficulty, I extracted a full account of his most merciful deed, of which he has spoken at the mandate of my Lord's Supernity, a very imperious mandate; and I am obstupified that this infirm man, burthened with the weight of *lvii.* years should have had the audacity—I will not speak of the vigor—, to perform so signal a labor. Yet his words have consummate simplicity, as though it were usual to find oneself deserted and solitary, with one's patrons dead of the Pest, whose unsepulchred cadavers menaced one's life; with the City an inferno of barbarick ruffians, and no help near. I, for one, should have lost my wits. I, for one, never should have said to myself (with inmutable

tranquillity), Gheraldo, thou now art face to face with Inexorable Death, death violent but felicitous by the Pest if thou touchest these patrician cadavers, death violent and ignoble by assassination if thou settest foot in the street. Even did I carry a tranquil mind so far as to state such an argument as that, I never should have had the fortitude to conclude that a death, incurred in performing a corporeal work such as burying the dead, is preferable to a death, incurred in seeking selfishly one's proper security. Nor should I have had the temerity to dig that grave by night in the void church, to steal those barrows full of lime, to deport the pestiferous cadavers in my arms, to fill the grave, to replace the stones, to return to the void palace, to burn my clothes, to burn the tainted furniture in the death-chamber, to bathe, to eat, to drink, to live as an eremite during many weeks and months, expecting improvised death with every minute, always hopeful, always conserving an even mind. None of these things could I have done. Wherefore, Gheraldo, regard Messer Antonio Teobaldi with extreme respect and honor, as thy superior in virtue, in longanimity, in magnanimity: emulate him, and serve him on all legitimate occasions.

This day, to Ser Isidoro Bucalossi with a cough, I administered sweet-fennel—Anethum foeniculum dulce—pounded in wine.

This day, came Don Giangiorgio Caesarini the Gonfalonier, all in white armour with a tabard and mantle of scarlet taffetas, to pay his respects to the Supernity of my Lord, who would not admit him instantly: but he was permitted to enter after Don Renato was revested and was gone with Eros about his own affairs. Now this is man of most inlustrious birth, of noble form, of grand wits, and a patron of the arts, they say: but impious, and lubidinose, I fear, from his discourse: yet withal a hilarious companion, with no mean store of Milesian conversation. And Don Renato shall learn nothing of thee, o dug-from-a-dunghill,[1] as

[1] 'O sterquilinio effosse.'

Messer Marcus Attius Plautus says. In the courtyard, we lauded the said Gonfalonier's barded mare, bay, a beast as splendid as her rider.

(Sunday, vi Dec)

This day of Sol, at the second hour of night, while conversing in my cabinet concerning my magick apparatus, the Supernity of my Lord commanded me to inspect the palm of Don Renato, and to read the same to the utmost of my power. Having sprinkled the Dominical odour of red-wheat on a standing turible, and having invoked Saint Michael Archangel patron-tutelary of the day, for the discomfiture of hostile cacodaemons, lamiarum, maniolarum, lemurum, laruarum, nocturnarum, et terrificationum imaginum et bestiarum, as Messer Nonius Marcellus says, I took those sucid virginal hands into mine, placing the sign of the cross on both palms; and, revolving in my mind all the sapience which I formerly derived from that book on Manuinspection written by Messer Andrea Corvo da Carpi which was stolen during the siege, I said as follows:—

The length of the thumb indicates firmitude of soul, intelligence of mind, capability of ratiocination; its distance from the fingers indicates munificence verging on extravagance.

The Ring of Solomon at the base of Jupiter indicates immense opulence:

The Mound of Mars very high indicates prepollent magnanimity:

The Mounds of Venus, Luna, Apollo, indicate capability of delectation by cause of pulchritude, vehement cupidity, acute perspicacity, promptitude in decision.

The color of the lines indicates a perfervid temperament.

The Cincture of Venus solved indicates early nuptials.

The Line of Fate is disturbed, and all but determined, at the age of *xv.* years.

The Line of Life inremeably is determined at the age of *xxxii.* years, and in an alien land.

And, at that, an hilarious gingilism on the part of Don Renato brought the grand black micant eyes of Eros from behind the arras, eager to share the jest: but my Lord supernally called for his torches, and departed, not without excandescence of mind.

At supper, a dish of goose-livers stuffed with late figs. Tasty.

This day, with Messer Uguccione Sciancati, I disputed, saying that I found life to be not long enough for committing barbarolexis in Greek, being occupied in avoiding and in extirpating barbarism in and from my Latin: which last, in a Roman, is a perturpidity. Further, I denied that our Omniscient Redeemer spoke not Greek but a certain inurbane Syriack, and affirmed that the Sanct Evangels contained His Actual and Proper Words, but the sense of the same I for my part was content to take from the Sanct Doctor Hieronymus. And, these acute distinctions having affected Messer Uguccione by way of stigma, not inmerited, he rabidly inflamed himself in his mind, affirming that I lied like a very vile heretick. Let him affirm nonsense if he will. I hate a fool.

This day, to the Supernity of my Lord, Messer Antonio Teobaldi presented a new sonnet, wherein, under an allegory of the generous Divine Hercules and the formose Divine Hylas, he complains that his labors bring him no satisfaction, seeing that his amiable disciple has been rapt into the vast void.

(Saturday, xviiii Dec)

This day, a.d. xiiii. Kal. Jan., to the delicate Don Lelio Pettilatte I administered an electuary of white male penny-royal—Mentha pulegium—; and I gave to him a sprig of russet female penny-royal, to bind ad umbilicum suum for a most molesting belly-ache.

(Sunday, xx Dec)

This Dominical day, the belly-ache of the delicate Don Lelio Pettilatte having persisted, to him I administered a confection of

penny-royal—Mentha pulegium—boiled with honey and green poppy—Papaver somniferum. Mirifick.

This day, there was an altercation among the garrulous monkey-like pages on the stair. For when the Cardinal-Δ of Santi Sergio et Bacco was come that he might pay his respects to the Supernity of my Lord, Don Lorenzino Gamberone and Don Tito Beicorpi, having taken torches, placed themselves at the door in readiness to escort that Most Inlustrious One on his departure. But the proterve pages of the said Cardinal-Δ,[1] who loitered at the door between the fifth and sixth antechambers, dared to jeer at the longitude and amplitude of the said supernal torches, choosing coarse similitudes, inimical to pudicity, from the effrenate language common to palatial puerice. Whereupon, the two said supernal pages, whose tongues at least are neither impudick nor inurbane, blazed with splendid bile, rushing through the ante-chambers and down the stair, belaboring those cardinalitial delicacies with the said vituperated torches, until the same were broken and the wax strewed about the floor. In the midst of this brawl, the Supernity of my Lord and the Cardinal-Δ descended; and that Most Inlustrious One cordially laughed at the discomfiture of his own procacious thrasonian familiars. But afterwards, being jealous because of the dishonor shown to his guest by lack of torches, my Lord condemns the said Don Lorenzino and Don Tito to the mala mansio of the stocks, to pass an hour supine upon their backs with their arms and legs extended to the fifth hole: but, having seen from the window the initiation of this act of justice, with its convenient rigors and manifestations, he very supernally sent Biagio Guercj with the key of the said stocks to deliver them from duress, and to donate to them a testone apiece. So sagaciously does His Supernity maintain discipline while rewarding animosity.

That Cardinal-Δ has a gait truly imperial: and carries his decorous grey head erect, on a neck pinguid, valid and rotund.

[1] Cardinal-Deacon.

(Thursday, xxiiii Dec)

This day, being the Eve of the Anniversary of our Divine Lord's Natal Day, I rode to Nemi with Don Renato and Eros, attended by a guard: and, having left our horses in the usual place, we entered the ilicet to collect mistletoe—Uiscum album—. Here, Don Renato and Eros (virginal I believe, and adept I know) climbed the antick oak-trees, cutting many miraculose branches, which we received in candid cloths: and anon we securely returned to the City. This night before Mass, we suspended the said magick parasitick plant in every chamber, stair, and gallery of this new palace, and so we are secure from all cacodaemoniality, especially from fire.

(Saturday, xxvi Dec)

This day of Saturn, I occupied myself with the rest of the magick mistletoe—Uiscum album—, disposing it in my pharmacopoeia: but Don Renato had a jar of the viscid berries to use as bird-lime· and of the wood were made magick wands, and hilts for knives.

(Monday, xxviii Dec)

This day, according to his recent mode, Don Renato encountered me with a native inconvenient question: for, now that puerice begins to lapse in adolescence, he observes many new things which he cannot comprehend. The day being the Solempnity of Holy Innocents, after siesta we were at Ara Coeli, where the Divine Infant was imparting Benediction to the City: and there we mingled ourselves with the crowds kneeling on the *c.* candid marmoreal steps. In the very articule of benediction, suddenly there came a sharp explosion, followed by vivid poignant commotion in the crowd. On descending, we perceived the cadavers of *ii.* meretricious persons and of one dead baby resembling an angel, all *iii.* dejected in a sanguine pool. Near by was the mother of the said baby, swooning, adsisted by those standing round: also a condottiere, very robust and very strange, kneeling, wringing his hands, obstupefied and silent. To whom went Don

Renato instantly, with vivid questions in the Roman tongue which all the world knows. And the said condottiere responded, saying that he had been kneeling with his harquebus against his shoulder; and the said harquebus was charged, he being a stranger; and the surging crowd had caused the piece to fall prone and to explode, killing *ii.* women and the baby in its mother's arms, who by the malignance of their stars were in front of him speaking. At this, Don Renato very mercifully took from his cap the carved gold medal of Saint George of Seriphos, and laid it in the hand of the desolate flebile mother: but he sagaciously commanded the condottiere to fear nothing, and to attend us closely in the midst of the palatial guard. As we were mounting Campidoglio, having bought some toasted beans to mumble, the serene putt demanded of me, Who might be the *ii.* slain women? To whom I responded, saying, that they were meretricious persons, she-wolves, women of noxious habits. Next, he would know whether the vepallid angel-baby[1] were not an innocent: and I responded, saying, that there was no doubt about its being as pure an innocent as any of those in Jewry whose solempnity we were frequenting on this day. Then, quoth he, Why, o Dom Gheraldo, doth Domeniddio allow that innocent to be slain with those culpables? But I responded, saying, that our Most Sanct Father and Lord Saint Peter formerly had molested our Divine Redeemer with a verisimilar question, reiterating it a score of times:—he serenely regarded me speaking:—and anon our said Divine Redeemer commanded His Vicar that He should take a honey-comb full of bees,—he placed his dexter foot upon the parapet:—and should lay the same upon His apert breast:—he put his dexter elbow on his dexter knee, and chin in palm:—and when His Sanctitude had obeyed, instantly a bee stung Him, whereon He dashed to earth that honey-comb,—his vivid regard travelled over the City:—and crushed out the lives of the bees with irate foot. Our Divine Redeemer inquired why our Most Sanct Father Saint Peter had done that:—his dark eyelashes drooped on and soared from his pure cheek.—To whom

[1] 'Bambinangelo.'

responded the Lord Pope Saint Peter in a passion, saying,—his sinister hand defined his sinister hip.—But, how could We punish separately, among all those, that singular bee who temerariously and sacrilegiously hath stung the Vicar of Christ?—his roseate lips parted.—Our Divine Redeemer knowing His thoughts, asked His Sanctitude again, Am I wrong then, I, Who made the whole orb of the world, the sun, the moon, and heaven with its myriad constellations, when I afflict My creatures in a similar manner? Answer Me.—At this, Don Renato remained pensive and silent, regarding the City wolves in their den. Finally, dilating himself, he turned to me with eyes dilucid as stars, saying, We suppose, o Dom Gheraldo, that We must be content not to comprehend God's Reasons. So we returned to the palace: and, having bestowed the condottiere with Don Renato's guard to attend my Lord's mandate, we finished the toasted beans for merenda. This is a stile of my own, diffuse, but luminous, subtile, and exact, specially the parentheses. At supper, was served a fry of cockscombs with asparagus grown out of season at Ardea, beneficial to heart and eyes, very delectable to the taste.

(Wednesday, xxx Dec)

This day of Mercury, a.d. iii. Kal. Jan., my Lord declared his supernal will concerning the Anglican condottiere: who, upon examination, appears to be of generous birth and of ancient lineage, speaking the Roman tongue correctly but tardily, and with an appellatio literarum which is acerb and inusual but not inurbane, which he affirms to be the mode in the university of his island. Interrogated as to why he came from the said island, he responded, saying, that (being a younger son) his patrimony was not in land but in money; wherefore, and for a certain cause, he became a wanderer. Interrogated as to what he wanted, he responded, saying, Nothing. Interrogated as to whether he would take service, he responded, saying, Willingly, but only under the little Lord Hot-head,[1] Who, having saved his life, had rights over

[1] 'Sub Dominulo Caldo.'

the same. And with this he performs a duplicate genuflection before Don Renato, to whom he vows fidelity in the Anglican mode, uidelicet he placed his palms together and between the palms of him whom he so took for his liege lord. Certainly the exterior of this gentleman is as inornate, as inexpugnable, and as unattractive as a rock: but I dare to suppose that the heart within is virgin gold. The Supernity of my Lord deigned to smile; and there were tears in his fine eyes.

(Thursday, xxxi Dec)

This day of Jove, being the last of the year *mdxxviii.*, having burned the convenient odor of saffron on a brazier, under the invocation of Saint Sachiel Archangel, and so having examined my acts of the said year, I have deliberated in my mind to record no more gossip and no more crude existimations of persons, that I may avoid what Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal calls Insanabile scribendi cacoethes, and so escape the miserable penalty of him who has written a book, as set forth in the Canonical Scripture.

D.O.M.

(A.D. 1529)

(Friday, i Jan)

This day of Venus, in the beginning of the year of Man's Salvation *mdxxviiii.*, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj saying that our Lord Pope Clement has announced one cardinal, who is Don Girolamo Doria, son of Don Agostino Doria by Madonna Pellagrina, born in wedlock, and relation of that Don Filipino Doria who destroyed the Gothick fleet at Salerno. This Purpled One,[1] says the veridical Messer Gabinio Gabinj, on arriving at puberty led in matrimony Madonnina Luigia, daughter of Don Giambattista Spinula, Duke of the Republick of Genoa; and took from her a son, Niccolo by name, as well as *iiii.* daughters:

[1] 'Porporato.'

but now that his said wife has migrated to the Lord, and he himself is in the full bloom of adolescence, he wills to be a Churchman. Wherefore our Lord Pope Clement names him Cardinal-Δ of San Tommaso *in Parione.*

(Tuesday, v Jan)

This day, Non. Jan., in my cabinet, Messer Antonio Teobaldi was conversing with me concerning the sons of princes, their corporeal pulchritude, their fertile intellect, their innate eximious virtue, and we were discoursing upon the artificial modes most convenient for cultivating these native qualities; when he suddenly intercalated a sentence to the effect that some interior monitor incessantly forbade him to despair, seeing that Don Prospero Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros had not ceased to live in this world, but was hidden in some secret place, whence in time he will emerge. This monition I pronounce to be a portent: for sometimes our angel-guardians in this way are permitted to divulge the future, in order that our human minds may not be left without consolation.

(Saturday, viiii Jan)

This day of Sabbath came the Most Inlustrious Lord Alessandro Caesarini, Cardinal-Δ of Santi Sergio et Bacco, and the nephew of the Gonfalonier, to pay his respects of the Supernity of my Lord. While they were conversing, Don Renato sat at the Most Inlustrious feet, and played with the tassels of the hat. Whereupon my Lord Cardinal would know whether the patrician putt was cupid of becoming a Purpled One, and of wearing a vermicular hat with *xxx.* tassels. Who, momento temporis, responded, saying that he had other things to do. But my Lord Cardinal would know what things, to whom again responded Don Renato (very solemn), saying that, as a beginning, he would try matrimony like that last new creature of our Lord Pope Clement, of whose pubescent performances he had heard, and further, that vermicular hats with *xxx.* tassels were apter for exalbid heads and senatorial

than for rutilant ones and puerine. Which sentence comes very near nude truth. Anon, there were not many more words; and my Lord supernally objected because his conference was interrupted, for this Cardinal-Δ is a literate, and a friend of literates, whose words at all times are prodigiously artificial. Also, they say that he maintains a liberal household, and an almost imperial state as becomes one of his name, is placid and perurbane, and in great request as monitor and counsellor in difficult cases.

(Monday, xi Jan)

This day, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that yesterday being The Lord's Day, a.d. iiii. Id. Jan. in this year of our redemption *mdxxviiii.*, at Rome, at Saint Peter's at about the first hour of night, our Lord Pope Clement announced one Cardinal-Δ, who is Don Ippolito de' Medici, spurious son of Duke Giuliano of Nemours by a lady, and cousin-german of Don Alessandro de' Medici, and second cousin-german of the Pope's Sanctitude, of the age of *xviii.* years. Even a native liar sometimes will stumble into truth; and such an one is Bishop Paolo Giovio of Nocera·[1] but on this occasion he has not so stumbled; for he writes of this creature as being an adolescent of singular erudition, who, a teneris unguiculis, has exhibited a specimen of ingenious pudicity, prudence, and virtue. Now here, in Rome, we happen to know otherwise. This Purpled One will take rank as Cardinal-Nephew, and will be intituled Cardinal-Protector,[2] with the epithets Most Worshipful and Most Respectable,[3] Δ of Santa Prassede.

[1] The spirit of both of Rolfe's references to this Florentine historian in the present work is the same. Rolfe charges him, together with Guicciardini and Varchi, in *Chronicles of the House of Borgia* (p. ix) with writing 'in the Florentine manner, of Rome and Roman affairs, from an antipathetic point of view, and solely on the gossip and tittle-tattle that filtered through to Florence after long years' and 'what they liked they praised; and what they loathed they rhetorically and categorically damned'.—Ed.

[2] 'Cardinale-Padrone.'

[3] 'Colendissimo et Osservantissimo.'

(Wednesday, xiii Jan)

This day of Mercury, or of Saint Raphael Archangel, at the hour of twilight, there was a portentous affray at the Catinari gate. For Don Renato, returning from horse-riding, attended by Eros and Ser Ruggiero with a troop, was about to enter the palace, when a maniple of the City-Guard interposed, minaciously demanding the body of the Anglican condottiere of Ara Coeli on account of the deceased baby. On this, Don Renato blazed with splendid bile, demonstrating his usual repentine flagrant furibund rabies so terrifick to all beholders; and, urging his familiars into the archway, he commanded the gates to be shut, nor again to be opened to any other than himself: but he remained on the extern side. Ser Duilio Manfredi the locum-tenens, and the honest Don Oddantonio Testeroventi, watched him from an arrow-slit[1] in the turret of the barbacan, sitting for some minutes on his immense potential steed, contemptuous and taciturn: but anon he goaded the beast with acrid spur, and galloped in the direction of Banchi. The City-Guards forthwith attempted the battering of the gate; wherefore Ser Ilario Tarentini, not daring to disobey my Lord's supernal son, armed his equerries, set his mercenaries, and prepared for these concupiscent violators a martial reception when the gate should fall. After a half-hour of siege, Don Renato, all candid and serene, entered the palace by the obscure postern,[2] which he and his foster-brother are accustomed to use when engaged in those adventures wherein light and festive puerice has continual delectament. Traversing the courtyards he encountered the said Ser Ruggiero among the armed mercenaries inside the gate, on whom, mirabile dictu, he conferred a safe-conduct, written and sealed in haste by our Lord the Pope Himself, who deigns to this Anglican a free pardon for all homicides to date. But Don Renato ranged the palatial forces in *ii.* lines by the lateral walls of the gate and courtyard, placing Ser Ruggiero in the midst, alone, unarmed, with his safe-conduct exposed; and he commanded the gate to be opened when he, from the exterior, should give the signal with a

[1] 'Feritoja.' [2] 'Pseudothyrum.'

whistle. Anon, he retired unattended through the said obscure postern,[1] riding round through the square of Catinari to the extern gate. And, when the City-Guards perceived him, they paused in their attempt, and observed his intention. He solemnly rode to the gate, trampling on all who in stupefaction hindered him; and he shrilly sibilated with his whistle. Instantly the bars were withdrawn. Instantly the portal gaped. The City-Guards precipitated themselves forward into the blinding glare of torches, to find sharp halberds menacing them,—and their prey, solitary, unarmed, within their reach, fortified solely (but impregnably) by the pontifical safe-conduct. Says Ser Duilio Manfredi, when our familiars remained immobile, menacing, bursting into shouts of laughter, the City-Guards displayed their backs, creeping very silently away, passing Don Renato in his argent vesture mounted in the midst of the archway, equestrian, triumphant, vivid, serene, veritably resembling his own divine progenitor Saint George of Seriphos, percandid, refulgent, laureate. How admirable is the acumen of this patrician putt; capable, audacious, inpavid, benign, and the rest. Pater Coelestis Deus Optime Maxime, let his will be to exploit aright these signal graces. Followed the most ample confusion, vociferations, tumults. Don Renato relates the affair to my Lord's Supernity; how that he forced his way into the Apostolick Presence by claiming his privilege of patrician, how that he found our Lord's Sanctitude irate, because he asked a favor for an Anglican, saying that the juvenal Sacred King of those same Anglicans was a contumacious inofficious son, but suddenly dismissing His Apostolick ire, and becoming mansuete and propitious while looking on him supplicating—as who would not—; how, finally, that he instantly must go in the estate due to the Sanctitude of the Pope, carrying an oblation, and the said Anglican, to render an action of graces and to experience plenary absolution. Ser Guidantonio Bolzone and his assistants ransack the wardrobes for ceremonial vestures for a troop. Ser Isidoro Bucalossi bewails himself because Don Renato comes like silver thunder into the

[1] 'Porticciuola.'

treasury, tosses over chrysoliths and carbuncles, and has departed with the grand Byzantine chalcedony which we name The Lion's Eye, for our Lord the Pope. Finally, all mund and compt in vestures of argent tissue, with his Anglican by his side—whose physiognomy is verisimilar to stone—with *l.* flagrant torches and *l.* scintillant halberds before him and behind, at the third hour of night Don Renato rides to Vatican.

(Thursday, xiiii Jan)

This day, were removed the last scaffolds from the fourth courtyard, which now is explete, and the chambers prepared for that arras which has been weaving at Ardea since the demolition of the old palace more than *xl.* years ago. Certainly, the Supernity of my Lord very meritoriously feeds the hungry and clothes the nude, by making work for these hundreds of artificers, masons, and joiners, who otherwise (with their wives and children) would starve, seeing that since the siege, and by reason of the troubles of the time, no patrician is sufficiently audacious to build palaces. May his good deeds count to his supernal eternal premium.[1]

(Friday, xv Jan)

This day, a.d. xviii. Kal. Feb., has been exemplified the proverb which says, Every knot comes to the comb.[2] For Ser Fabrizio the herald, having been born (by the malignance of his stars) in a family who serve the infandous Colonna, at the age of puberty refused allegiance to that baron, on account of the crimes of latrocinity, constupration, devirgination, inminution of pudicity, homicide, sacrilege, and such like, in which that House allied with the no less infandous Dellavalle commonly engages. Having heard of the virtue of this fort adolescent, my Lord's Supernity took him into his family, naming him pursuivant to Ser Cristostomo da Deira at that time herald, who departed in the Embrace of The Lord during the siege; and the said Ser Fabrizio was promoted to

[1] 'Che le di Lui buone actioni possano procurarGli superno aeterno premio.'

[2] 'Ogni nodo viene al pettine.'

his place. Nevertheless, during many desolate years, this Ser has been without a proper family, his relations having usurped that inheritance which by right was his. And, at hestern eve, there was a sanguinary combat by Rotondo between a corps of Colonna in number *xxxii.* and another of Orsini in number about *xl.*: *xx.* of Colonna ignominiously having been slain, the rest fled into Trevi for security. Now in this affray fell *ii.* brothers and *v.* cousins of the said Ser Fabrizio; and, there being no other vesticipal males of his name, my Lord very supernally undertakes to see him in possession of his rights. Thus Divine Providence removes all obstacles which hindered his nuptials with Ser Ilario's little Felicita—may he have happiness.[1] Thus the knot in his fortune is solved as by a comb.

(Sunday, xvii Jan)

This day, I dared to ask of my Lord's Supernity whether the case of Ser Fabrizio Tripalle would be a difficult one; who to me responded, saying that our Lord the Pope, now crescent in potency, inflamed against and very dyspathetick to Colonna, also inflamed, but in favor of (and very sympathetick to) Poplicola di Hagiostayros, certainly would see instant justice done. And, having finished painting for the day, His Supernity dismissed us: but, by cause that the rain was falling in pitchers' full,[2] Don Renato, with his venustous foster-brother, followed me to the door of my cabinet, saying that he was cupid of hearing more of the said Colonna. To whom I responded, saying, that that House always allies with the Elect-Emperor against our Lord the Pope, uidelicet Cardinal Pompeio Colonna, who having been promoted from the Titule of Santi Apostoli to the Titule of San Lorenzo *in Damaso* *ii.* years ago, has repaid His Sanctitude by leading an army with the Constable of Bourbon and the Prince of Orange to sack this Deaurate City, while he himself cynically sits in the vast Riario Palace by his Titule, to observe the destruction which he has brought to Rome. Further, quoth I, it is said of the said Purpled

[1] 'Poss' haver Felicita.' [2] 'Urceatim.'

One that, motu proprio, in the last conclave coelum terramque miscuit, as Messer Publius Vergilius Maro says, on the behalf of Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, vainly imagining that for this service Giulio (as Clement) would refuse him nothing. Anon, after coronation of the last, and inthronization at Lateran, the said Cardinal temerariously presents himself to our Lord demanding some preposterous indulgence. And when His Sanctitude denied him, he infuriated himself, saying that the said indulgence was owed to him. At this His Sanctitude required an explanation of those audacious words: to whom he responded, saying that it was he who had made Him Pope. But in a trice, His Sanctitude reverberated on him with his own words, saying, Certainly, if any one of mortal man can make a Pope, then thou hast made Us Pope: but having made Us Pope, thou shalt not hinder Us from being Pope; and the Pope admonishes thee, o Colonna, that thou canst not be Pope while Clement reigns. Wherefore, the said Purpled One on all occasions allies himself with the enemies of Sancta Sedes, than which there can be no more exitial perturpitude. Yet he is a man of parts, videlicet his book *De Laudibus Mulierum*, which exhibits notable talent and precision of stile, though the subject is not convenient for a purpled scribe. Further, he is not wholly devoid of charity, nor wholly hostile to Poplicola di Hagiostayros, seeing that during the sack of the City he protected at Cancelleria the wife and daughter of our exiled Don Giorgio who had slain his father. And, at this, Don Renato opened on me his exquisite grand eyes, saying, in his very dulcet voice, There is no day, o Dom Gheraldo, on which the sun somewhere or sometime does not shine.[1] O divine little prince. Now who has taught thee that?[2]

(Thursday, xxi Jan)

This day, having seen the benediction of the lambs of Sant' Agnese *extra muros*, Don Renato demands of his father's Supernity

[1] 'Non vi è giorn', o Dom Gheraldo, nel qual' il sole non risplend' in qualche luog' o a qualch' hora.'

[2] 'O divino principino. O' chi ti apprese cio?'

that he should compose for him a picture which shall present that chaste virginal martyr, adding, Et per esempio c'est Madonnina Marcia. To whom my Lord deigns a favourable response, being almost satisfied with the Saint Agapitus, and hilari animo, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says.

This day, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that Don Baltassare Carducci is Gonfalonier of Fiorenza, in place of Don Niccolo Capponi, son of that Pietro who defied the Christian King Charles VIII. many years ago. This election will be displeasing to His Sanctitude; and Fiorenza will be as a thorn in the Apostolick eye.

(Monday, xxv Jan)

This day of Luna, a.d. viii. Kal. Feb., came from Ardea my nephew Cristoforo to pay his respects to me. When I observe his grand and torose pectorals and his gigantic femorals, I laugh to think that this should ever have been a friar. And if he ever had gone to the Mauritanians, as a Trinitarian, or otherwise, certainly those cannibals would have eaten him; for a human male more like an aurochs is impossible to be imagined. Yet he is as docile as my dear sufflavian kitten, and as habile, in despite of his aspect and his bulk. And the news which he has brought concerning my niece Catarina is most grateful to my mind.

(Wednesday, xxvii Jan)

This day of Mercury, came the Lord Cardinal-Dean to pay his Most Inlustrious respects to the Supernity of my Lord, and to inspect this new palace, who brought also his two grandsons to be made known to Don Renato. And these noble putts are Don Guidascanio Sforza of the age of *xi.* years, and Don Sforza Sforza of the age of *iiii.* years, being legitimate sons of the Sovereign-Count Bosio Sforza of Santacotogna by his wife Madonna Costanza Farnese, spurious daughter of the said Lord Cardinal Alessandro. A very notable progeny. And when my Lord supern-

ally had invited this Most Inlustrious Purpled One to enter the pavonine cabinet, where in private he might deliver his mind concerning his approaching ablegateship to the Elect-Emperor, Don Renato demanded that I should read the palms of the said *ii.* quince-sprigs,[1] alleging me to be a divine hariol, fatidick, and veridical of very arcane mysteries. Wherefore, when I had inspected the said palms, comparing sinister with dexter, and dexter with sinister, and prosecuting longer on the sinister, I announced that the palm of Don Guidascanio Sforza predicted a long life of onerous dignity, and, from the color and configuration of the lineaments, a vermicular hat and a gold ring set with a sapphire worth *dc.* zecchini: but, for the infantile Don Sforza Sforza, I predicted a Diamorone on the instant. And, when the three clamored to know what that might be, I conducted them to my cabinet, where with solemn ceremonies and incantations I produced a jar of mulberries and blackberries conserved in honey by magick artifice, which, when bread had been brought, they very hilariously degusted. Now a mage is a mage; and a nurse is a nurse. And the gynaeceum at Santacotogna is a proper place for the noble but glutinous and also incontinent Don Sforza Sforza aetatis suæ *iiii.*

(Thursday, xxviii Jan)

This day a.d. v. Kal. Feb., before Mass, I imparted benediction at the nuptials of Ser Fabrizio Tripalle, herald of Poplicola di Hagiostayros, and Madonnina Felicita Tarentini, daughter of my Lord's Supernity's captain. And now I ponder in my mind this fact, that among laicks it is the use for enormous and very virile adolescents to lead in marriage the most tiny and most delicate virgins, as in the present case; and, this also, for the most miserable abject homunculi, verisimilar to rats, to lead in marriage virgins, or often widows, ample and obese as cows. Very absurd. Very inept. Very inconvenient.

[1] 'Ramuscelli di cotogno.' 'Santacotogna' appears to be Dom Gheraldo's version of Santafiora, the Sforza of which county blazon the 'Holy Flower' of the Quince in the paws of their rampant lion.

(Friday, xxviiii Jan)

This day of Venus, came from the Curia the veridical Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Most Inlustrious Lord Pirrho Gonzaga, Cardinal-Δ of Sant' Agata *in Subura* has migrated to The Lord.

(Monday, i Feb)

This day of Luna, Kal. Feb., I experienced a dejection of my hopes; for, Messer Antonio Teobaldi having confided the key to me, I explored the cedar chest: but I found there the historical treatises of our Don Tarquinio, written in a stile of his own, and for the proper and sole eye of his son, and superscribed, These, for my son Prospero at such-and-such an age. And, from the contents of the few which have already been opened, I judge that the said Don Tarquinio has devised for his said son a complete course of human ethicks from contemporary examples such as, says Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus, in his noble sature,[1] his father had used for him. Ammirabilissimo.

(Wednesday, iii Feb)

This day of Mercury, returned from Ardea Don Renato, attended by Eros and Ser Ruggiero with a troop, importing Madonnina Marcia for the new picture. But some maleficent pernicious dwarf would appear to have induced them to diverge from Ardeatina to Appia at the ninth milestone by Tordinona; and, consequently, while they were passing the castle called of Cecilia Metella, they sustained the attack of a Colonna faction, who burst out, roaring, Column, Column, with terrifick vociferation. But, Don Renato, as becomes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, having urged forward a score of his mercenaries to guard Eros, who carried Madonnina Marcia on a pillion, implacably assaulted Colonna with the rest, impelling them into their tower, rescuing Don Livio Drusi, who (of course) was dejected from his horse with a shot in the ribs, and securely bringing the last into the City.

[1] Sat. I., 4.

Says Ser Ruggiero, The Little Lord is verisimilar to a lion in temper as in color. We knew it. On the marrows and nerves of those he feeds. A cataplasm of pounded garclive—Agrimonia cupatoria—will extract the ball from Don Livio's wound. Natural simples are more benefick than the scalpellum and the specillum of the chirurgeon; and more apt to the use of one, interdicted (by his sacerdotium) from cutting, mutilating, and defacing, the temple of the Holy Ghost, as am I the scribe.

(Friday, v Feb)

This day, Non. Feb., came Don Giangiorgio Caesarini the Gonfalonier, having heard of the visit of the noble Sforza, and concupiscent that his own son should be admitted to the amity of Don Renato, saying that he also was allied with Sforza, having led in matrimony a virgin of that noble house—but she was Maria di Guido, o Gonfalonier.[1] To whom my Lord's Supernity alleged disparity of age, seeing Don Giuliano Caesarini to be juvenal, but Don Renato in the flower of puerice; and he used such adept urbanity of word and manner, that the said Gonfalonier relinquished his concupisence and conceived no offence. O princip' eloquente.

This day, is published an indulgence for the fast of Lent, by cause that the citizens are not yet recovered from the duress of the siege, and much aegritude afflicts the City. Deo gratias.

Biagio Guercj having removed the arras from about *vi.* cubits width of the marmoreal wall, and there having erected a low dais also marmoreal, at the hour of terce the maternal Dionisia introduced Madonnina Marcia, prepared the example, and retired herself to the ninth ante-chamber. Anon, the Supernity of my Lord caused the said example to stand on the marmoreal dais against the

[1] It is rather unusual to find a gentleman who is 'nice' in the matter of legitimate birth at this period, when the sins of the fathers did *not* fall on the children born out of wedlock. These, almost invariably were acknowledged, generally were legitimated, and no disability attached to them.

marmoreal wall, as the virginal martyr Saint Agnes might have stood in the lupanar on Navona. Solutis crinibus, as some poet says, veiled to the knees in that nebulous umbra, obscure as night, she shall raise her innocent face and her chaste arms, expecting the Spouse Celestial. This position is of supreme simplicity, the form very delicate, the color of immaculate purity, due to the dense tenebricosity of the hair enhancing the vivid candor of the example not less than her marmoreal circumstances. This child is docile and obedient, inconscious of herself, and as inmobile as though carved in lucent nacre. Never have I seen anything more exquisite than her form, on the very verge of puberty; and there can be no doubt but that her lineage is regal. Having requested permission to retire, for the purpose of preparing pigments,—so I told my Lord,—His Supernity commanded me to intone the office. And, in the Psalm *Leuaui oculos*, at the words *Custodiat introitum tuum*, as though they were a sign, Don Renato serenely enters the audience-chamber. The example became tinged with rose-color: but she stirred not. The flush languished to pallor. The Supernity of my Lord deigned a constriction of the brow; and in silence continued to study. At the father's feet, the son became seated, saying nothing. Most admirable was this scene. Our angel-guardians looking on,—supposing them to be ignorant of its true signification, quod est absurdum,—must have taken it for some sacred mystery; the virgin of consummate pulchritude posed like an oracle; my Lord as the hierophant; the resplendent putt at his feet, attendant, silent, intent. Again I say most admirable. When at length the Supernity of my Lord approached his grand unsullied canvas to view the example from a distance, Don Renato remained, his glance fixed on Madonnina Marcia. As for me, I go to compose a cooling drink of rue—Ruta graueolens—and Abraham's balm—Uitex agnus castus—for my sacerdotium. This night the angel of the garclive—Agrimonia cupatoria—has extracted the ball from the flank of Don Livio Drusi. A salve of beet—Beta uulgaris—pounded in old wine with hawthorn leaves—Crataegus oxyacantha—will heal the new wound.

This day, Don Renato ordains to exercise himself daily, after Mass and after siesta, in the private court by the gynaeceum, assisted by Eros and attended by Ser Ruggiero.

This night, to Biagio Guercj, I gave marjoram—Origanum uulgare—saturate with vinegar for my Lord's supernal headache.

(Tuesday,)

This day of Mars, finding the palace of Farnese infecund of convenient entertainment, came the Noble Don Guidascanio Sforza to see Don Renato, who at the moment was exercising the palatial pages And from these last, His Nobility distinguishes the Siculean prior of pages Don Evandro Borgianni, by cause of his flavian hair radiant as a comet even in water, and by cause of his vigorous speciosity. Nor had the serene callidity of Don Renato, predicably resilient over a war-horse, excelling Eros his pro-gymnast, any attraction for Don Guidascanio; who, being himself timid, minute, and inmature, demonstrates an affection for a Uirbius. This is the manner of mortal men, always to be cupid of qualities which they themselves do lack, as Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus says in his proverb, The lazy bull yearns for caparisons, the horse for the plough.[1] At supper was served a capon garnished with chestnuts. Succulent.

This day, we went to the Flaminian Gate to view the coursing of the detestable Hebrews. In response to the serene benignancy of Don Renato, I said that, if we regard these miscreants as men verisimilar to ourselves, then this is neither an act of piety nor of justice, but an abhominable and ferocious cruelty. And this is the sentence of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj.

This day, came to inspect the new palace that Advocate of the Sacred Consistory, who fled before the siege, uidelicet Don Pompilio Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, brother of our Don Tarquinio deceased, uncles of the lost Don

[1] 'Optat ephippia bos piger: optat arare caballus.'

Prospero. He wore his official habit of violet taffetas with a tippet of ermine, very fine, and convenient for this brumal frigor. After hearing him, I am of opinion that he is less concupiscent of certain information concerning the fate of his dead brother's children, than that this patrician House of Poplicola di Hagiostayros should recover that glory which it lost in the year of our Redemption *mccccliii.*, by cause of the assassination of Don Prospero Colonna of Paliano-Genazzano and Don Girolamo Colonna, spurious brother of the Cardinal of Santa Maria *in Aquiro*, both partizans of the infandous Dellavalle, with whom we were by chance at war, as related by the inlustrious Don Tarquinio. Now seeing that the said assassins, unnamed by me, have paid their penance, and are dead, it is due that their house should be instaured: but life is not less important than stones; and the said Don Pompilio lacks charity as well as sapience when he prefers stones, neglecting life. Fortunately the Supernity of my Lord is a prince of another color.

(Monday,)

This day of Luna, I administered a decoction of borage—Borago officinalis—to Don Livio Drusi needing a stimulant and a salve of bruised groundpine—Abiga chamaipitys—for his wound, lest my nephew Cristoforo's Catarina should deem me to neglect, as well as to despise, that silly little old man her father.[1]

This day, I bereaved Don Renato of the book of histories which Messer Boccaccio so admirably has written: but I promised that the same should be at his disposition during one night and one day in each month, and I named the first Sunday. Too much of a good thing becomes noxious to the inmature mind of puerice, mollibus annis, and of flammeolent color.

(Friday, xviiii Feb)

This day of Venus, or of Saint Anael Archangel occurred no suggrand commotion in the lavatories, where I medicated the

[1] 'Quello stolto vecchietto del suo padre.'

backs of those *xxx.* palatial pages who went out semi-nude with the Flagellants. Now, here is an opportunity for discriminating among the said palatial pages, dividing sensile from stolid, fidele from infidele, not less than dexterous from sinisterous. For, while the auricolored Eros, with the rubicund Don Angelo Begliarti, and the martial Don Manlio Tarchiarti, and the tender little Don Glorio Coscetonde, and, mirabile dictu, the vigorous Don Evandro Borgianni, in veritable contrition for their surridiculous venialities, have adorned themselves with very severe corporeal dilacerations, the rest have scourged their concupiscent pulp quite leniently: but Don Ferrone Culoni and Don Tullio Tripette and Don Pierettore Ruttoni in despite of all thrasonian boasts, are utterly unstriped, and their turpid skins intact and incruent. Wherefore to Eros and his equals I administer cataplasms of bread-crumbs and wood-dock—Rumex acetosa,—to be followed by a salve of woodruff—Asfodelus ramosus—macerate in oil of almonds—Amygdalus communis—; and to the others a fine mordent and astringent lotion of wych-elm—Ulmus montana—: but the despicable three will endure a consummate flagellation from their prior, when his own wounds are healed and his sinews again become flexile. Perturpid timidity shall not deprive them of those merits, which, asseverated they, they willed to gain.

(Sunday, xxi Feb)

This day, a.d. viiii. Kal. Mart., the Supernity of my Lord permuted the position of the virginal example, moving the sinister foot about a palm's breadth from, and in advance of, the dexter foot. These be such tender little feet, no longer than a sparrow; and in color they resemble petals of cyclamen, as our Don Tarquinio says. She has the index or salutary toe exserted beyond the rest, and a similar membrature also appertains to Don Renato, and to all superior examples of antiquity whether marmoreal or bronze. He silently devours her with his eyes, in a manner which makes it clear that he never before has seen a daughter of our Divine Mother Eva.

(Tuesday, xxiii Feb)

This day of Mars, Don Renato demands of me pigments, equal to those which I supplied to the Supernity of my Lord; being cupid to try his own hand on rainy days.

(Thursday, xxv Feb)

This day of Jove, was escorted from Ardea by a troop all the new arras for the apartments of the fourth courtyard; and an immense confusion attended the suspension of the same. Which I anxiously avoided.

(Sunday, xxviii Feb)

This day, Prid. Kal. Mart., the firm Ser Ruggiero gave a very prodigious exposition of his quality. For, after siesta, the station of the day being at Santa Croce *in Gerusalemme*, thither I and Don Renato with Eros went on foot, accompanied by a bevy of palatial pages and by the said Ser Ruggiero with a small guard. And, having performed the said station, we returned by way of the square of Lateran; and, as we passed the effigy in deaurate bronze of the Divine Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Caesar Semper Augustus,[1] we observed there certain lascivious ragamuffins[2] of the City, who were contending among themselves as to which of them could spit the farthest, to the immense delectament of half a score senior ruffians standing round. Whom, with disgust, we avoided, and pursued our way. But, anon, came running from the rear the urbane Don Oddo del Drago, vociferating that Ser Ruggiero, and the immense Don Furio Nerboruti, were beset by the knives of the said senior ruffians, having said to the spitters in passing, Dirty little beasts.[3] At this, we all hastened to the rescue; and, for our pains, a most virtuose spectacule recompensed us. For the immense page was using his poignard for guard, and sweeping an exitial circle round himself with acrid sword, which circle no

[1] It now stands on Campidoglio, A.D. 1908. [2] 'Birboni.'

[3] 'Pezzini di porcelloni'

senior ruffian dared to invade. But the firm Anglican was performing an admirable and singular tripudiation, very solemn, and, at irregular intervals, mirifically swift: dancing, now on the dexter foot, now on the sinister, in the midst of the said senior ruffians. From time to time, bounding from the dexter foot to the sinister, he projected his sinister arm, delivering with his nude hand, to one or other of the said senior ruffians, *i.* buffet, or *ii.*, or *iii.*, in quick succession, who incontinently fell down with most pernicious concussion, and not without effusion of blood: but the adept tripudiator resumed his dancing and his mystick gestures. Anon, always evading the knives and horizontally swinging his arm, he genuinely offended the jaws of another senior ruffian, who without hesitation dejected himself, and emitted more teeth than *i.* But the dancer incessantly danced with scintillant eyes, incessantly continued solemn gesticulations, and, Ut ueniant omnes, he murmured from time to time; while we stood round observing him with joy, and with gratitude to Divine Providence for so eximious a manifestation of virtue. Don Renato held himself very serene, legs apart, hands on superb loins. And at length *vi.* senior ruffians lay on the ground, some groaning, some inconscious, and all very sanguinary: but the remaining *iiii.* became aware that we were *xxx.* palatial pages with swords, and *x.* armed mercenaries, wherefore without delay they fled toward the Lateran Gate, whither the spitters had preceded them. At this, Ser Ruggiero desisted, and looked upon us with an aspect persimilar to stone; to whom went Don Renato, very vivid, taking Eros with him and placing innumerable interrogations. So we proceeded on our way, encountering no more adventures; and we entered the place at avemmaria. This Anglican bravo must be a man of extraordinary fortitude; for he evidently disdains knives, opposing them merely with nude void hands.

(Monday, i Mar)

This day of Luna, for the morbus articularis of Messer Antonio Teobaldi, I recommended him to prefer white wine to red; and I

administered a lotion of betony—Betonica officinalis—seethed in water until its angel has deported two-thirds of the brew.

(Saturday, vi Mar)

This day, Prid. Non. Mart., the Supernity of my Lord ordains that his palatial familiars should wear mail-shirts in the City, on account of the commotions of the times: wherefore, Messer Bastiano and his apprentices have been upstairs all day for the purpose of suiting us.

I observe that the trade of armourer develops the dexter arm and breast without affecting the sinister. A very robust one of the apprentices exuded his shirt, in order to confirm this opinion; and he demonstrated a sinister certainly suggrand, but a dexter lacertose and asymmetrical to the point of deformity. Admire, o Gheraldo, the operations of the Divine Creator. What He makes, is augmented by usage: what we make, is destroyed. For the delectament of Don Renato, this one performed several feats of virtue, transfixing his own adolescent shoulder and neck with needles and with no effusion of blood, and snapping fetters placed on his lacertose arm. Messer Bastiano was very assiduous, admonishing us to prefer security before the present fashion of vesture, by wearing a lorica of such longitude as to guard the vital parts from throat to femorals; and he narrated a case which he had from his own father, of some prince who was stabbed by not less than *xl.* of Sanseverini and Cajetani on the very steps of Saint Peter's by-the-Vatican, yet who mirifically evaded death by cause of the lorica which he wore: for, in that rain of knives, he took wounds only in his arms and legs and head, and would have recuperated, but that an aestive fever intervened, to which he succumbed after many weeks. A shirt of these exquisite links can be inclosed in the hands: but nevertheless will break a blade. Very necessary: but molesting to the mind to wear terror on one's back. Says the Supernity of my Lord, Messer Bastiano speaks veridically: for the said prince was the Prince of Bisceglia, first legitimate husband of the Divine Duchess Lucrezia Borgia d'Este, and he was stabbed

in the first year of this century; Cajetani and Sanseverini having vowed a vendetta against him, by cause that he enjoyed their confiscate feofs.[1]

(Sunday, vii Mar)

This day, Non. Mart., at the second hour of night, came to my cabinet Don Renato and the firm Ser Ruggiero; and the last was interrogated concerning the mystick dance. Who to us responded, saying that it was the mode in his island, which formerly had been conquered by the progenitors of us Romans, and adorned with many Roman uses, of which this solempnity was one. But, when I had indicated my ignorance of the thing, to me responded Ser Ruggiero saying that Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero has written of one who, when he had compressed his fingers, gave battle,—which is true—; and that Messer Marcus Attius Plautus has written of one who struck with compressed palm;—which is true also. Don Renato stood, vividly looking from one to the other, his hands clasped on the summit of his rutilant head, his feet close and still; and he swayed backward and forward at the loins. Further, Ser Ruggiero continued, the said inlustrious progenitors of my Reverence and of the Presence—a most decorous courtesy—were used to employ a leathern strap in this game, which is neither a religious nor a national dance all to the contrary notwithstanding, because these things occurred many centuries ago, when the world was in its tender adolescence; and, the fist of man then being very delicate and inmature, the said strap was wound about it for protection. Moreover the said strap was named Caestus—which is true;—and the game was pugilation,—which also is true;—and the wearers of the straps were pugilists, or fist-players,—and that again is true. Finally he alleged that, in his island it was the mode to discard the said Caestus on all occasions, now that the race

[1] This reiterates the thesis maintained by Rolfe in *Chronicles of the House of Borgia* (pp. 165-172) that Lucrezia Borgia's third husband, Alphonso of Aragon, Duke of Bisceglie, was murdered by Cajetani and Sanseverini, not by her brother Cesare.—Ed.

of mortal men has reached virility; and to use the nude fist on plebeians: wherefore he had done as we had seen at Lateran, deeming that riff-raff[1] not be sufficiently significant for patrician steel. Interrogated concerning the mystick gestures, he said that they were traditional, and intended to serve the duplicate purpose of defense and offense. Interrogated concerning the saltatory paces, he said that they were also traditional; and, seeing that all the arts and parts were exercised in this game, the said paces enabled a bound to be made with agility in any direction, and the total ponderosity of the form to be concentrated in the blow. Interrogated concerning the reason why he uttered neither bellicose clamors, nor intimidatory vociferations, he responded saying that he preferred to conserve his breath. Interrogated concerning the rigor of his physiognomy, he alleged the same to be the mode of his island. At this Don Renato became seated, extending *ii.* long nervose legs over the arm of his chair; and he demanded of his Anglican whether he were able to impart his skill to others; who affirmed that he was able, providing always that the said others were such as could take blows as well as give. Instantly Don Renato confronts him, celsus et erectus, his brows contracted, his dark eyes fulgid, and an Anglican rigor in his arms. Probate Nos, he commanded. Ser Ruggiero inspected him. Virgin gold needs no test, o Lar Calde, quoth he with the most exquisite sunburst of a smile which I ever have seen upon a human countenance; whereat the patrician putt rained new interrogations on him, leading him away. It is clear that this Anglican is a treasure, born in a very ample place, liberally educated, and imbued with good manners; for he demonstrates a dignity quite urbane, and nothing could be more erudite than his dissertation upon these classick minutiae, which a presbyter forgets by cause of innumerable proper occupations. At the same time it is in my mind, that the said Caestus was used more as a weapon of offense than as a defense to the fist; for I seem to remember that the antients studded it with lead, and that its epithets were Lethiferous, Lethal, San-

[1] 'Robbaccia.'

guinary: but, on this point, o Gheraldo, consult Messer Gianfrancesco Stroppiati, who is a proper doctor of antiquities. But I negate the inept thesis concerning the tender adolescence of the world; for we Romans know that the race of mortal men corporeally increases not, but decreases day by day in amplitude and magnitude and vigor; seeing, first, that the said race of mortal men sprang from the gigantick loins of the Divine Patriarch Adam; seeing, secondly, that the Major cannot be contained in the Minor; ergo, each succeeding generation must diminish from the preceding until the consummation of created things. Q.E.D. Subingenious, and perhaps heretical. But it is human to err; and his bonafides is indubitable, his manner noble and amoene. A treasure, is the sentence of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj.

(Monday, viii Mar)

This day of Luna, Messer Bastiano gave to me in secret an excellent existimation of the lacertose apprentice, as being modest, assiduous, and very ingenious.

This day, responded to me the lacertose apprentice, saying that he was called Ercole; that he came from Santo Spirito where he was a foundling,[1] that he was of the age of *xviii.* complete years, virginal, but unwilling so to continue, being in love with the coppersmith's daughter Lydia, and intending to lead her in matrimony during the vintage, or before if possible, finding it difficult to observe continence. Also, he said that he delighted in his art and mystery, laboring thereat during his lesiure for his proper delectament and for the confusion of cacodaemons; and he added other honest words.

(Thursday, xi Mar)

This day of Jove, Ser Duilio Manfredi was stabbed on Monte Cavallo, having gone out inloricate, and having derided a perridiculous and balbous gentleman of the Orsini who was attempt-

[1] 'Puer expositus.'

ing to excite a sedition of his faction by babababalbuting Bear, Bear: but, seeing that that war-cry has no initial cocococonsonant, he most cocococomically failed to utter more than the mememe-medial sisisisibilation. Wherefore, our Ser Duilio must needs cacacacacacacachinnate in his face, and receives an incision of the belly for his pains.[1]

(Saturday, xiii Mar)

This day, I commanded the lacertose Ercole to occupy his leisure in contriving a silver band to surround this very artful book; the said band to be of *iiii.* fingers' breadth, and hinged at the back; and a silver letter-lock to close the same, the said letters to be M G I C A H B R S M N E L.

I required the maternal Dionisia to cause to be made in the gynaeceum certain canvas covers for this book, pretending that the same are for the purpose of preserving the vellum in its pristine mundity. But I am cupid to prevent the ornaments hereon from attracting notice until after that they shall have been completed.

(Sunday, xiiii Mar)

This day, on the belly of the honest Don Oddantonio Testeroventi, I imposed a poultice of quitch-grass—Triticum repetens—for his sore spleen.

(Monday, xv Mar)

This day of Luna, there was immense excitation in gymnasium, where Ser Ruggiero has suspended by short ropes some score of

[1] Like every true Roman, Dom Gheraldo cannot resist being very hilarious over other people's physical defects, as follows:—'Hoc die Jovis, est stato pugnalato sul Monte Cavallo Ser Duilio Manfredi, sendo sortito inloricato, et havendo deriso un perridiculo et balbo gentilhuomo de li Orsini, che attemtava excitare un seditione de la sua factione col babababalbutiare Orso, Orso; ma, vedendo che questo grido di guerra non ha cocococonsonante initiale, falli di proferire piu del sisisibilatione mememememediaria. Percio Ser Duilio nostro non poteva far altro che cacacacacacacachinnare su lo volto suo, et riceva un' incisione ne lo ventre per lo sollicitudine.'

sacks containing straw, which externally are marked with a white circule about half a cubit in diameter. And round the said sacks, pernick palatial puerice exsults with mirific agility, with one arm averting, with the other percussing the said circule, which procedes and recedes and revolves in a distracting manner. But thus, says the firm Ser Ruggiero, the art and mystery of the necessary postures may be acquired with no damage to the person; and, at that, Don Nero Sanguibollente imparts so violent an impetus to his sack, that Don Renato is dejected to the ground. Nevertheless, as a general principle, I concede the point.

(Wednesday, xvii Mar)

This day of Mercury, the lacertose Ercole exhibited a most speciose design of fiordalisi in basso rilievo for my silver band. For he has used, for each figure, *iii.* leaves of the lily-of-the-valley —Conuallaria majalis—one erect and laterally folded, *ii.* curved to dexter and to sinister and laterally folded, the *iii.* confined in a coronet; and, in each fold, there lies half-hidden a delicate spray of the blossoms. And between the said fiordalisi, he has devised cherubim. Wherefore, I instantly confided the silver to him, with a mandate to proceed with the work. He has grand eyes, black and audacious, very virile, consummately innocent.

(Thursday, xviii Mar)

This day, a.d. xv. Kal. Apr., the firm Ser Ruggiero said to me that, if the poignard which vulnerated Ser Duilio Manfredi could be found and anointed with the grease of an ash-colored goose, the wound itself would heal without medicaments. Most mirifick.

(Friday, xviiii Mar)

This day of Venus, Messer Rafaele del Moro brought several little effigies carved in silver, presenting Saint Christopher or the Divine Hercules, to set up in the cabinets of my Lord's Supernity, of Don Renato, of Eros, of me, and of certain others; that, by

looking on them each day, long life may be assured. And, on the base of each, very artificially is carved the proverb:—

'Christophori sancti faciem quicunque tuetur
Illa nempe die mala morte non morietur.'

This species of work in the future shall be done by the lacertose Ercole; and Messer Rafaele may confine himself to jewels.

Ser Duilio Manfredi shall not have harm of his wound, which penetrates no deeper than the flesh; and, touching the matter of mail-shirts, he will obey the supernal mandate.

(Sunday, xxi Mar)

This Dominical Day, to Messer Antonio Teobaldi, who goes a cripple, I administered an unguent of mugwort—Artemisia dracunculus—taken at the aestive solstice, and pounded with well-boiled oil of olive. This is supreme.

(Tuesday, xxiii Mar)

This day of San Samael Archangel, the Supernity of my Lord having retired from the audience-chamber leaving Don Renato recumbent on the carpet, connudate, and with his ankles in the ligature, the last suddenly caused Eros to dierect him until his digits escaped the floor, to knot the rope on the staple, to impel him with a tremendous push, and to lower him again with care. The operation was repeated *iiii.* times. And while that gracile form of vivid ivory, suspended by the feet, was in the articule of flying through the air, describing the last grand curve of about *xxviiii.* cubits diameter, the Supernity of my Lord returns, and in silence he observes that admirable gymnast. Anon, he approached his son, now quiescent on the carpet, having brought from his cabinet a convex cristall, with which he intently inspected Don Renato in every art and part, saying some words and receiving responses, both inaudible to me. Anon, my Lord supernally said that now that the Saint Agapitus was on the verge of completion, he found himself to be totally ignorant of the special artifice by which the

primaeval skin of his son could be simulated with pigments applied to canvas. And he bade me to observe the ineptitude of poets, who compare human skin to milk or cream or lilies or almonds and such matters, which, being inanimate, lack that very quality of vivid ardor and nitidity wherein their whiteness differs from the whiteness of inmaculate puerice. An admirable distinction, which thou, o Gheraldo, cupid of accuracy of expression will do well to ponder in thy mind. And so His Supernity went trist to his egregious picture, and considered it, saying nothing, given us a sign of dismissal.

While Don Renato was revesting in the ninth ante-chamber in order not to disturb the supernal privacy, I interrogated him concerning his sensations when swinging: who trailed his laneous camis during a moment of meditation, and at length to me responded, saying that he delighted in the whole operation, the tardy tranquil suspension, the somniferous silent vibration, pandiculation, oscillation, but, quoth he, the sense of liberty, of swimming on fugient breezes, uirium et uelocitatis et celeritatis corporis, he finds himself presently unable to describe in words. At this, Eros became delivered of an opinion that, if so much delectament were to be acquired between walls, an intenser exhilaration might be expected al fresco and with feet at liberty. To whom Don Renato, taking his cap, significantly said, Nemi; and the *u.* ran away chattering among themselves, verisimilar to wanton sparrows. Gheraldo, take care of thy stile.

(Thursday, xxv Mar)

This day, being the Solempnity of the Archangelick Annunciation, when I required Messer Antonio Teobaldi to say why Saint George of Seriphos, who is the primate of this patrician House of Poplicola di Hagiostayros, also should be the protector of the duchy of Ferrara, he responded, saying that although he himself was a Ferrarese, nevertheless he did not know. Oh, fy!

This day, at supper, I observed, among palatial puerice, quite

a main of sugillate eyes, very livid; from which portent, completing the premisses, it will be just to augur that pugillation presently is practised on the person.

This day, the Supernity of my Lord commands, for the picture of Saint Agapitus, a bordure of polished argyrocorinthian brass, enriched with obscure foliages of acanthus after the antick mode, and adorned with ivory knops, *viiii.* cubits long and *iiii.* cubits wide. All the sacks of straw, save *iiii.*, have been removed from the gymnasium.

This day, being Holy Saturday, and the ceremonies having been accomplished at Santa Maria *in Poplicolis*, I imparted Paschal Benediction to this new palace, going from chamber to chamber, and with much difficulty ascending ladders in the fifth court where stairs yet are lacking. Don Guidascanio Sforza with Don Renato, as acolyths, served me, the Flamen of Saint George, in the manner of those casmilli who formerly served the Flamen Dialis, pueri Romani nobiles et inuestes, as Messer Aurelius Theodosius Macrobius says. And anon, Don Guidascanio lingered to adore the resplendent vigorous Uirbius, whom we deluded ones are used to name Don Evandro Borgianni, the Siculean prior of palatial puerice.

This night, Divine Providence has deigned to use me as the humble unworthy instrument of a very admirable miracule: for, with the assistance of Saint Raphael Archangel and of Saint Sebastian Radiant Pure Ephebe, and by means of a decoction of Christmas-rose—Helleborus niger—I have delivered Madonna Eva, wife to Ser Stefano Gabinj, glover of Catinari, from the dwarf of the falling sickness, who during many months has afflicted her, defying jaspis, coral, and foxglove—Digitalis purpurea—worn on the neck in a bag of byssus as Messer Alexander of Tralles has ordained; nor has a copper cross in a ligature on her sinister arm dislodged him· but only the said Divine Ones, and the

said potion, have been his dominators. For, as soon as I had administered a weak decoction of that magick wort in wine, incontinent the woman vomited an atrid mass, not of a known shape, save at one end, which somewhat resembled a hat. This, with a forceps, I promptly captured; and instantly the horrid dwarf manifested himself, very irate, demanding his said hat, complaining that therein his property of invisibility inhered. But I, in order permanently to render impotent His Malignity, perfervidly invoking Saint Raphael Archangel and Saint Sebastian Radiant Pure Ephebe as aforesaid, applied the said hat to the flame of a lamp, totally consuming it; whereat the diabolical monster, in extreme perturbation, dejected himself from the window into Catinari, where he was dashed to atoms, which on examination were seen to have nor form nor signification nor potency. For which signal mercy I render an action of graces to Divine Providence.

(Monday,)

This day of Luna, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the juvenal Sacred King of the Anglicans denies his legitimate wife, the Princess of Aragón; having submitted the Majesty of Him to the illecebra of a young female of indubitable reputation, by name Anna Bolina, who, they say, actually is the spurious daughter which the said Sacred King begat on the Viscontessa di Roccaforte, in the absence of the Visconte, husband of the last, on an embassage to the Christian King at Lutetia. Lord, what terrible turpidities are committed by those whom Thou has caused to be anointed with regal dignity.

This day, after completorium, I inquired concerning Don Renato and Eros who were absent; and to me responded the erect Don Giorgio Gagliardi saying, that, to settle a dispute, the *ii.* had performed the Anglican Dance, after which, being unable to see, they had caused themselves to be conveyed to their lavatory. Where I instantly sought them; and I found them with their formose lineaments obliterated by tumid bruises, and their knuckles very sanguine: but their minds were hilarious and

amoene; and to me they said that they had contended in a totally amiable manner, deriving therefrom an infinity of satisfaction. But I caused them to be bathed in calid water; and, having sent Silvio Flavj to the ruota, I bound raw flesh on their bruises, and conducted them blind to their beds exsecrating the putor of the beef.

Certainly, this species of pugnacity is worthy of recommendation, in that it deprives of malice and permutes enmity into amicity. And, to-morrow, their bruises also will have evanesced by the magick of the raw flesh.

This day, in order to prove their quality, Ser Ilario Tarentini conducted Don Renato and Eros to the Mint Gate by Banchi, that they might see a forger tolerate a death by hanging. On their return, the Supernity of my Lord secretly interrogated the said Captain concerning their comportment; to whom Ser Ilario responded, saying that Eros had clenched his teeth and his hands, a mortal pallor had invaded his refulgent skin, and he had regarded the act with flagrant eyes and constricted brows, but without sound: that Don Renato had watched with sedate intensity, tranquil but acute, nor had departed from his constant serenity, saying only, when the incontinent malefactor was dejected from the ladder, that the contortions of that one were very indecorous. This sedateness of heart, which I myself have seen, this fastidiose inmobile indifference to the horror of such spectacules, which I myself also have seen, is not due to insensibility, but rather to the superb reticence which elates and inflates eximious patrician puerice. It hides a spark that the first breath of adolescence will blow into perfervid flame; and this so soon—so soon.

(Saturday, xvii Apr, (?))

This day of Saturn or of Saint Cassiel Archangel, came to me in secret Messer Vincenzo Fragolanasati, saying that Don Renato and his venustous foster-brother have not attended to his lecture: but have occupied themselves, on innumerable sheets of paper, in

describing the lines of what he conceives to be gibbets. To whom I responded, saying that I myself have observed verisimilar phaenomena, not only in the audience-chamber, but also in the hall at dinner and at supper; and I presumed to say that their hestern experience might be the proximate occasion. But, though no law and no custom interdict princelets or their foster-brothers from delineation of gibbets, for the crime of inattention I recommended slaps on the hams—whack—whack—whack.[1]

(Monday, xviiii Apr, (?))

This day of Luna, I observe that Don Renato and Eros continue to delineate gibbets: but with due regard for time and place. Those designs rejected by Don Renato, which the bandy-legged little tallow-scraper collects for me at a rame apiece, are very admirable; for it is clear that he inherits a share of my Lord's supernal ingenuity; but the works of Eros, acquired by me in a similar way, have the quality of the accurate designs which joiners use as guides in their joinery. However, both present a gibbet on a hill; and that they have not seen; nor do they furnish their gibbets with that particular species of pendent in which proterve puerice usually delights. But the signification thereof will be manifested anon; for Don Renato is too ingenuous to conceal his counsel after he had completed the same in his mind.

(Friday, xxiii Apr)

This day of Venus, a.d. viiii. Kal. Mai., being the Solempnity of Saint George of Seriphos, primate of this patrician House, at the hour of Sext, to the immense admiration of all, arrived Don Prospero Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, with his twin-brothers, and his two sisters, and an inurbane rustick presbyter; to whom the Supernity of my Lord extends protection. Now I shall set down the history of the perplexing evanescence of the said Don Prospero, as I heard it from his own virginal lips in

the Supernal Presence, and Don Renato and Messer Antonio Teobaldi being witnesses.

Terrified on behalf of his brothers and sisters because of the infection of the Pest, which, in a singular day, had slain his father and his mother; ament by reason of the tumult and peril of the City, to which from the tranquil air of study he was come; and, finding himself the sole protector of *iiii.* tender flebile infants he alone could think of flight; wherefore, when obscure night brought silence, he with those infants fled. The ruined walls of the City opposed no barrier. Anon, he was in the open country, where all was quiet, save when some nocturnal owl dismally hooted from time to time, or when some obscoene bat flitted on vibrant wing. Here, always moving on, with his vesture and theirs purposely contaminate and torn, he accepted scanty sustenance at minor convents where the impious invader not yet was come. So, for many days, he went, using the vast virtue of his sinuose body to carry his infant brothers: but artlessly his sisters frolicked at his side. After long toil, he reached Taffia in Sabina, where the rusticks proffered hospitality, grieving at his grief: for, out of their exiguous store, they coacted a sum of money, small, but sufficient for the nourishment of those *v.* fugitives during *viii.* days; and they gave news to him that a similar sum hebdomadally would be paid, until that Divine Providence should deign a more convenient provision. But after the said *viii.* days, diabolick Goths and Catalans of the Elect-Emperor, hostile to our Lord the Pope, ferociously attacked Taffia in Sabina, repeating there, as far as they were able, the horrors of the sack of Rome. But the natives with Don Prospero and his charges escaped into the mountains until the tyranny was overpast, until the ravishers and spoliators were departed. Anon, because the place was wrecked and the said benevolent natives ruined, Don Prospero, with his brothers and his sisters, proceeded to that feof of Roccasinibalda which men name Vallecupola, where he demonstrated his predicament to Duke Antonio Orsini di Gravina; which baron, being mindful of obligations due to his own former amicity with the deceased Don Tarquinio, donated

to the son of that one a present of *xx.* scudi d'oro with a mandate to his chief steward to supply grain of a similar value. Armed with this provision, Don Prospero retired to the vicinal house of one who loved him, being a veteran nurse of his deceased mother, by name Girolama, and married to one Bino Bini, possessor of *ii.* vineyards and a farm; in whose house during *viii.* months he lay dejected in extreme aegritude not less of mind than of body, by cause of the duress and distraction which had been his portion: but the mundity of vegete adolescence saved him from inmature death. Gradually his validity returned. Anon, in payment, he proffered the sinews of his valent arts and parts to serve Girolama's man on the farm: but Bino Bini denied him, saying that Poplicola di Hagiostayros must command and not serve. Wherefore Don Prospero, prosecuting that Divine Vocation wherewith he had been honored at the age of reason, being eager for his studies and for his corporeal exercises, sought and found a preceptor of the first in the curate, by name Dom Berengario da Cappi, son of that Roman mage who, for the Gallican (or, as Don Tarquinio calls it, the Keltick) Disease, exhibits that volatile element named Hydrargyrus[1] by Messer Gajus Plinius Secundus. Anon, came from the City one veridical, importing news of bland faustine peace; and speaking of a new palace, which the Supernity of Prince Marcantonio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros was aedificating, at the strait term of the square of Catinari. Wherefore Don Prospero lifted up his pure heart in rendering an action of graces to Divine Providence; for he comprehended that none but princes-regnant can compass the aedification of places: and forthwith he takes his infant brothers and his tender sisters, and the said curate Dom Berengario, and is come to claim his family. This is the magniloquent epick stile of Messer Publius Uergilius Maro.

I never have seen a more moving spectacule than the pavonine cabinet at the time of this narration. My Lord supernally sat on his faldstool; his demeanour was grave, but attentive and amoene.

[1] Mercury.

I sat at the supernal sinister. Don Renato stood at the supernal dexter, flexile and gracile in percandid vesture, his rutilant head refulgent in the shadow; a hand rested on the arm of the faldstool, a leg was flexed at the knee; his serene soul looked out of his vivid eyes. Before us stood Don Prospero, an adolescent of most glorious and seraphick formosity, virginally erubescent and pudibund, consummately urbane and virtuose, and his inlustrious patriciate transcended his plebeian vesture. At his side stood Messer Antonio Teobaldi perfectly silly with hilarity. And so we were, until Don Prospero described the proffer of his marrowy arts and parts to Bino Bini; whereat Don Renato serenely and with decision crossed the floor, to range himself by the speaker in face of my Lord's Supernity. Finally ensued violent commotion; for my said Lord cried out, Flower of flowers, he cried, Thou art the very quintessence of Our cousin Don Tarquinio revivified, he cried; On Our heart, he cried, With Our Own son, he cried; whereat the said Don Prospero and the said Don Renato were admitted to the supernal embrace. But I, constricting the shoulder of Messer Antonio, impelled that one, despite his joint-disease, into the sixth ante-chamber, where I imparted to him osculum pacis about *cxcvi.* times, and, incontinently I left him, retiring to my cabinet to tranquillize the commotions of my mind.

At dinner we degusted the black wine of Marino in honor of the found-lost. A most grateful nectareous potion.

(Sunday, xxv Apr)

This Dominical Day, a.d. vii. Kal. Mai., was issued the mandate of my Lord's Supernity in the matter of the establishment of the progeny of Don Tarquinio deceased.

Inprimis, Don Prospero will occupy the apartment of *xi.* chambers adjacent to those of Don Renato and of Eros; the suave Don Ugolino Cenci is named his gentleman and chamberlain: the valid Don Nero Sanguibollente and the adept Don Lucio Braccidiferro are named his pages: Iasone Flavj is named cubicularius:

Messer Antonio Teobaldi is named his prefect of familiars and governor.

Secondo, the infants go to the care of the maternal Dionisia in the gynaeceum.

Tertio, to Dom Berengario da Cappi is donated the benefice of Santa Maria *in Poplicolis* by way of premium. This presbyter would prefer to be named among the supernal palatial chaplains; but, seeing that no more than *iii.* be necessary, and that the house and stipend of that church are adequate, seeing also the said Dom Berengario to be morose, contrary, inurbane rustick, a man who by chance has done *i.* good deed, in my opinion the Supernity of my Lord has made a superexcellent decision.

Quarto, a troop under Ser Duilio Manfredi will carry *viiim.* gold zecchini in bags, from the treasury to Ser Bino Bini, to be distributed pro rata at Taffia in Sabina, in payment of the debt of Poplicola di Hagiostayros.

(Tuesday, xxvii Apr)

This day of Mars, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Most Inlustrious Lord Silvio Passerini of Cortona, Cardinal-Presbyter first of the Titule of San Lorenzo *in Lucina*, but ultimately of the Titule of San Pietro *ad Vincula*, has migrated to The Lord.

(Wednesday, xxviii Apr)

This day, a.d. iiii. Kal. Mai., Don Renato spends his leisure with Eros in the joinery, superintending the formation of some prodigy. And an apparatus of swings, in honor of Saint George of Seriphos, is being fixed in the gymnasium in place of the sacks of straw. At the hour of noon, I caused to be imported to the apartment of Don Prospero that cedar chest with the key of the same: since then his pages, being cupid of games, stand exsecrating at his extern door.

(Thursday, xxviiii Apr)

This day, a.d. iii. Kal. Mai., the lacertose Ercole brought the

silver band, embossed in anaglypta, elaborate with admirable artifice, and has fixed it on this book with silver studs having the form of stars: but he confessed that the construction of the letter-lock obstupefied him. And, to me inquiring wherein his difficulty lay, he very respectfully responded, saying that, being ignorant of the formal combinations of the letters which I had provided, he was unable to make the desiderate lock. Anon, I used silence for a space, pondering the matter in my mind, and I found his excusation to be just and legitimate. And, by cause that his aspect, amoene, clear, virile, modest, pure, inspired me with confidence to him I deposed the secret that the said lock must be made in such a mode that it will open solely by combination of the said letters in the form of one or other of the names of those *vii.* archangels who are the magick patrons of the days of the week, videlicet, Michael, Gabriel, Samael, Raphael, Sachiel, Anael, Cassiel. This, he in turn pondered, with eyes intent and agile digits; which perceiving, I placed paper and a lead point near him. Hereon and herewith he excogitated stupendous calculations; but I, as mage, dejected on the brazier the proper diurnal saffron under the invocation of Saint Sachiel Archangel aforesaid, in order to expel those cacodaemons who, by chance, might be distracting his mind. And, after a half-hour, he coacted his sheets of figures, genuflected, received a benediction, and silently departed, alta meditatione defixus. I feel a singular sentiment of sympathy for this worthy laborious adolescent, so honest in mind, so reverend in demeanour, so membrose in form, so clean in hand and eye; and I intend myself to keep an eye on him, as being one whom the inlustrious Don Tarquinio would have honored, and in whom our Divine Creator Himself must have delight.

(Friday, xxx Apr)

This day of Venus or of Saint Anael Archangel, when the picture of Saint Agapitus had been erected in its bordure on the screen of the palatial chapel, I imparted benediction to the same; and, when the familiars were departed, I remained for pious con-

templation. Here is displayed the passion of sacred puerice. Here is seen the divine martyr suspended by the feet in fuscous fume, above the copper-colored ardor of faggots, which inlumines as with a nimbus the rutilant hair, the suave serenity of the tender face, with its moving expression of patrician intemerability, the teretude of the pensile arms, the ivory throat springing from the pure and ample breast, the flexile nervose form, the long contours of the membrature. This is the descriptive stile of Messer Decimus Ausonius Magnus. Certainly, this work merits the laureole; for mature consideration demonstrates that the Supernity of my Lord had coerced the daemons of his materials in such a manner as to secure their subservience, and, further, he divinely has been inspired so to manipulate the said materials as to produce with them an illusion of actuality. In verity, the sympathetick spectator imagines himself to view the sacred putt, vivid, moribund, in the articule of dismissing his soul: he loves, he pities, he weeps: but he triumphs, he rejoices. Nevertheless, there is no doubt but that other painters, who so long have labored in the fetters of tradition, who for lack of audacity of mind solely can imitate, solely can reconstitute the works of their antecessors, will deny to this piece its merited laud and honor. The Supernity of Prince Marcantonio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros is too supernal to be conturbed by the cavillations of Gajo and Titio and also Sempronio, who cavil bonâ fide, for their eyes are blinded and they do not see.

This day, I was informed that Don Renato and Eros, during *ii.* weeks, frequently have ridden to Nemi, where they relinquished their horses outside the nemorose ilicet, and explored the rocks near the shore, without attempting to swim. And indeed the sun not yet has tempered the gelidity of the water.

(Monday, iii May)

This day of Luna or of Saint Gabriel Archangel, being the Solempnity of the Sanct̃ Cross and a proper festival in this palace,

on account of a rumour of Pest in the City I distributed triturate brimstone to all and singular in this said palace, from the Supernity of my Lord and Don Renato, even to the servants' drabs[1] in the gynaeceum, requiring all to wear a handful of the same in the feet of their hosen contiguous to their several skins. By this magick I promise to my said Lord and the rest immunity against the Pest: for the native calor of the human foot, first, dissolves the said brimstone: and secondly, absorbs it into the flesh of the whole body, which flesh, being occupied by the daemon of brimstone, whose potency excels the potency of the daemon of the Pest, may rejoice in security, upon condition that the malignance of the first-named daemon be castigated and mitigated by frequent aspersions with aquasancta. O inrefragible argument.

(Wednesday, v May)

This day, a.d. iii. Non. Mai., to the lacertose Ercole I responded, saying that the letters must combine to form no more than *i.* archangelick name at the same moment of time; that he was at liberty to iterate any singular letter; that he was at liberty to use blanks; seeing that the said archangelick names contain *vii.*, *vii.*, *vi.*, *vii.*, *vii.*, *v.*, *vii.*, letters respectively.

I saw Ser Isidoro Bucalossi traversing the first courtyard, wearing a new pair of rose-colored genuals in the Spanish mode. As he has no calves to his legs, by the time he reaches the square of Catinari the said genuals will have descended to his ankles. And, o rheumy-nosed fatuous old man, what woman would look at thee, garters or no garters![2]

This day, in secret, the Supernity of my Lord required me to have an eye to Don Prospero, demanding whether, in my opinion, Messer Antonio Teobaldi be capable of cultivating such ingenuous and remarkable faculties. To Whose Supernity I responded, saying that there was none in this City more capable, at least for the present; whereat my said Lord demonstrates satis-

[1] 'Servulicolas.' [2] 'Genualia.'

faction, and intends himself to advance the fortunes of the said Don Prospero, very pudibund, very reticent, occupied with the writings of his very inlustrious father.

(Sunday, viiii May)

This day of Sol, at the hour of Sext, came to me Don Renato and Eros, advertizing disgust of the brimstone; and they protested that it discolors candid hosen, nigrifies toe-nails, and imparts to human flesh the putor of my magick cabinet on a Saturday. A pert cavillation. To whom I promised *ii.* jars of a fragrant nard composed of woodruff—Asfodelus ramosus—, wood-dock—Rumex acetosa—, and lavender—Lauandula uera—, in oil; which, when their cubicularj therewith shall have perfricated their sinews, will render the same flexible, and relieve from lassitude or rigors: but this on condition that they tolerate the brimstone during the time appointed. It is very right and just that puerice and peradolescence should demonstrate such exquisite and fastidiose sensibility in the matter of corporeal mundity: for, seeing these formose bodies to be Temples of the Holy Ghost, as the Sanct Apostle says, external purity no less strenuously must be practised than internal.

(Tuesday, xi May)

This day, a.d. v. Id. Mai., by chance having visited the gymnasium, I observed notable audacities. For, with Don Renato and Eros as their leaders, the palatial pages, suspended head downwards by a flexion of their knees, project themselves from the swings into a vast heap of hay, with very volatile velocity; and he who combines agility with rigor of form during the farthest flight is saluted as king of the game. And it would appear that, while Don Renato remains a prince, it is Eros who has attained the basilick dignity. The game is predicable, in that it educates the mental qualities of animosity and of discrimination, as well as the corporeal qualities of nerves and sinews. Michi dulcis est conspectus, as Messer Lucius Annæus Seneca says, of this conlegium of vivid puerice and adolescence, corporeally enucleate but with the

inferior arts encased in crass black woollen hosen, presenting the appearance of connudity which has been dipped to the waist in ink. But, to write veridically, owing to the brimstone and the sudorifick exercises, the foetor of that gymnasium resembles the infernal foetor of the Pit.

(Thursday, xiii May)

This day of Jove, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that it is Messer Michelangelo Buonarotti, who, out of invidious malignity against the House of Medici, has prostituted his faculties to the fortifying of contumacious Fiorenza: as odious a perturpitude as it would be if Don Renato were to project his virginity in some lupanar of Via del Orso.

When he heard the news, the Supernity of my Lord blazed with splendid bile. and, having summoned Messer Bastiano with his sledge-hammer, he caused to be demolished those two grand marmoreal pieces wherein, formerly, the said Messer Michelangelo had celebrated my said Lord's supernal auricomal puerice in the figure of the Divine Achilleys or Pyrrha in feminine guise, manifesting himself to Deidamia, and also his supernal resplendent adolescence in the figure of his own very inlustrious progenitor Saint George of Seriphos. No more horrid spectacule can be imagined than the destruction of these exquisite and venerable forms by the cruel blows of the ferocious hammer. It appeared to be a barbarick slaughter. And the inrecognizable fragments are delivered to the constructors of the paviments in the latrines of the mercenaries. And the name of the sculptor will be mentioned in this palace on pain of expulsion. So is terminated amicity of *xxx.* years' duration. Now, while I am second to none in vituperissimating the crime of assisting the enemies of our Lord the Pope, nevertheless I should have dared to suppose that one artificer would sympathize with any extravagant idiosyncrasy on the part of another artificer. For all artificers of transcendent genius are demented, in the sense that they soar above the minds of ordinary men; and for this cause it is inrational to expect them to comport

themselves as ordinary men.[1] Witness this identical Messer M. B. —the name is not mentioned by me,—who supplicated the Lord Pope Julius to employ him as sculptor, who asseverated to the said Lord Pope that he was not a painter; and, instantly, painted Capella Sistina. Now an ordinary man would have distinguished, saying some such words as these, O Sanctitude, I am more capable as a sculptor than as a painter, by cause that my native taste is for sculpture. But, being a transcendent genius and not being an ordinary man, Messer M. B.—the name is not mentioned by me,— delivers his mind in absolute terms, and is ill-intellected; and is esteemed as a liar; and is rendered frenetick; and finally becomes a contumacious bandit. Naught else could be expected. But, those who had no mercy on him, who denied him the opportunity of doing the inlustrious eximious things which he willed to do, and which his divine faculties enabled him to do, these, these, are more vituperable than he, being the proximate occasion and the causa causans of his sin. And that is the secret sentence of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, expressed in the rhetorical stile of Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero. Nevertheless, an artificer to an artificer might have been at least merciful: but my Lord's Supernity is a prince as well as an artificer, and a Christian into the bargain; and Messer M. B.—whose name is not mentioned by me,—is simplicitly an artificer.

(Saturday, xvi May)

This day of Sabbath, came to pay his respects to me my nephew Cristoforo, who was guilty of gross impertinence. For we, by chance, were taking our ease in my cabinet; and there was some wine; and he was informing me of the condition of my niece Catarina, speaking in a voice verisimilar to thunder, which caused resonance among the glass-ware; and I demurred, assuring him that I held intact my sense of hearing, requesting some modulation of the voice of him. But to me he responded, saying that he did no more than whisper, seeing my cabinet to be so small;—it is large:

[1] Cf. *Chronicles of the House of Borgia*, pp. x-xi.—Ed.

but he is enormous—; and that if he were to speak in his ordinary voice, as his consuetude was at Ardea, then indeed I might have cause for complaint. And, saying this, he let such a roar out of him, that I, taking it for the ultimate taratarantara, began invocation to the Divine Patriarch Abel[1]—very inept—; and, in the same moment of time, came running Don Renato cupid of knowing the signification of so terrible a sound. But, when he saw my nephew, the patrician putt stood all amazed, as well by cause of the voice as by cause of the gigantick formosity of Cristoforo, augmented since he last came from Ardea: whom presently Don Renato approached, and manipulated his sinews, comparing the last with his own, so lepid, so puerine. Anon, he spoke of feats; and Cristoforo demonstrated less modesty than was convenient between a gentleman and his prince: but, though his conversation was no more than subturpiculous, the vituperissimability of his final act cannot be described in an urbane tongue. Let it suffice, that the said Cristoforo was sitting near the table, and I was sitting near him and near the table; and Don Renato, varicate on Cristoforo's knee, was speaking of the virtue of Eros, who can lift him rigid from the ground, and elevate him at arms'-length above his head; and the said Cristoforo inquired whether *ii.* hands or *i.* were used; and Don Renato responded, saying that *ii.* hands were used. At this Cristoforo leaned forward, seized the dexter hind-leg of my chair, and extolled it and me also at arms'-length above his head. But I, relinquishing neither my dignity, nor the arms of my chair, remembered, during my ascension, that my sacerdotium locates me even above angels; and this alleviated the perturbation of my mind: but I grieved not at all when, at length, tardily, my miserable nephew demitted me and my chair to firm ground. Now I dare to deem such indecency as a most inept example for patrician puerice, and Cristoforo will remain at Ardea during *i.* lunar month by way of penance. Nor will I at any future time place myself within his reach.

[1] In the hour of death, the 'Divine Patriarch Abel' is invoked, as being the first of the human race to pass the Dark River.

(Tuesday, xviii May)

This day of Mars, being the Solempnity of Saint Venantius the Martyr and the sixteenth day of the exposition of brimstone, I rode with Don Renato and Eros, and with Don Guidascanio Sforza (who by chance was in this palace venerating his vigorous divinity), attended by a bevy of palatial pages for play-fellows, and by a troop of lances for security, as far as the fifteenth milestone where is Solfatara, so often recommended by the very industrious Don Tarquinio; in which gelid foetid pool there was much plunging. The pudibund Don Prospero, though no swimmer, is inpavid, and as agile in body as in mind. His grand formosity glows with continual erubescence, certainly designating his patriciate, besides being a praecellent sign in one of his years: for a catulaster who promptly erubesces in his proper person never will be the proximate occasion of the erubescence of his seniors. The Noble Sforza, very lepid, very timid, resisted the persuasion of the vigorous Don Evandro Borgianni, vociferating and contending against gentle impulsion; but, seeing the others at leap-frog, plunging by turns from the bank, all pernick and rubicund, and the tender little Don Glorio Coscetonde not the least audacious and adept, he at length consented, clinging to his vigorous friend, arctius atque edera procera adstringitur ilex, as Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus sings in the Epode, and screaming and clutching after summersion, to the immense hilarity of all standing round. The said Don Evandro is very noble in form, and, with his admirable flavian hair, as splendid and distinct as the Divine Uirbius. He and the venustous Eros have emerged from puerice. The gelidity of this water fortifies the body, adding delectament to life: but it confers a horrid insidious foetor. Messer Publius Uergilius Maro sings of the oracule of the Divine Faunus formerly consulted at this place.

Before supper, I observed a connudate congregation at the well in the third courtyard, drenching itself with trulls full of water in order to dismiss the final putor of the sulfur. Anon, there was much mutual perfrication with fragrant unguents in the lavatories;

and at supper was exposed mundity, nitidity, hilarity, and rubicundity, in excelsis; also a golden fry seasoned with saffron. Perbene.

Gheraldo, Gheraldo, take care of thy stile.

(Thursday, xx May)

This day, a.d. xiii. Kal. Jun., while composing the hair and the beard of me, the loquacious barber said that Don Renato rode out, after Mass, attended by a duplicate guard which convoyed a waggon gravid with joiners and joiners' work. And further, his petulant garzone intercalated, they spoke of exceding the City by way of the Lateran Gate.

After supper, to me secretly responded Don Renato, saying that he had convoyed certain joiners' work: that he had demitted the same in a convenient place: that the mandate to the treasurer had been signed by my Lord's Supernity; that he was implicated in no adventure corporeally or spiritually periculous. More he would not say. Obstinate callid little tom-cat.

Gheraldo, which one of mortal men ever anticipated, ever penetrated, ever moved, the mind of puerice? Not Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, whose office, whose onerous office, it is to follow, to smooth difficulties, to adapt circumstances, to assist inexperienced innocence, or, on more rare occasions, to obstruct with inremeable interdictions. In the present case, look into these pure hilarious eyes, radiant and pellucid as topazolith, and deem their possessor incapable of nefarious pursuits. I said that he had my confidence.

(Friday, xxi May)

This day, a.d. xii. Kal. Jun., among palatial puerice I diffused honey-water in vials, for promoting increment of hair. I mentioned to the Supernity of my Lord the adolescence of Don Evandro Borgianni. The case of the other is different.

(Saturday, xxii May)

This day of Saturn, the predicable lacertose Ercole presented to me an example of the desiderate letter-lock carved in box-wood;

and when I had experimented with the same, I found that it subtilely coincided with my desire: wherefore, by means of merited laudation, I brought vehement and flagrant erubescence to his swarthy skin and pellucid humidity to his black audacious eyes; and, having visited the treasury, I gave him the silver.

(Monday, xxiiii May)

This day of Saint Gabriel Archangel, the vigorous Don Evandro Borgianni the Siculean, electing to continue in the service of my Lord's Supernity, has been promoted among the gentlemen of Don Renato; and the palatial pages have elected the superb Don Flavio Anguillara as their new prior.

The said Supernity of my Lord has deliberated in his mind to labor at another picture by the side of the Saint Agnes, that he may turn to the one at such times when the genius of the other shall desert him. Nescio an non beatus sit, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says.

Gheraldo, Gheraldo, Gheraldo, take care of thy stile.

(Wednesday, xxvi May)

This day of Mercury or of Saint Raphael Archangel, a.d. vii. Kal. Jun., after Mass, not being inconscious of the absence nor of the neglected milk of Minerva, and being seized by a dejection of mind lest the despicable Don Ferrone Culoni nefariously should have conspired against her peace, I sought her everywhere, but found her not; and with angor in my mind I returned to my apartment. Here requiescent, I meditated how that Divine Providence deigns to bereave us mortal men of our terrene loves, to the end that, inprimis, being detached from the terrestrial and mundane we with more facility may labor to attain coelestial premiums: secondo, that we may acquire the virtue of resignation: when, lo, from the half-open door of my zotheck, was emitted a subdebile feline clamor. Instantly, thither I exsulted; and I came upon Her Felinity languishing on my couch, very diffident, rather superb, and with an indulgent air inviting my attention to certain blind

productions of her sex, *ii.* of her own sufflavian color and *i.* black. And so Minerva is no longer Pallas, having abdicated her chaste divinity to compare with ordinary mortals. But who, o recent mother, was persuading thee to this? As Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus sings:—

> '*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa*
> *Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus*
> *Grato, Minerua, sub antro?*
> *Cui flauam religas comam,*
> *Simplex munditiis?* . . . . .'

From the nigritude of the third kitten, I am of opinion that Ercole's cat might claim paternity. However, a presbyter's apartment, o incontinent Minerva, is no place for a lady in thy condition; and for the evasion of scandal, thou shalt go to the gynaeceum where thine own sex shall minister to thee, and where the delicate hand of Madonnina Marcia blandly shall palpate thee. This is the stile of Messer Gajus Ualerius Catullus da Verona.

(Friday, xxviii May)

This day, a.d. v. Kal. Jun., came Don Pippo Neri, having returned at length to the City; and he played with Don Renato; and he manifested an immense amicity for Don Prospero—Hilarity and Pudor hand-in-hand—a praecellent nuptials.

(Tuesday, 1 June)

This day of Mars, Don Renato having invited me to a dinner al fresco at Nemi, after terce thither we rode in an immense crowd; and I demonstrated obstupefaction on finding a lofty gibbet erected on the rock above the station of the barge. Here, gymnick prodigies were performed for my delectament by the said Don Renato with Eros and palatial puerice. For, having exuded their vestures, they climbed the said lofty gibbet, affixing long ropes to the summit in the manner of a swing. but the base of the said swing was a roborate bar, solid and smooth; on which bar, one by one,

patrician and palatial puerice sat, holding the ropes with extended hands, inducing gracile and majestick motions, vibrating backward and forward, till in due course a magnificent arc was described, almost semicircular. Anon, the swinger, relinquishing the ropes, demitted his body backward and became suspended by flected knees. Anon, having obtained extreme momentum, flying outward over the lake, suddenly directing his members and relinquishing the swing, he vehemently was propelled through the air into the embrace of the pellucid unfathomable water.

I never have seen so extraordinary a specimen of gracile audacity as the duplicate curve exsecuted by these little rigid candid forms, when, finally soaring from the swing, they descend, and evanesce, simulating ivory javelins hurled at and penetrating a burnished mirror. And by the same token, is not Nemi denominated the Mirror of Divine Diana Aricina? Moreover, in this exercise, the diverse aptitudes of these athletes are ostended; for some are adept and some inelegant, some are impavid and some timid, some encounter the water with immense aspersion, some with callid vigor cleave the wave. And among the last, the resplendent auricolored venusty of caesarial vesticipal Eros, exsultant, volatile, recurvant, praecipitant, merits the laureole. I denominate as very predicable this exhilaration so benefick to body and soul. This is the descriptive stile of Messer Titus Lucretius Carus.

(Wednesday, ii Jun)

This day, a.d. iiii. Non. Jun., the lacertose apprentice said to me that he continually dreamed of falling. To whom I responded saying that, he being poor, to dream of falling portended good fortune for him: but, if the Supernity of my Lord were to dream of falling, he would incur calamity. Di meliora ferant, as the Nobility of Don Albius Tibullus says.

This day, while I was in the audience-chamber at the painting, from the gynaeceum the sufflavian Minerva deported her kittens;

and she established them on the couch in my zotheck. An hour before noon, I encountered her arduously ascending my stairs, having in her mouth her black son, blind, and whimpering. She deigned no recognition: but proceeded on her way; and I, with profound humiliation following, found her family installed. But I collected the *iii.* kittens in a pleat of my vesture, and I returned with them to the place whence they were come, Minerva ambling at my side, very superb, and with her tail erect like a gonfalon. And in the gynaeceum was Madonnina Marcia, perturbed by the evanescence of the said kittens; who manifested most lepid hilarity on seeing them in my said pleat. And, in the parloir of the maternal Dionisia, she placed them in their bed of hay, cooing to them, murmuring to them like a little mother, her tenebricose hair undulating on all sides: but their proper sufflavian mother stood aloof, eyeing them and us with contempt; and, the window being open, she bounded there-through and left us. But I, observing on the window-sill a Garden of Divine Adonis, recent, florescent, vivid, inquired when it had been sown; and to me Madonnina Marcia in dulcet tones responded saying, On the Solempnity of Saint Urban. But I inquired whence came the oak-bark which held the soil; and she responded, saying that she took it at nemorose Ardea. Further, to me she responded, saying that by herself she took the said soil; that her father gave her grains of rye—Secale cereale—for sowing; that she had made the said Garden of Divine Adonis in the name of no one, nor as a magick inchantment, but solely by cause that she had seen other virgins do the like. O cor innocente et intacte. Anon, to her I announced that a certain magick known to me would divine her fortunes; and, verisimilar to *ii.* infants at play, from the maternal Dionisia we procured a dish, and a piece of woollen cloth, and a little pitcher of aquasancta; and from my herbary I imported a handful of seeds of cress—Lepidium sativum—; and we laid the said cloth on the said dish; and her eyes coruscated like seas of sapphires; and on the said cloth with the said seeds we delineated the letter M; and she tossed the umbra of her hair, smiling like white dawn in spring-

time; and we saturated the said cloth and the said seeds with the said aquasancta; and the emotion of her mind caused roseate undulations in her virginal percandor; and she ejaculated, O Dom Gheraldo. Anon I bade her diurnally to saturate the cloth in a prescribed manner, predicting good fortune if the seed should attain foliage by the Solempnity of Saint Vitus and his companions; and good fortune of long duration if the said seed should be crescent at the Solempnity of Saint John the Praecursor. And again wringing her small hands she ejaculated, O Dom Gheraldo. And, having departed from the gynaeceum, I sit in the private courtyard to take the air and to write this, and to meditate de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis before dinner.

I was going to take my siesta, when I encountered Minerva descending my stair with a most arrogant assumption of dignity; and, on entering my zotheck, I found, horresco referens, that she had expressed her opinion of me in the middle of my couch. O vindictive jade, very persequent of injuries,[1] as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says, I did well to dispose thee where the benign mansuetude of Madonnina Marcia will be to thee an example of good manners. Nevertheless, o irate Gheraldo, that inarticulately-speaking creature loved thee, and intrusted her blind progeny to thine hospitality; which trust not without asperity thou hast rejected, denying thy guest. Knowest thou not how that Judicium Paridis spretaeque injuria formae rankled in the high mind even of the greatest of goddesses, according to Messer Publius Uergilius Maro? Wherefore, hasten to conform in all things save thine order to the wills of ladies; expiate thine inurbanity, and inform thy demeanour with more of elegance, with more of comity.

This day, came the Most Inlustrious Lord Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, and the Most Noble Count Bosio Sforza, to pay their respects to the Supernity of my Lord, and to render an action of graces for amoene countenance ostended to the lepid Don Guidascanio Sforza; which last, after a valediction to the vigorous Don

[1] 'Injuriarum persequentissima.'

Evandro Borgianni as moving to the mind as the valediction of the Divine Ferocious Achilleys to the Divine Temerarious Patroklos, will return to his studies in the solitary castle of Santacotogna by Siena.

I responded to the admiration of Madonnina Marcia, saying that the seed would germinate on the humid cloth without the addition of soil.

(Wednesday,)

This day of Mercury, at the eighth hour, Don Renato having ridden to Ardea with Eros despite the sun, I was taking my siesta, when to me entered the pudibund Don Prospero importing his infant brother Don Tarquinio II., bitten by the obscoene dog of the armourer (reputed furibund), and desiring an exposition of my magick. Instantly I laved with hot milk the wound in a very pinguid leg; and on it I bound a dry cataplasm of wheat—Triticum uulgare—with ash-throat—vervain—Uerbena officinalis. After some minutes, I gave the said cataplasm to a live cock from the ruota, who avidly devoured the same, portending that venom remained in the wound. I laid a second cataplasm; and a third, to the said wound; and the second also was devoured by the cock; but, at the third, he died of the venom which the said third cataplasm had extracted from the wound. But, when these divine actions were accomplished, and I was about to dismiss the garrulous infantile Don Tarquinio II. to his own place, behold a horrid event; for Don Prospero fell from his stool in a sudden syncope; and, his hand relaxing from the calf of his formose dexter leg, which all the time he had been holding, a sanguine stream gushed forth. Whom I conveniently intreated, not without difficulty; for I was incumbered with the absurd infant, but otherwise alone. Anon, finding no auxiliary on the stair, to the courtyard with vociferations I descended. The said courtyard was vacant. At the windows appeared perpallid faces, and arms beckoned me to flight. While I stood obstupefied, the immense Don Furio Nerboruti precipitated himself from a doorway, and vehemently

propelled me up my stair, slamming the door, explaining that a furibund dog was at large. But, having found an assistant, dismissing dogs furibund or suave (and both obscoene), I in my turn impelled Don Furio to my terrace where I had left Don Prospero, burthened him with the ululating infant and with my key of the gynaeceum, enjoining him to proceed by the terraces, and instantly to return with a live cock. Which things were done; cataplasms *v.* were applied to Don Prospero before the cock died; and cordials dismissed his syncope. At length revived, he responded to me, saying that the dog had bitten him in the small courtyard when he snatched his brother from the rabid fangs; and the immense Don Furio, a very virtuose miracidion, was for summoning a force of halberdiers, and for hunting the malefactor to death forthwith. But here the sedate patrician hero modestly intercalated an assertion, saying that he with his proper thumbs had strangulated the said dog, and had superinjected the carcase in the lion-pit. What fortitude, what sinuosity, for the dog had the magnitude of a wolf. What composure of soul, for the infant perturbingly ululated. What magnanimous generosity. And the rest. I dressed the wound with a salve of beet—Beta uulgaris—pounded in sea-salt. This is a stile composed from those of several scribes, by cause of the confusion of my mind.

This night, I observe myself to have gained the esteem of the pudibund Don Prospero; also that the said Don Prospero has gained the esteem of Don Renato and of my Lord's Supernity, as well as a ring (set with a smaragd intagliate with a Divine Tages) from the last, which amulet will confer increased importance of presence and of speech.

(Saturday, xii Jun)

This day of Saint Cassiel Archangel, the very predicable lacertose Ercole imported the letter-lock admirably confected with supreme artifice, and having adfixed it to its place, and having exposed its operations, from his pouch he produced the relicks of the silver. At the same time he demonstrated a design of cherubim

in triangular panels, which, quoth he, will fortify the angules of the book and consume the relicks of the silver. And I instantly commanded the thing to be done.

(Sunday, xiii Jun)

This day of Saint Michael Archangel, I responded to the erubescent Don Prospero concerning his smaragd, saying that the sagacious putt thereon intagliate was the effigy of the Divine Tages; that he was presented as far as the femorals emerging from a furrow, by cause that he was said to have sprung from the earth at her fecundation by the Divine Genius of Jupiter; that he himself was a divinity now obsolete; that he was ingendered in Tuscany; that he first taught the art of divination to the race of mortal men; that he was very respectable, and described by Messeri Marcus Tullius Cicero and Publius Ovidius Naso; that the smaragd alone was a potent amulet, whose potency indubitably was duplicated by the divine figure. The green of it is enhanced by the roseate hand whereon it is located. I covet it not: but I should not lament if it were mine.

(Monday, xiiii Jun)

This day of Saint Gabriel Archangel, having hired a barge on Tiber, Don Renato and Eros, with Don Pippo Neri, who by chance was in the palace, went with me to fish a little below the island. And when, at length, we were drifting by the quays, puerice by chance was speaking gloriously of its dexterity in games, and Don Renato offered to lay a wager with Don Pippo, that he and Eros could swim from Cloaca to Ponte Sisto. Instantly, having exuded their vesture, *dirigebant bracchia contra torrentem*, as Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal says. At first, when they projected themselves into the stream, Don Pippo protested that he had not intended himself to drive them to a death by drowning, for although hilarious, he is pertimid also and anxiously religious: but when he saw the facility with which they progressed, tardily by cause of the adverse current, he dismissed his pavid

pusillanimity. Anon, in further proof of his callidity Don Renato ordains his foster-brother to go beneath him and to fold his arts about him; in which condition at *iiii.* eyes,[1] and the face of Eros being above the water, he sustained him swimming as far as the ferry of Dellabarca, to the immense admiration of us who followed in the barge. Obstupefied was Don Pippo, when that adept miracidion taught him that to swim thus burthened is no more difficile or laborious than to swim alone, offering, then and there, to carry him as far as Ponte Santangelo; but it being near avemmaria, I interdicted this; and deserting the barge, I returned by way of (*via*) Giulia with Don Pippo, who fanatically but meritoriously spoke of the virtue of Don Renato.

(Tuesday, xv Jun)

This day of Saint Samael Archangel, Don Renato pays penance. For, after his hestern exploits in Tiber, neither he nor Eros returned: but they remained at large all night. At the eighth hour of the night, their cubicularj became disquieted, for hitherto no adventure had detained them to this extent. In their ante-chambers, their gentlemen and pages arcte graviterque dormiebant, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says, and could not be awakened; wherefore, the said Silvio and Valerio Flavj ran to the firm Ser Ruggiero, who converted their disquiet into terror by alleging that no guards attended the lost. A prompt visit to the ferry produced their vesture, which had not been reclaimed from the barge; wherefore the perturbed cubicularj communicated the horrid news to me just risen and ambling in the courtyard to take the matutinal air and to stir my blood. I was in the very articule of dispatching a search-party; when, behold, Don Renato and Eros enter the gateway of the barbacan, vivid, enucleate, and not in the least affected by pudor. Having conducted them to my cabinet without delay, very hilarious, and rubbing their most brazen faces in order to make their blushes disappear, I exhibited the natrix,

[1] 'Ad *iiii* oculi,' *i.e.*, face to face. (The Italian must not be mistaken for Latin.)

now seldom used, wherewith I imparted to Eros, whose condition opposed no obstruction, a prisk flagellation eliciting blood. This is the stile of one afflicted by hiccoughs.[1] Anon, I exhorted Don Renato, saying that, he being who he is, it behoved him to set a good example: but, since he had set a bad one, and a most inpudent one, he must be made to suffer; and, seeing that his person was sacred, he must be made to suffer in his mind. Wherefore I invited him to inspect the dolor here tolerated by his foster-brother; secondly, to note that he himself and Eros, and the whole collegium of palatial pages, were interdicted from frequenting nemorose Nemi on the insuing Solempnity of Saint John; finally, I condemned him, and Eros, to incarceration in their own apartments during the day and a night. This judgement he accepted in silence; but, when the torture of the ardent palpitating Eros was complete, he also very serenely extended his person by the wall, demanding a similar dilaceration. And though, motu proprio, I should not have proposed to offend the flesh of my Lord's supernal son, he being no longer an infant, nevertheless I knew that the acerb monition of the water-snake's skin excellently would impress that pure pute soul, which, in puerice, more aptly is influenced by way of the corporeal superficies; and, for this cause, I afflicted him with some score of lashes of the same species as those now incommoding Eros: but which in asperity excelled the last, in deference to his rank. I said that he might esteem the said lashes as expiation of his inpudick pravity, intending so to remit the remainder of the penance; but, having recuperated his breath, he responded, saying that he would accept of no indulgence, and of no remission of a merited penance, except in so far that he might be permitted to associate himself with Eros during incarceration. Offering no objection, anon I admitted the cubicularj, who indued the *ii.* with night-gowns and conducted them to their apartments. So much for the inpudicity which, coming under my notice, required condign penance. But what other crimes in these *viii.* nocturnal hours of absence have been committed? By what means

[1] 'Cotes t' est lo stilo di un' afflicto da singhiotto.'

shall I know these, unless the criminals voluntarily confess? For inquisition includes suggestion; and is as a fetter on the ankles of truth.

After mattins, having summoned Silvio Flavj into the ante-chamber, I admonished him to lave his lord's stripes with callid water, he reclining prone in his lavatory; and I similarly admonished Valerio concerning Eros. After prime, the palatial pages in the ante-chamber eyed me as though I were some species of assassin. Ridiculous little flies.[1]

After Mass, having summoned Silvio Flavj into the ante-chamber, I gave to him an unguent of rosemary—Rosmarinus officinalis—admonishing him to medicate therewith the wounds of his lord as leniently as possible; and a similar nard and admonition to Valerio concerning Eros.

At noon, in the antechamber, responded to me Silvio and Valerio Flavj, saying that Don Renato and Eros were sleeping on their beds, prone, and the effusion of blood is stayed.

After dinner, the *ii.* continued to sleep; and Don Prospero vibrated the flabellum while Silvio and Valerio dined, the flies being most molesting. A perurbane act of Don Prospero, for it would be indecorous to admit palatial pages here.

After siesta, in the ante-chamber, responded to me Silvio and Valerio Flavj, saying that the *ii.* were standing eating beef. Having visited the ruota, I imported a salad and a pitcher of hot milk: but I interdicted the use of wine until supper.

Before vespers, in the antechamber, responded to me Silvio and Valerio Flavj, saying that the *ii.* were lying face downward on a carpet, playing with chess, their backs being saturate with nard; and that they were unable to play morra by cause of the rigor of Don Renato's sinews. O ferocious and cruel Gheraldo, o torturer and dilacerator of very precious puerice, o Goth, o Vandal, o Catalan, o Hun. After vespers, I prescribed a capon and a young bear's ham for their supper.

Before completorium, in the antechamber, responded to me

[1] 'Ridiculi moscerini.'

Silvio and Valerio Flavj, saying that the *ii.* had supped well, and were much exhilarated by the cordial: but their cuticles itched, a favourable omen, and their sinews were rigid: indeed, Don Renato was unable to move without dolor. I prescribed very hot water in the baths, and medication with the nard before sleeping.

At the third hour of the night, prone, they sleep.

At the fifth hour of the night, having emerged from a vigil in the antechamber, and very fatigate, I will retire to my cubicule.

(Wednesday, xvi Jun)

This day of Saint Raphael Archangel, after lauds, I returned to my bed.

After Mass, the sincere ingenuous Don Renato and Eros, having paid penance, emerged from their incarceration; and, after terce, they approached me, as I ambled in the courtyard, with countenances most amoene, so that all might see, saying that they were come to narrate their deeds. For, said they by turns, while the barge was being moored they lapsed again into Tiber, floating with the stream till they were beyond the walls. Then, twilight having supervened, they landed in the meadows outside the Portuense Gate, and, having performed their exercises in order to instaure corporeal ardor, they replenished their bellies with wild strawberries; after which, feeling themselves to be delectably somniculose, they found a culvert full of dry leaves wherein they delivered their bodies to rest.[1] But, awakening they saw dawn to be at hand, and themselves esurient and connudate; wherefore again they mingled their members with Tiber, swimming as far as Ponte Santangelo, where they applied themselves to run by Banchi and Campo de' Fiori, entering the palace as I had seen. To me they responded, saying that, by cause of the early hour, none had encountered them save a city-guard with the heart of a hen, who, deeming them to have escaped from Torsanguigna—their formose procerity deceived him—, chased them about *cxliiii.* paces: but then relinquished pursuit,—he must have observed their very

[1] 'Quieti corpora mandaverunt.'

pernick celerity of foot. And that was all. At this, I imparted the minor benediction, so that all the palatial familiars might see; and we *iii.* smiled amiably among ourselves, so that all might see; and the *ii.* departed.

Saints have sinned *vii.* times a day; and the incorrupt freak of an investite miracidion like Don Renato, and of a vesticipal catulaster like Eros, is no grave matter. But which of the *ii.* knows Torsanguigna? And what is known?

(Friday, xviii Jun)

This day of Saint Anael Archangel, responded to me Silvio and Valerio Flavj, saying that rigors no longer pervade the members of their lords. Wherefore, after None, descending to the gymnasium, I secretly inspected Don Renato and Eros in their black hosen, as they pugillated among the palatial pages. And I observed that their weals were of a pale lead-color, almost invisible, which, on the auricolored cuticle of Eros, has an aspect not unpleasant, simulating the veins on the petals of a tiger-lily—Lilium tigrinum—but inconvenient to the nitid candor of Don Renato. Anon, I deliberated in my mind how very apt it is that at this time the Supernity of my Lord should depict Saint Agnes; for these striped ones are not desirable examples. Anon, I deliberated in my mind as to whether a crime, meriting such a penance, had been committed, whether the quality of the said penance accorded with the said quality of the said crime. And after cogitation I conclude, that the swimming away, and the passing the night in the meadow were naughtinesses,[1] by cause that the absence of guards constituted the said act periculous, and by cause that angor and trepidation thereby were excited among us in the palace. but naughtiness per se is merely venial. Secondo, that, it being necessary to return from the said meadow to the City, there was no way more decent than the way taken, uidelicet, Tiber at dawn: but that there was no necessity for emerging at Ponte Santangelo, the ferry being the convenient place, where a watchman is, where the two criminals

[1] 'Cattivezze.'

are well-known, where assistance could be obtained, where was their vesture, and more, where Ser Ruggiero must have been at, or about, the very moment when those audacious swimmers passed by. This additional naughtiness, caused by the natural but culpable inconsideration of puerice,—I will not admit deliberate procacity, —in its turn caused the inpudent passage through the city—most indecorous. And these *iiii.*, uidelicet, the unnecessary incurring of peril, the unnecessary causing of anxiety, the unnecessary landing at Ponte Santangelo, the unnecessary inpudick running, by accumulation constitute a crime meriting the penance now under consideration. For it is my sentence that a singular severe penance is more benefick to the soul, more efficacious to the prevention of crime, than a score of admonitions. But, if puerice knew, ah, if suave puerice knew, how gravely the seniors excruciate themselves in their minds, attracted this way by duty, *i.e.*, by love of the soul, distracted that way by sentiment, *i.e.*, by love of the body, then—o very inept presbyter,—then, Gheraldo, there would be *ii.* miserables instead of one. Which is absurd. And here is Minerva, rather indifferently coming to pay her respects to me.

(Sunday, xx Jun)

This day of Saint Michael Archangel, came the superb Don Flavio Anguillara, prior of palatial puerice, supplicating remission of penance in order that the said pages might frequent the Solempnity of Saint John at Nemi: to whom I responded, saying that the said remission would be conceded to the petition of Don Renato. And anon, the last came, with very serene eyes, petitioning as aforesaid: and to his petition I appended Placet, to the immense joy of all standing round.

(Tuesday, xxii Jun)

This day of Saint Samael Archangel, responded to me the maternal Dionisia, saying that the cresses—Lepidium sativum—languish.

(Wednesday, xxiii Jun)

This day of Saint Raphael Archangel, after dinner, not having observed any preparation for the Solempnity of to-morrow, in secret I interrogated the firm Ser Ruggiero; who to me responded, saying that Don Renato was refusing to go to Nemi in his proper person; saying that he had petitioned for palatial puerice, not for himself; saying that he knew that I had intended to remit his proper penance; saying that he would not accept any remission whatever; saying that he would not accept even a mandate in this matter, and vehemently pugillating the hircose Don Tullio Tripette who argued with him. And Eros announced that he followed his foster-brother, Whereupon, quoth Ser Ruggiero, The said prior of pages, first having inspected the eyes of those standing round, responded to Don Renato, saying that palatial puerice, out of great love and admiration, were supplicating him to accept their special service throughout the vigil and Solempnity of Saint John. To whom Don Renato responded with one of his proper refulgent smiles, says Ser Ruggiero, saying, We thank you for your admiration. We accept your love, and at another time We will reward your generosity. And all yelled, says Ser Ruggiero.

O fragrant flowers of magnanimity, very rare, very fair, but never so rare, nor ever so fair, as when ye bloom in the heart of tender puerice.

Before vespers, we proceeded to the Lateran Basilica, assisting at the benediction of purpureal gilly-flowers—matthiola incana—for the sick.

(Thursday, xxiiii Jun)

This day of Saint Sachiel Archangel, being the Solempnity of Saint John, in my cabinet from Terce to None, I recited the seven penitential psalms with litanies, and I took a discipline. Anon, corporeal affliction opened the door of mental felicity.

At siesta, Minerva signified a plenary absolution; and presented *iii.* admirable kittens, a sufflavian one with adorable eyes verisimilar to dewdrops on forget-me-nots—Myosotis palustris—, a

sufflavian and a black with eyes verisimilar to chrysoberyls; and with butter I anointed their tiny toes, *viii.* tiny toes rose-colored, *iiii.* tiny toes ebony-colored, to the immense joy of Minerva.

Before vespers, came from Ardea my nephew Cristoforo, with his troop, importing *iiii.* immense baskets full of Saint John's cakes from Nemi, which he distributes for dismemberment among palatial puerice cum omnium admiratione.

Minerva has forgotten. The palatial pages have forgotten. Eros has forgotten. Don Renato has forgotten. I, Gheraldo, remember. Then, go to bed, Gheraldo; and forget.

(Friday, xxv Jun)

This day of Saint Anael Archangel, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that, a.d. *xvii.* Kal. Jul., being the Solempnity of the Sacred Martyrs Saint Vitus and Saint Modestus and Saint Crescentia, there has been signed a protocol of peace and perpetual alliance between our Lord Pope Clement and the Elect-Emperor; which last agrees to capture Fiorenza for His Sanctitude, that He may reinstate His house there, with Don Alessandro de' Medici as Duke. So once more the rock of Peter falls on Caesar, and grinds him to powder. The half-drowned mongrel, having rid his tail of the tin-pot, evades both Tiber and Catinari,[1] being less insipid than Caesar, who comes inevitably to fall where other Caesars formerly have fallen, at the feet of Peter. Non Tibi, sed Petro, muttered Caesar Fridericus Ahenobarbus Semper Augustus, gnashing imperial teeth, but bending his arrogant knee. Et Nobis, et Petro, responds the magnificent Lord Pope Hadrian IIII., accepting groom's service from the imperial hand. Now comes another submissive docile Caesar, not having attained wisdom after *cccc.* years.

(Saturday, xxvi Jun)

This day of Saint Cassiel Archangel, during the painting, the most predicable lacertose Ercole completed the angules of this

[1] 'Piazza Catinari' was an abode of tinsmiths.

book, having removed the canvas cover; and at dinner I ostended the glorious work to the Supernity of my Lord. Who, favorably regarding it, and being gratified to know of so adept an artificer among his supernal familiars, command a doblone of *x.* zecchini to Ercole from the treasury, and an addition of an argent scudo to his mensile wages; also, supernally requires me to employ the said apprentice in metal-work at my own discretion. O very noble prince. O very fortunate apprentice. O very astute presbyter.

(Tuesday, xxviiii Jun)

This day of Saint Samael Archangel, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that they say that a Catalan captain of the Elect-Emperor's, by name Don Antonio di Leyva, has surprised the Gallicans at Landriano, and has made prisoners of the Count di Sampaolo with all his captains: but the army fled into Gaul.

(Thursday, i Jul)

This day, Kal. Jul., that florid little Bishop of Segni, who was visiting Messer Antonio Teobaldi, incontinent manifests a very voracious affection for Don Prospero, who is as tall as that hierophant is short, as long-legged as that heirophant is long-bodied, as gracile as that hierophant is ample, as rare as that hierophant is gross, as modest as that hierophant is extravagant. Nevertheless the said bishop demonstrates the faculty of discrimination by his selection of Don Prospero, who resembles some grand seraph in the color of his fluctuant erubescence, and in the pudibund ardor of his formolity.

(Saturday, iii Jul)

This day of Saint Cassiel Archangel, the fortunate Ercole having said to me that his earnings satisfied the coppersmith, that the daughter of the last was willing, that he who spoke was unable to contain himself any longer in chastity, I consented to impart benediction at his nuptials after Mass. Which divine actions having

been accomplished, all the armourers have gone to feast at the coppersmith's, and their hammers are still for the day.

(Monday, v Jul)

This day a.d. iii. Non. Jul., about the eighth hour, when by chance I was entertaining the Supernity of my Lord with an intonation of the passion of the Sacred Martyrs, Saint Victor and Saint Corona, with blinking little eyes approached us Don Renato, very hilarious, who announced that now the time was come when he was able to prove me accommodate with a pair of horns. But I, in the utmost perturbation, very strenuously denied the perterrifick and perturpid accusation. Nevertheless, he demanded, Quod non perdidisti, habes? To whom I responded, Concedo. He persevered, Cornua non perdidisti? To whom again I inconsiderately responded, Concedo secondo. Instantly levelling a convicting finger he decisively concluded, Habes igitur cornua. Now I will wager that he had that hebete tabid sophism from Messer Ugaccione Sciancati, who alone of all my Lord's supernal literates would put lascivity into an innocent mouth, who alone of all my Lord's supernal literates is mine enemy. O bipes nequissime.

This day, after siesta, with Don Renato and Eros I rode to Nemi in a notable cavalcade of all the chaplains and palatial pages: but while demented puerice dejected its flexuous formosity in the lake, I became mindful of my opportunity. And having conducted the circumspect Dom Gianguualberto Dardi alone into a silvan glade where I espied a quantity of dragonswort—Arum dracunculus—, I delivered a sacramental confession in his ear; and, with mund soul, I extracted a bundle of the said wort so virtuose in cases of snake-bite and bone fracture. And at avemmaria we returned to the City, very hot and fatigate.

(Friday, viiii Jul)

This day, a.d. vii. Id. Jul., came the detestable Hebrew pedlar with a parcel of new books; and, having demonstrated to him from his own scripture that his exsecrable soul inevitably would be

damned unless with true contrition he should accept baptism, I expended some scudi with him [on] the purchase of magick books, uidelicet, the Book of Epistules which Messer Plinius Caecilius Secundus wrote to the Divine Imperator Caesar Nerva Trajanus Semper Augustus, and which Messer Hieronymo Avantio dedicated to the Lord Cardinal Pietro Bembi, whose errors Bervaldo amended.[1] I also bought the Book of Little Secrets, written by that very erudite mage, Messer Enrico Cornelio Agrippa—requiem aeternam atque refrigerium dona animo ejjus Domine. Also I bought a precious little book, printed in the gothick letter, by one Jean Petit, at the Sign of the Aurate Lily in the village of Lutetia, wherein Messer Michele Scoti intreats of Physiognomy. Also, in place of that which was stolen during the siege, the Book of Manuinspection in Latin which Messer Andrea Corvo da Carpi wrote for the Inlustrious Marquess Giovanfrancesco Gonzaga of Mantua. And, while I was chaffering with the abominable Salamone, the pudibund Don Prospero glided into the courtyard, being attracted by some innate olfactory sensibility which causes him to perceive the presence of a book as my darling Minerva perceives cream. And, there being in the pedlar's pack another copy of the Book of Manuinspection, but in the Tuscan tongue, I bought it, that I might delight this studious peradolescent, who is so sedate that he makes no friends, nor has received any gifts save one since he entered this palace. Accepting the same with seraphick erubescence, instantly he began to absorb its contents, inconscious that Don Renato stood near, eyeing him, admiring the decorous splendor of his form no less than his erudition and his probity.

(Saturday, x Jul)

This day of Saturn, a.d. vi. Id. Jul., being the Solempnity of Saint Felicitas and her VII. Sons, Martyrs, we venerated their relicks exposed in the church of Santi Venanzio et Marcello.

[1] This appears to be for Dom Gheraldo the latest edition of Pliny's Epistles. It was published in 1502, during the reign of Alexander P.M. VI. (Borgia), and contained forty-six of the Letters.

(Sunday, xi Jul)

This day of Sol, the Supernity of my Lord demonstrated indignation when I said, As pallid as a lily. He placed an objection against comparative phrases of this construction, As — as a —. The objection appears to be directed against the limitation of the second term. Inprimis, supernally quoth he, these comparative phrases are used with no discrimination, and often in connection with the parts or pulchritudes of human entities; which parts or pulchritudes he alleges to be altogether singular and unick in their qualities, and for this cause incomparable. Exempli causa paucos nominabo, supernally quoth he; for the percandid cuticule of Don Renato has been compared to ivory, but ivory has not the inherent qualities of recovery and sensibility, has not the flexuous mollitude, has not the native juice and ardor, has not the life, all of which, in combination, are essential to the said cuticule's incomparable percandor, which last itself is inconstant, varying as it does in light and shade, reflecting its circumstances. Furthermore, supernally quoth he, the coerulean eyes of the demure Madonnina Marcia are compared by those pages who are poets—which pages are poets?—to violets—Uiola odorosa—: but, at a distance the said eyes resemble black stars, at a short interval they disclose colors grey-blue, dark grey, mutable as mind; whereby they differ from a violet, and are incomparable. But, supernally quoth he, some comparisons, which in their nature are ample, spacious, vivid, or quasivivid, and inherently reflective, suffer no disability from this objection; and such be these, uidelicet, Profound as the sea, coerulean as the sky, fresh as puerice, ardent as adolescence, resplendent as the sun, free as the air, and the rest. A very precious, very ingenious sentence.

(Tuesday, xiii Jul)

This day, a.d. iii. Id. Jul., came from Santa Maria *in Poplicolis* the perose Dom Berengario da Cappi, saying that, in looking over the relicks with their verifications, he had found *i.* reliquary to which no seal was attached; and, on opening the said reliquary, it

was found to contain a particular, which appeared to be a piece of flesh such as formerly might have been cut from the extracted intestines of Saint Erasmus. Anon, having summoned the chaplains, we in turn interrogated this perstupid presbyter. To the prudent Dom Francesco Tarugi, inquiring whether any verification, attached to or detached from the said reliquary, was found with it, or in its vicinity, he responded, saying, No. To the circumspect Dom Giangualberto Dardi, inquiring whether the name of Saint Erasmus was sculped, or in any way placed, upon the said reliquary, he responded, saying, No. To the same, inquiring for what cause he affirmed the said relick to be a relick of the intestines of Saint Erasmus, he responded, saying that many ells of the said intestines had been extracted from the said martyr by means of a windlass,[1] sufficient to provide relicks for all the churches in Christendom, whereby the clients of that said Saint might obtain immunity from penury, spasms, belly-aches etc.; and, that the possession of such a relick was very desirable. To me, inquiring by what signs he recognized the said relick to be a piece of flesh, extracted intestines or otherwise, he responded, saying that he did not know. Presently we derided him; and, having sealed up the reliquary with a written act of the foregoing interrogation, we sent it to the Sacred Congregation Concerning Relicks for a sentence; derisively dismissing Dom Berengario objurgating us.

(Thursday, xv Jul)

This day, Id. Jul., by chance being in the treasury, with Don Renato at my dexter, and at my sinister the maternal Minerva carrying her black kitten, while the *ii.* sufflavian ones sat on my shoulders, and finding in the said treasury some sacks of that testone, most moving to the mind, which our Lord Pope Clement caused to be coined during the siege, whereon is stamped a Saint Peter delivered by the Angel, with a portrait of the unshaven Sanctitude of Clement, and the legend, Misit D. ang. suum et

[1] The event is represented in a picture above an altar in the Vatican Basilica.

liberavit Me, the notion occurred to my mind that these coins, linked together and gilded, would form most singular and speciose baldricks for princes, resembling that admirable baldrick of linked medals which appertained to the inlustrious Don Tarquinio; and would employ the fortunate lacertose apprentice Ercole, moderating his incontinent habit; and also would constitute a more perennial monument of our Most Sanct Lord's incarceration. And having produced the notion in words, Don Renato very avidly adopted the same; and, dismissing my kittens, we filled our pouches and our caps with the said testoni, and departed amid the inmense disgust of Ser Isidoro Bucalossi.

(Sunday, xviii Jul)

This day, a.d. xv. Kal. Aug., being the Solempnity of Saint Symphorosa and her VII. Sons, Martyrs, we frequented the exposition of their relicks at the church of Sant' Angelo-by-the-Fishmarket.

(Wednesday, xxi Jul)

This day of Mercury, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Elect-Emperor will give in marriage his spurious daughter, Dona Maria of Austria by name, to Don Alessandro de' Medici.

(Friday, xxiii Jul)

This day of Venus, after supper, at the second hour of night, I went to Don Renato's cabinet that I might attract his attention to a certain delectable pigment of calcined shells: but there was a guard in the antechamber in addition to the gentlemen and pages: and Ser Ruggiero delayed me, saying that Lar Caldus—so in the Tuscan mode he names him—asked me to do him the favor of not entering, at the same time leaving open the portal, that I might use my will in the matter. Spontaneously I returned to my proper cabinet: for self-sequestered puerice is sacrosanct, as Don Tarquinio says: but Don Renato instantly came running at my heels,

who contemplated me in silence with very intense eyes, and in silence kissed my anointed palms as though for benediction. Enjoy thine innocent secrets, o consummate miracidion. And anon he was much diverted when I demonstrated how that any substance, which shall have been painted with a pigment confected of cremated shells mingled with certain alchymical matter, will appear in the dark as though infected with livid flame. And I donated a large jar of the said pigment to him, as a sign that we *ii.* remained in amicity.

(Sunday, xxv Jul)

This Dominical Day, the seraphick Don Prospero very gravely spoke of his father; saying that he was the most formose Roman ever seen, the very vivid image of Saint George of Seriphos his divine progenitor reincarnate: saying that the mere propinquity of him was equal to a natural inlumination: saying that not only his cuticule was so percandid and clear, and his hair of a flavian color so perpallid and resplendent that it resembled white gold, but also his whole exquisite form emitted radiance such as is seen in the refulgent aureola of divinities. Further, Don Prospero testified, saying that Don Tarquinio exhibited such strenuous velocity in every act, and also his intellect was so subtile and adept, that one considered him expert, incapable of error, and voluntarily reposed inlimitable confidence in him. 'He imbued me with the Greek tongue from my infancy: he assisted me when I transferred the Plato into the Roman tongue: oh, how long will it be before that I again shall hear that dulcet paternal voice?': quoth Don Prospero. And, at this, tears inresistibly invaded his pellucid, venete eyes.

This I have written in order that I may conserve the pious words of a chaste and very loving son, not less admirable than the father to whose glorious praecellence he so tenderly has testified. And I will add that this singular refulgence of Don Tarquinio was a veritable particular, which many of us now living have seen, and have admired. What was its origin, its matter, its form, its fine,

I know not: but I and certain others have noted a verisimilar radiation of luminosity from the whole figure of Don Renato, and from the head of the jocose Don Pippo Neri; and I consider it to be a divine manifestation of virtue. Gheraldo, so very rare a subject merits a stile of equal rarity. Take care of thy stile, o negligent Gheraldo.

(Tuesday, xxvii Jul)

This day of Mars, a.d. vi. Kal. Aug., being the Solempnity of the VII. Sleepers, we venerated a part of their relicks at the church of San Benedetto; and another part at the church of Santa Maria *del Popolo.*

(Friday, xxx Jul)

This day of Venus, o fortunate day, a.d. iii. Kal. Aug., at dawn, came from Ardea my nephew Don Cristoforo Pinarj, perfused with sweat, vepallid, vetrepid, gigantick, supplicating that I would return with him on the instant, for a reason. Which I did. And at the hour of vespers, my ample niece Madonna Catarina placidly produced a male triplet, very vivid, very purple, very vast, very valid, whom I instantly baptized, imposing the names, Pinario, Secondo, Tertio, respectively, and the placenta I caused to be devoured by the veteran Don Marco's domestick white raven, in order to secure for these infants the faculty of vaticination. So, once more bursts into bloom the very antick stem of Pinarj. Perseveret, Permaneat.

(Sunday, i Aug)

This Dominical Day, Kal. Aug., being the Solempnity of the VII. Sanct Macchabees, Martyrs, we venerated their relicks exposed at the church of San Pietro *ad Vincula*; the fourth and the last sacred septett.

(Monday, ii Aug)

This day of Luna, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the inclyte Don Andrea Doria should be at Barcelona

with his fleet, from which town he will escort the Elect-Emperor to Genova.

(Saturday (sulfur is named as the proper odor of this day).)

This day, before Sext, in my cabinet, I was playing with my adorable kittens while Don Renato and Eros were declaiming the second eclogue of Messer Publius Uergilius Maro turn by turn, when to us entered the pudibund Don Prospero, who brought the book of Manuinspection; and who said that, having studied the doctrine and the diagram, he was sensible of a sympathy with that antick spadonick idolatrous gentleman who formerly said to Saint Philip Apostle that sapience could not be attained in the absence of a preceptor. What a persuave mode of speech. To whom Don Renato pernicitly responds, saying that neither in my palace nor in the City was there a preceptor more sapient, and only more fatidick, than Dom Gheraldo, who already had previan many things for him speaking, as well as for the son of old, Bosio Sforza. Anon, I took the book, and I cast the odor of seen on a standing turible, and I caused the said Don Prospero ostend his virginal hands, that by a vivid example he might ious his own fortune with the method of discernment. And, inprimis, I indicated the line of Fate, that it was very long and very firm. Secondo, I indicated the said line of Fate, that it was menaced by *iii.* little lines from the line of the Heart, signifying the lamentable deaths of his parents and the angor sequent to the same: but I observed that, though these adverse portents deflected the said line of Fate, yet nevertheless they neither fractured it nor affected its general course and magnitude. Tertio, I indicated the said line of Fate, remarking how that accessions from the line of the Head incessantly fortified it. Quarto, I indicated the said line of Fate as the master-line, predominant, magnifically surging to this side and to that, portending journeys in ultramontane regions; always receiving opulent tributes from the Mounds of the Divine Jupiter and of the Divine Apollo, portending signal honors. And so far

the seraphick adolescentule could follow my disquisition. But I used silence during some moments of time, observing rarer and more admirable omens on those hands; and these I studied. Anon, Don Renato inquired what secrets corrugating to the brows might be in the mind of me; to whom I responded, saying that the words just spoken were generalities such as a novice might comprehend, solely uttered for the instruction of Don Prospero: but that, to me (who already had seen the lions, so to speak) who with the adsistance of the saints (won by jejunities and precations) had learned to see and to read, *iii.* particulars plainly were exhibited; and these be, inprimis, a faculty of native magniloquence dormient in the said erubescent Don Prospero: secondo, some magick native prodigy which he from an ultramontane region shall import to be the human consolation of the Roman Race: tertio, that the whole orb of the earth holds but one throne higher than that to which he shall ascend. And at this we sat mute, obstupefied, staring at the said Don Prospero, who appeared purpureal in pudor, seraphick in speciosity, until Biagio Guercj came with a summons from the Supernity of my Lord; when, becoming sensible of the graveolent sulfur, Don Renato derided what he calls Dom Gheraldo's sabbatick fœtor. O miracidion improbule.

(Tuesday, x Aug)

This day, a.d. iiii. Id. Aug., I ordained triturate gorse—Mex europaeus—to be sprinkled throughout this palace, to kill the molesting fleas.

(Thursday, xii Aug)

This day, Prid. Id. Aug., after Mass, to the maternal Dionisia I donated an immense basketful of marsh-samphire—Salicornia hervacea—for the ceremonial lavation of the women's hair on the morrow.

(Friday, xiii Aug)

This day, at the twelfth hour, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that this day of Venus, Id. Aug., in the

year of Man's Redemption *mdxxviiii.*, at Rome, at Saint Peter's, our Lord Pope Clement inscribed One among the cardinal-presbyters to the Titule of San Giovanni *Ante Portam Latinam*; who by name is Mercurio, or Mercurino, or Arboreo, or Gattinara, or Gattinaria, or Allobrox, or Pedemontano; for the said index plainly has not heard the name of him; but it is evident that this new Purpled One is a native of Savoja, such as Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus would have called Infidelis Allobrox.

How addicted is Don Prospero to the study of letters, passing his time with books borrowed from whoso will lend. Also, how chaste is the soul of the said Don Prospero, how sober, how modest, of what virginal pudor, most admirable in an adolescentule, who on this day month will complete his sixteenth year.

(Sunday, xv Aug)

This Lord's Day, being also the Solempnity of the Blessed Virgin Mary in August, the magnanimity of Don Renato, of Eros, and of me, has been afflicted by the event of a most melancholick assassination. For, by chance, we *iii.* were perambulating the second courtyard after vespers; and near us the acerb Don Zampietro Zannoni sharpened his poignard on a hone; by whom stood the delicate Don Lelio Pettilatte proffering innocuous jocundities, which the gentleman morosely repulsed; but the palatial page hilariously persisted. Suddenly horresco referens, with furibund violence brandishing the poignard, Don Zampietro malignantly sprang upon him, ripping up his lower belly, from abdomen, through navel and midriff, till bone obstructed the cruel blade. Dropped the unfortunate page, with terrible spasmick rigors and contortions, his white throat strained back, his members twisting together like the members of a fly; and he gathered his tender entrails in his hands, as some poet says.[1] I never shall become oblivious of his first shrill shriek of mortal dolor, so acute that it penetrated the ears like a needle, so inhuman that one gasped

[1] A reminiscence of godlike Polydoros, son of Priamos, in *Ilias xx.*: '. . . , ηροτι οἱ δε λαβ εντερα χερσι λιασθεις.'

for breath, and horripilation tingled on the head. Blazing with splendid bile, Don Renato and Eros bounded on the vile assassin's neck, and dragged him down, stamping on his face, impeding him with their lusty members, until the guards advened. But, with the innocent victim I concerned myself, imparting absolution in articulo mortis, tenderly restituting the intestines, constringing the laceration, stanching the effusion of blood with a saturation of wych-elm—Ulmus montana. The assassin having been secured, ran Don Renato and Eros to adsist Don Lelio through his agony. O how tender was the manner of the said Don Renato. O how generously he kissed the dying lips. O what pious embraces he used in consolation. O what holy and angelick words he whispered in those dying ears. Lelio, dear Lelio, quoth he (but his ardent, most loving gesture cannot be written). Fortunate Lelio, quoth he, who goeth this night to Paradise: take Our hand, Lelio: be brave, Lelio; be patient: no, not long: then thou wilt see angels, Lelio, and the Virgin-Mother will caress thee, and the saints will praise thee, and man's Sweet Saviour will deign health and honor for thy present pain, Who Himself also hath tolerated pain: and the Lord God will smile on thee: o Lelio, thou wilt see the Smile of God. Courage yet, Lelio, dear Lelio: and thy mother, thy mother, Lelio, will meet thee at the very door: and Our mother also will be there, whom We never have seen. Wilt thou carry Our message to the Supernity of Our mother, o Lelio? Wilt thou be Our courier to heaven? What message shall We send? Ah, Lelio, what wilt thou say to thine own mother? Thou wilt say, o mother, I love thee, love thee, love thee without end. Then, when thou shalt see the Princess, o Lelio, say to Her Supernity, Supernity, on the part of Renato I am to say, o mother, We love thee, love thee, love thee without end. The pain again? Ah, but they prepare another palace, Lelio, for thee. Angels are coming for thee, and the way is long from heaven to earth, but short from earth to heaven. Lelio, dear, pray thou there for us: pray to The Lord and to His Virgin Mother for thy lover and dear friend Renato, and for Eros, and for Prospero, and for us all, o Lelio.

Fare-well, Lelio, fare-well: kiss Us once more: dear, dear Lelio, fare-well. Then, in the sweetest thread of a voice he reiterated the Most Holy Name, the Sovereign Consolation. On the insensible stones Don Lelio lay, almost inconscious, his form wound in a ligature, marmoreal in white stillness. His terete members, but an hour ago so apt and flexuous, were distorted by incessant twitching and cold as snow. Already his lips were livid; they disclosed the purity of teeth clenched and continually strident. In the pallid throat, palpitated a vein with diminishing rhythm. Coerulean stains appeared below the flickering lashes of the half-closed eyes. Like rose-petals in a breeze, even the nostrils quivered. Bloomed the abhominable unmistakable pallor on the brow, where the soft caesarial hair was humid with the dew of the breath of Death. Promptly, with baldaquin and a pomp of torches, with Don Giangualberto Dardi came our Divine Lord and Saviour in His Sacrament, from His tabernacule, through the palace, to fortify the moribund page; but, by cause of the nature of the wound, after Unction I only imposed the Sacred Host as Viaticum on Don Lelio's lips. From that instant all spasmick nervose contractions ceased. Palatial puerice kneeled round with torches. In the custodial the Sacred Host remained exposed, to Whom the seraphick Don Prospero offered frankincense. Eros with aspergill attended me. We intoned the solemn commendation of the soul. For the fourth time I concluded, Subvenite sancti Dei: Occurrite angeli Domini: Suscipientes animam ejjus: Offerentes eum in Conspectu Altissimi: when I observed the intrepid Don Iulo Cordadamante to be indicating Don Lelio with a very anxious finger. To him my eyes turned. Jhesus: Jhesus: Jhesus: continually murmured Don Renato in the ear. Jhesus, tranquilly and clearly said Don Lelio, wide opening astrilucent eyes. The agony was finished. Don Lelio, having migrated to The Lord, smiled the smile of the blessed dead. Receiving in his mouth the final exhalation, again Don Renato kissed the lips. He rose, with the pure candor of his flesh and of his vesture ensanguined from throat to heel. The Sacred Host retired with Its escort as before. The cadaver chaste as an

alabastrine Hylas lies this night in the chapel. Palatial puerice keeps vigil. A most horrifick event. Yet as white dawn emerges from the womb of night, so there has been manifested in the warp of Don Renato a golden woof of pious tenerity concealed by the serene volatick hilarity of his years. This is the stile of Messer Decimus Magnus Ausonius.

(Monday, xvi Aug)

This day of Luna, all the masses have been offered for the repose of the soul of Don Lelio Pettilatte, who is to have both novendialia and trental. O.I.B.Q.[1] After the last Mass, descends to the prison the Supernity of my Lord, that he may condemn the assassin, to whom the prudent Don Francesco Tarugi ministered his rites, I being too heart-sick and not sufficiently charitable. Exsecution was delayed during an hour by defect of a red cord; my lord supernally having specified a noble's ignoble death in the capital sentence. Finally appeared the torvid Don Flaminio Triorchi with the necessary instrument; and strangulation insued in about *viiii.* minutes. The aspect of the assassin, at first vehemently struggling with the mercenaries, then perrigidly erect; of the eyeballs actually expunged from their sockets; of the black and turgid tongue expelled from foaming jaws; not less than the horrible gobbling noises, the distention, the blood, the tremendous succussion of collapse, combined to nauseate most of us adsistants standing round.

Except for the exsecution, neither Don Renato nor his foster-brother have left the herse since last night. After avemmaria, at Santa Maria *in Poplicolis*, have been celebrated the exsequies, dirge, and deposition of Don Lelio Pettilatte. Tibi, Domine, commendamus animam famuli Tui, Lelj, ut defunctus saeculo Tibi uiuat: et quae, per fragilitatem humanae conversationis, peccata commisit, Tu uenia misericordissimae pietatis absterge. Per Xtũ Dominũ nostrũ.

Don Renato and Eros, very grave, very fatigate, have con-

[1] Ossa Illius Bene Quiescant.

sumed bowls of soup, and now will sleep, says Ser Ruggiero, informed by Silvio and Valerio Flavj. Don Flaminio Triorchi says that the cord was a common whip-lash, tinctured with the blood of Don Lelio, which he squeezed from the vesture discarded by Don Renato. Now that is actual ferocity.

(Tuesday, xvii Aug)

The extremely minute anatomical observations which Dom Gheraldo records as having been made by him, when washing the cadaver of Don Lelio Pettilatte and clothing the same in cerements, behind closed doors, between the hours of 8 *and* 11 *p.m.* (*modern time,*) *are here omitted as being conducive to squeamishness, though frantically interesting.*[1]

(*Thursday, xviiii* Aug)

This day, a.d. xiiii. Kal. Sept., voices again begin to be heard in this palace. Don Renato retains his solemn habit and appears to have lived *vii.* months in these *iiii.* days. Eros said to me that he himself would prefer as horrid a death as that of Don Lelio, if he might be assured of the adsistence of Don Renato. I also.

This day, having been persuaded by that florid little bishop of Segni, the seraphick Don Prospero delivered an oration at Santa Maria *Nuova*, to the immense admiration of those standing round. I know few more exhilarating occupations than the listening to the resonant voice, virginal yet virile, of a peradolescent in the flower of his age, pudicitly but strenuously enunciating inmature sentences, inconscious of the triteness of the same, whose very inmaturity constitutes their charm.

This day, the sun having entered Virgo, at dawn, I rode to Ardea with a plump of spears[2] to guard me as I pervaded silves-

[1] Thus in the original.—Ed.

[2] 'Con *vii.* lanciatori' = *ξυν έπτα λογχαις* (*Soph.*) = a plump of spears (Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of Sopwell, in her treatise *On Nouns of Multitude*).

rine solitudes, arcane as those in nemorose Zacynthus, of which Messer Publius Uergilius Maro eximiously sang; where I coacted magic worts which are virtuose only when taken in this month, uidelicet, betony—Betonica officinalis—, beewort—Acorus calamus—, knot-grass or untrodden-to-death—Polygonum auiculare—, chickweed—Stellaria media—, which last is named Asterion by Greek mages. And I have admired my gigantick nephew playing with my *iii.* gigantick grand-nephews; and I have conversed with Don Marco concerning Madonnina Marcia; and I have dined; and I have supped; and presently I will sleep; and at dawn I will return to the city. This is the stile of a school-boy's thesis, o fatuous Gheraldo.

(Thursday, xxvi Aug)

This day of Jove, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that on the day of the Solempnity of the sacred virgin Saint Clara, Prid. Id. Aug., the Elect-Emperor came to Genova with a splendid court, egregiously discommoded by storms and adverse seas, which prolonged his voyage by a space of *ii.* weeks.

(Saturday, xxviii Aug)

This day of Saturn, to the fortunate lacertose apprentice Ercole I gave *ii.* score corals, phallus-shaped; and I instructed him to set a score in gold, a score in silver; the settings to be formed like the root of an orchid—Orchis mascula—; and to attach rings thereto, whereby they may become fascines to be worn on neck-chains, as inchantments against all black magick, but especially against male and female incubi and succubi.

(Tuesday, xxxi Aug)

This day, Prid Kal. Sept., his stomach being moved on finding the fortunate lacertose apprentice preoccupied with the fascines, Don Renato sends for the habile assiduous goldsmith of Banchi, whom he commands secretly to make a grand ring, for Madonnina Marcia, by the time when the Supernity of my Lord shall have

completed the Saint Agnes. My said Lord certainly will honor his example with some gift; and it is a benevolence on the part of Don Renato to take care that a convenient gift is prepared.

(Wednesday, i Sept)

This day of Mercury, being the commemoration of the XII. Sanct Brothers, Martyrs, observing Don Renato and Eros, who performed various solert subtilties and wrestled on the nemoral shore of the Arician Lake, the Supernity of my Lord deigned to compare the pulchritudes of the *ii.*; and by his disquisition he proved himself adept in the art of criticism. For very rarely is there found in mortal man the complex faculty of complex erudition, of accurate observation, of fastidiose discrimination, of sagacious judgement. Eros, supernally quoth my said Lord, being Don Renato's senior by a year, already is at the door of adolescence. He inchants the eye by his vernal vigor, and by his true proportions; the form membrose, nervose, flexuous, sinuose; the cuticule auricolored, resplendent, solis ardore infuscata as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says; the hair and eyes of the purest profoundest most inlustrious nigritude. But, while the said nothus indubitably is of singular and eximious venusty and virtue, in Don Renato there is added some quality conferring a degree of distinction even more inhuman. And the said quality is manifest, not in his percandid pernitid cuticule, nor in his exquisite valid formosity, nor in the terete gracility of his membrature, nor in the splendor of his rutilant hair, nor in the rectitude with which his body is inserted in or grafted and extolled, upon his hips, nor indeed in any praecellence of features, colors, parts, or contours: but rather in the dilucid obscurity of inpavid nut-brown eyes beneath fine continuous brows, and in a certain vivid serenity of gait and of regard, is there evidence of the divine soul of Don Renato. And the Supernity of my Lord concludes that such venusty and such formosity inspire him to compose, in the antick mode, a picture presenting the Divine Apollo and the Faun Marsyas.

(Thursday, ii Sept)

This day, a.d. iiii. Non. Sept., came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Elect-Emperor has named the Genovese admiral among the Most Ample Optimates of Spain, and has dignified him with the Principality of Melfi. Saying also that the Elect-Emperor proceeds in his august estate to Bologna *via* Parma and Piacenza and Modena.

(Friday, iii Sept)

This day, a.d. iii. Non. Sept., came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that Don Filiberto di Ciallone,[1] Prince of Orange, takes his forces hence to Fiorenza. How long, how long, from the hearts of all in Peter's Patrimony to heaven has ascended the cry, Italia Libera—Dio lo vuole? And how strenuous has been the contention, the digladiation, for the same? Now at length good fortune crowns the work, and this patient sacrosanct magnifical City, delivered from barbarick ultramontane invaders, may act for the revival of her splendor, her commerce, and her arts. As the Pious King David sings, Inimicos Ejjus induam confusione.[2] What stile is this, o Gheraldo?

(Monday, vi Sept)

This day of Luna, the Supernity of my Lord dismissed Madonnina Marcia as far as the pavonine cabinet, and intended several positions for the Divine Apollo and the Faun Marsyas. Don Renato, by virtue of that native prescience which enables him to penetrate to the seat of the thought of any man, even of his supernal father, produced himself in so many delicate postures as to cause commotion of the mind, preventing the exercise of discrimination. On the other hand, Eros extended a very refulgent form, immense solicitude to please, and total inability to comprehend. Whereat my Lord supernally dejected himself in aegritude of mind, and nothing was done.

[1] Philibert de Chalons? [2] Ps. cxxl.

(Saturday, xi Sept)

This day of Saturn, for a reason, to Ser Fabrizio's little Felicita I proffered a nosegay of roses and lilies, at the same time detaining her in conversation, as Don Tarquinio directs. I observed that her eyes were hollow, and her gait tardy; that she trod chiefly on her heels: that while responding to me, she trifled with the flowers, rejecting the lilies, retaining the roses. The augury from these portents is that she will bear a male child.

(Monday, xiii Sept)

This day, Id Sept., the seraphick Don Prospero donated to me these magick sentences from the manuscript of his inlustrous father:—

> 'Rainwater is more wholesome than all other waters; and it renders more light and potent (those who drink it). It digests well, and dissolves well. The water of a spring that tends towards the rising of the sun, or to the south, is good. All that tends in other directions injures.'[1]

(Wednesday, xv Sept)

This day of Mercury, to the cubicularj I supplied for the teeth of their Lords, supernal and otherwise, several vials of mastick—Thymus mastichina—, rosemary—Rosmarinus officinalis—, sage—Saluia officinalis—, bramble—Rubus fruticosus—, distilled together in Greek wine, according to the formula perscribed in the acts of our Don Tarquinio deceased. Also, twigs of olive and old linen, wherewith to apply the same.

(Friday, xvii Sept)

This day, a.d. xv. Kal. Oct., were intended several new positions for the Divine Apollo and the Faun Marsyas. Yesterday, Don Renato recited the myth to Eros in the words of Messer

[1] 'Est pluuialis aqua super omnes sana leuesque reddit potentes; bene digerit et bene soluit. Est bona fontis aqua qui tendit solis ad ortum, ac ad meridiem: tendens alio nocet omnia.'

Publius Ovidius Naso. To-day, Eros comes very near to satisfying the Supernity of my Lord.

I shall administer a febrifuge of waybread—Plantago major—to Don Livio Drusi with a quartan fever, who has had no luck since his wound.

(Tuesday, xxi Sept)

This day of Mars, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Prince of Orange has captured Arezzo and Cortona.

For the quartan fever of Don Livio Drusi, I administered mugwort—Artemisia dracunculus—boiled in wine. This is one of the herbs of the biformed herbipotent Centaur Chiron, and reputed supreme.

(Friday, xxiiii Sept)

This day of Venus, the Supernity of my Lord commanded Madonnina Marcia to Ardea, thinking that she needs a change of air: to whom I confided a lotion of wood-lettuce—Lactuca siluatica—, for the dim sight of her veteran father. This basilick wort the eagle chooses when, flying upward, he gazes on the sun.

(Tuesday, xxviii Sept)

This day of Mars, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, importing the horrifick rumour that the Grand Turk Solyman has invaded Austria, and is at the gates of Vienna.

The quartan fever of Don Livio Drusi diminishes not: wherefore, during a triduum, he shall eat field-larkspur—Delphinium consolidata—pounded with a sinister number of peppercorns, uidelicet, on the first day *xxxi.*, on the second day *xviiii.*, on the third day *xiii.*

(Thursday, xxx Sept)

This day, Prid. Kal. Oct., I considered in my mind that, during *ii.* nights of this week and during *i.* night of last week, Don Renato and Eros have not slept in this palace: but have ridden away on fleet horses and with a mere plump of spears, after siesta,

and have returned foam-covered at the hour of Terce. They exhibit neither fatigation of body, nor hebetude of mind: but excel in studies, as in athletick exercises. Now, if it were any other miracidion save Don Renato who was undertaking these excursions, I should deem the same as being periculous to the soul, as they indubitably are to the body.

Also, the Supernity of my Lord is absorbed in meditation, at all times when he is not in conclave with notaries, Apostolick Prothonotaries, and Advocates of the Sacred Consistory. Now what doth this portend, o perspicacious Gheraldo?

This day, the Most Worshipful and Most Respectable Lord Cardinal-Δ of Santa Prassede, in order to obtain my favor, donated to me the Epistules of the Sanct Doctor Hieronymus in a leathern cover. An exiguous donation from a Cardinal-Padrone: but, as that same Sanct Doctor Hieronymus has said, The teeth of a gift-horse are not to be inspected.[1] And I am ignorant of the favor which the Cardinal-Nephew expects of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, unmitred unpurpled presbyter.

(Tuesday v Oct)

This day, a.d. iii. Non. Oct., by cause that Don Livio's fever still molests him, after supper I ligatured his sinister wrist with a rubrick thread; and at dawn I shall fix the said thread to one of the orange trees on the southern rampart, according to the formula of our Don Tarquinio deceased.

(Thursday, vii Oct)

This day, Non. Oct., the fever of Don Livio Drusi diminishes: but the orange tree languishes, and must be consumed by fire. Most mirifick.

(Saturday, viiii Oct)

This day, a.d. vii. Id. Oct., at Ardea, the rosy Don Giacinto Perdutini procured for me *vi.* new eggs of owls, very inusual in

[1] 'Equi donati dentes non inspiciuntur.'

autumn, and I instantly boiled them. And I caused them to be eaten by the *iii.* lepid infants of my nephew Cristoforo, who not yet have tasted wine. So the ardor of their natures will be tempered; and, hating wine, they will live soberly. And I owe the science of this magick particular to the seraphick Don Prospero, who formerly was rendered inmune in a verisimilar way, through the erudition of his inlustrious father.

(Sunday, x Oct)

This day, a.d. vi. Id. Oct., after siesta, parturiit Felicitas, nascitur puellulus bellissimus. And, when her time was come, she being a novice, in the antick mode the women instructed her to invoke the III. Nixi Dj of the Capitol: but I, existimating those obsolete divinities as contemptible, extracted a linen thread from a desecrate corporale; and thereon I stringed *xv.* coriander seeds—Coriandrum satiuum—. A virginal person was necessary as adsistant; and, by cause that no confessor, even though he be a mage, can predicate that quality of any male whatsoever, I chose Madonnina Marcia, much perturbed in her mind but immaculate flower of virginity; who, standing on the dexter side, held the magick coriander uicinitate naturae under the invocation of Saint Anne: but I instructed the little Felicita to invoke Madonna of Happy Delivery who is venerate in the church of Sant' Agostino, and merits a new image.[1] And, such was the virtue, not only of the said coriander, but also of the said invocations, that in the space of a score of breaths a magnificent male child was produced. Instantly, abstracting the magick coriander from Madonnina Marcia, I concealed it in the prayer-book, in order that its force as of a loadstone no further might proceed, but diminish. So Divine Providence always tempers justice with mercy; awarding punishment, but mollifying the same with an apt salve; alleviating the dolor of the primal curse with this creature of coriander. Laudemus Nomen Domini.

[1] She has one now,—the finest specimen extant of what is popularly called 'a popish idol', perfectly disgraceful both to art and religion.

This night, after supper, I baptized the son of Ser Fabrizio's Felicita, imposing the name Ilario.

(Tuesday, xii Oct)

This day, a.d. iiii. Id. Oct., came one reputed veridical, saying that Dom Berengario da Cappi is used to intone the Mass Sancti Spiritus for whosoever will make the honorarium. O very prave presbyter, is the hebetude of thy mind so great that thou voluntarily makest thyself the sole secular in the City who intones this mass? That Domeniddio can deny no benefit so supplicated, thou well knowest. Hath not Regnator Olympi sufficient cares in responding to the supplications of friars and monks, that thou must add thy secular voice to those? Art thou inspired by avarice, or by malice, or by imbecility?

(Thursday, xiiii Oct)

This day, Prid. Id. Oct., I administered, to Dom Francesco Tarugi fasting, *ii.* cups of the humor of butcher's broom—Ruscus aculeatus—with honey, for his paralytick wrist. He is a very prudent presbyter. Observe him, Gheraldo.

(Saturday, xvi Oct)

This day, a.d. xvii. Kal. Nov., at dawn, being the fourteenth anniversary of the natal-day of Don Renato, and the fifteenth of that of Eros his foster-brother, the Supernity of my Lord caused to be celebrated *ii.* masses: the one, black, with a herse of *ccc.* torches, by the circumspect Dom Giangualberto Dardi, whose casmillus was Don Renato, for the repose of the soul of the Supernity of the Princess Claudia, wife to the said Supernity of Prince Marcantonio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, who migrated to The Lord on this day in the year of Man's Redemption *mdxv.*, after having given birth to Don Renato Ascanio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros; and the other, of the feria, by me, Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, whose casmillus was the seraphick Don Prospero, for the eternal prosperity of the said Don Renato. And, when these

Divine Actions were accomplished, with a state escort we rode to Ardea, where all the people were coacted in the courtyard, very jubilant; and, after a cadenza of hautboys, Messer Ubaldo Ferreri and the notaries being present, the Supernity of my Lord exsecuted a deed of donation, confirmed by codicilli honorarj on the part of our Lord the Pope, of the fortress and citadel, of the munimental city and all the feof of Ardea, with all titules and rights and privileges thereto appertinent, in favor of his son, Don Renato Ascanio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, aforesaid; sealing the Nude Pact with the ducal ring; delivering the same to his said son, together with the parchments, the insignia, and the ducal diadem, in the sight of all the people. Intendat, prospere procedat, et regnet.

The Supernity of my Lord, in a vesture of tyrianthine velvet; very noble. The Celsitude of Duke Renato in a vesture of percandid cloth of silver tissue with ermine, wearing his diadem; very glorious, also very noble. Nor will I be oblivious of the banquet, which was very noble.

(Sunday, xvii Oct)

This day, a.d. xvi. Kal. Nov., after siesta, rode in his estate to Vatican the Celsitude of Duke Renato, who did homage for his feof of Ardea, paying tribute of an altivolant heron carved in gold. Anon, His Celsitude presents to our Lord the Pope the erubescent Don Prospero; whom His Sanctitude observes with much favor, and will have him ask a boon, suggesting, on account of his seraphick robustitude, that he should have command of a troop and follow Mars. But the said Don Prospero, adeptly catching the mode, with reverence responded that he rather would prefer Michael than Mars; and with inevitable conviction he invected, saying that sacerdotium was more meritorious by cause that it was more periculous, and (on this account) was the career which, subject to the consent of His Sanctitude, and to the counsel of the Baron of his House, freely he would select. So he spoke in a very divine and artificial mode; and our Apostolick Lord observed him

with much joy, approving. For, in his tristity and calamity, our Most Sanct Father rejoices when He sees a patrician adolescent prefering the narrow path, knowing that perseverance thereon brings exceeding great reward.

(Monday, xviii Oct)

This day, a.d. xv. Kal. Nov., the Celsitude of Duke Renato exsecuted a renunciation of his rights concerning virgins of this feof of Ardea; having heard from Don Prospero of one who so renounced: but moved thereto by his proper will; saying that he will have from his subjects fidele probity, honor, and love, but not terror. Wherefore he lets them know that under his rule their honor is as secure as their possessions and their lives. Anon, His Celsitude, escorted by his familiars, made a progress through his demesne, inspecting what many times before he has inspected, but now for the first time as duke; the impregnable stronghold perched on the level rock at the confluence of *ii.* valleys; the river below; the rocky isthmus, leading from the citadel; the city perched upon a second adjacent rock; the second rocky isthmus, fortified by cyclopean ramparts and by fosses hewn in tufa, and leading to the open country; city and citadel munimented with walls cresting precipitous cliffs, solely approached by Via Ardeatina; the nemorose valleys; the hillsides opulent in vineyards and in gardens; the indomitable sea defining the limit. This is the stile of Messer Pomponius Mela. As we progressed, the ducal miracidion, serenely having spoken of these things and some others, requested silence for the inlustrious Don Prospero; who, very erubescent, but tranquil, with resonant virginal voice, made an oration to us standing round, saying that, in all the world no city (save Rome) can glory in more inlustrious incunabula than Ardea, whose foundress was no other than the Divine Danae, mother of that magnificent hero, Dios Perseys Drakontoletes, whom we now call by his Christian name, Saint George of Seriphos: saying also, that the said Divine Duchess Danae, being forced to fly from persecuting idolators with the tender progeny of her martyred laureate

son, to this place was conducted by a certain angel in the guise of a heron; who commanded Her Celsitude here to found a city, and a race, for a perpetual memory of the thing: saying further, that from that root, after many gliding lustrums, sprang the sumptuous fourfold consul, Duke Publius Ualerius, cognominato Poplicola by the people's love, who inlumined Aurate Rome with the blazon of Hagiostayros, the armorials of his divine progenitor; which same sumptuous consul in his turn was the progenitor of the patrician House of Poplicola di Hagiostayros, whose actual scion on this happy day we salute in saluting the Celsitude of Duke Renato. And, at this eloquent tribute, we were totally confounded and mute; for heretofore we have not rightly esteemed the seraphick orator.

(Tuesday, xviiii Oct)

This day, a.d. xiiii. Kal. Nov., the Supernity of my Lord jocosely supplicated of Duke Renato an extension of celsitudal hospitality; who, with equal jocundity responded, saying that, hoping to be honored by the presence of His Supernity and of this company, he was intending a collation al fresco at vicinal Lanuvium at the hour of Sext. Whither, in time, we rode with a splendid cavalcade, to drink new wine in the vineyard of Ser Cecco Garaviglio. And, by chance, they were digging a trench in the said vineyard, where before the eyes of all, they discovered an antick effigy buried in a patch of rather dry sand. But the venete eyes of Don Prospero scintillated, after we had inspected the piece in silence for lack of words; and he, always erubescent, with alacrity addressed the princes, saying that this must be an image of the Divine Juno Sospita, for he perceived the head ornate with a goatskin not without horns. Also, quoth he, the serpent of the temple in this place formerly was famed for its capability of distinguishing virgins among a crowd of both sexes. And my Lord's Supernity, gratified to know one so erudite as his kinsman, ostended Don Prospero to Duke Renato as an exemplary companion.

(Wednesday, xx Oct)

This day, a.d. xiii. Kal. Nov., at the hour of Terce, when ambling in the umbriferous wood with a bevy of palatial pages by chance I observed a forked branch on a nut bush, whereto instantly I proceeded, having borrowed the poignard of the honest Don Oddantonio Testeroventi, and, stooping down with much contortion and my hands between my legs, in silence I cut the said nut-fork. Anon, dipping the said nut-fork in the river, it emitted a strident sound, and I knew it for a divine wand, greatly rejoicing in my mind.

At avemmaria we returned to the City.

(Saturday, xxiii Oct)

This day, a.d. x. Kal. Nov., with a retinue of pontifical guards, came the Most Inlustrious Lord Franciotto Orsini, Cardinal-Δ of Santa Maria *in Cosmedin*, accompanied by a small bishop, whose name is unknown to me, and Don Giangiorgio Caesarini the lubrick Gonfalonier; and they conveyed a brief from our Lord the Pope, commanding the seraphick Don Prospero presently to receive the sacred tonsure, and instantly to follow the escort which has attended His Sanctitude to Bologna. Which Divine Actions having been accomplished at Santa Maria *in Poplicolis*, the new clerk leaves the *v.* locks of his hair, as an oblation to their manes, on what is deemed to be his parents' tomb. And so Duke Renato is deprived of his exemplary companion. The Supernity of my Lord has resumed his black vesture.

(Wednesday, xxvii Oct)

This day, a.d. vi. Kal. Nov., at the hour of Terce, the firm Ser Ruggiero conducted from Ardea Madonnina Marcia, not demure but desperate, saying that her veteran father, having intervened between some quarrelsome guards, sustained a wound whereby much blood left him: and for this cause he lies inconscious, too exhausted even to nick an eyelid, and about to die like a withered sapless branch. Instantly Duke Renato demanded that I should be

sent for the said veteran's salvation: for all here, Supernity, Celsitude, patrician, plebeian, esteem me as a mage who can restore (and who has restored) life to moribunds. The Supernity of my Lord ordains that I should go, Duke Renato ordains that His Celsitude also will go, attended by Eros and Ser Ruggiero. And Madonnina Marcia, having a new sentiment of confidence, will remain here for the painting, attended by the maternal Dionisia.

At the first hour of the night, to the Celsitude of Duke Renato I said that Don Marco Figlidelre has his mouth on the bier, by cause that almost all his blood has left him, and his old age prevents him from effecting more. Anon, His said Celsitude blazed with splendid bile, and proclaimed as much contempt for mages as for magick. To whom, not without indignation, I responded, saying that the magick of other mages sufficed not for the mage speaking: for, as the Divine Lionardo da Vinci says, Very vile is that disciple who cannot excel his master, and that it was in my mind that a certain unheard-of magick would revivify one as moribund as our Dona Marco. Instantly the ducal miracidion inquires what might be that species of magick. To whom I responded, saying that, if the blood be considered not as being stagnant, as is alleged, but as circumfluent throughout the whole body, then, by opening a vein of a robust person, binding the said vein to an opened vein of the moribund, binding also the *ii.* bodies together, the pulp of the one to the pulp of the other for the distribution of native ardor, it was reasonable to imagine that the said blood, being in essence fluent, would course equally through the veins of both persons, and so maintain life. And without hesitation, His Celsitude commanded the thing to be done, proffering his proper ducal and patrician robustitude to be divided with the said Don Marco. But here Eros burst out, manifesting eximious virtue, dancing the Anglican dance, dejecting Don Renato to the ground again and again, very vehemently vociferating that he, that he, that he, was cupid of sacrificing blood in place of his foster-brother. Nor was Don Renato less moved; and

furiously the *ii.* contended, even to the tearing of their vestures: but I to Divine Providence rendered an action of graces for so predicable an exposition of immoderate emulous noble generosity. Finally, they concluded among themselves a pact which was, that Eros should divide his blood to the penultimate drop with Don Marco; and then the blood of Duke Renato should revivify Eros upon necessity. Instantly we proceeded to the chamber of the said Don Marco, summoned the firm Ser Ruggiero, dismissed the women, barred the door. At first I invoked Saint Luke Evangelist and Probose Physician: but, when I placed the proper diurnal odor of mastick on the brazier, I remembered that Saint Raphael Archangel is the patron-tutelary of this day. There could be no more propitious omen. To Saint Raphael Archangel, one of the seven who stand before The Lord, whose ipsissima uerba addressed to Toby were Nunc misit me Dominus ut curarem te, I presented fervent supplications for archangelick direction and protection in this audacious thing which I was about to do. And with joy I communicated the news to Duke Renato and to Eros. The last exuded his vesture and stood, auricolored, venustous, invoking Saint Sebastian Radiant Pure Ephebe[1] who testified fidelity with his blood. The first, on behalf of the inconscious Don Marco, invoked Saint Mark Evangelist; Ser Ruggiero entered with *ii.* buckets full of water, and stood perrigid by the door. And, having completed my preparations, I opened a vein in the sinister wrist of Eros, fitting therein a silver tubule, obtuse at the terminals, curved like a horse-shoe, grooved to hold a ligature; and Duke Renato's vivid digit dammed the fluent blood therein, while Eros clenched his white teeth, and I constricted both ends of the divided vein with silk, the one in the wrist, the other on the tubule. Anon, having opened a vein in the dexter wrist of the immobile moribund senior, I fitted therein the other terminal of the said tubule constricting the divided veins, binding the *ii.* hands and arms together as far as the cubitus. Finally, I enveloped the *ii.* bodies in several blankets, washed my hands, and administered a pint of red

[1] 'San Sebastiano Ephebo Puro et Radiante.'

wine to Eros. So they lie on the bed, the aestuose sap of the adolescentule reanimating the vacant gelidity of the senior. Near them sit Don Renato and Ser Ruggiero; the last rather fastidiose for a man of war, but both very vigilant. The event is in Manibus Domini et diuorum eorum. And, having written this, I will now cause to be brewed a soup of sanguine beef seethed in red wine and white of *xxi.* eggs.

All goes well. Don Marco appears to sleep. The aspect of Eros changes not. He complains of rigors in his sanguinolent members, in his sinister hand. He complains of the gelidity of Don Marco. Who would not appear gelid in comparison with his pervivid ardor? Duke Renato sleeps in his chair, his rutilant head demitted on his dexter breast, his long white legs widely dilated, his hands gripping the arms of his chair. Ser Ruggiero watches, with immutable imperscrutable face of stone. With the last I shall joke concerning his squeamishness.

And I will give him the Morning Star. Divine Somnus being averse from me this night, I ascended the summit of my tower to take the air. The vast coerulean amplitude resembled a chalice filled with purpureal wine inlimitable in profundity. Divine Luna languished; pallid were stars and constellations, before the oriental splendor where white Phosphor flamed. Gems, I have seen. I have seen the sapphire triregno of the Lord Pope Paul II. I have seen the immense Burgundian diamond in the morse of the Lord Pope Clement. I have seen the gigantic chrysolith of the Supernity of my Lord, intagliate with the chariot of Divine Phoebus Apollo, radiant as a fragment of the Easter sun. But dull and terrene is the claritude of all these, compared with the inhuman scintillation of the clear pure star which I have seen this morn. It will be his reward who shall have overcome the world. It may be mine. Pater Coelestis Deus Nimbipotens Optime Maxime, deign to me this prize. Give me the Morning Star.

(Thursday, xxviii Oct)

This day, a.d. v. Kal. Nov., on removing the blankets, I

perceived in Don Marco a notable percussion of the veins; and his cuticule loses the livid pallor. But Eros has a percussion of the veins as valid as ever, and his color remains nitid and resplendent. He vituperissimates the avid prurience of his wounded wrist, the hircose odor of Don Marco; adolescence always being impatient of senility. Both eagerly drink the wine-soup. Eros devours bread, beef, salad, cheese and eggs in the manner of a famished lion. He delights in the diurnal odor of saffron. He falls asleep. Duke Renato watches.

After midnight, toward dawn, I wrote in the rather inept stile of Messer Aurelius Prudentius Clemens. Mea Culpa. Strange it is that good Christians should write abhominable Roman, using a stile at once extravagant and inurbane.

After my siesta, I was about to perambulate the courtyard; and in the gateway I encountered the firm Ser Ruggiero, bellowing No, No, No, in face of an immense crowd of familiars, who, on seeing me, instantly prostrated themselves, imploring a benediction. Which I imparted, and turned away: well knowing these superstitious pagans to be capable of any species of stupidity. And I was ambling in the private courtyard, when to me entered the said Ser Ruggiero, perrigid, solemn, supplicating the favor of an audience; whom I joined to myself, and together we paced to and fro. Silent he came, silent he remained. Anon, to me he responded, saying that the familiars had esteemed Don Marco dead. Silent he continued. Anon, in a torrent his words gushed forth. He deprecated his fastidy of yesterday, saying that he was used to the blood of men: that he himself had shed the blood of many (specially Gallicans): that his own blood had been shed: that blood shed in war, in accident, in madness, was to him speaking no more than natural: but, when he saw that venustous adolescent denude himself, offering his proper arm to the insidiose fleam, then a most fastidiose sensation pervaded the mind of him speaking. Wherefore, he already had implored indulgence of the Celsitude of Duke Renato, and indulgence of the said very noble very generous nothus; and now he was intending himself to implore an equal

indulgence of my Reverence. Which I instantly conceded; and further, I imparted benediction, preserving a grave aspect. But, when the said Ser Ruggiero had taken away his hard stern face and his tender heart of gold, then I laughed, not in mockery, but in admiration of the grand good creatures with which Divine Providence deigns to surround me, his unworthy minister. Deo gratias, Deo gratias.

This night Ser Ruggiero imports a pallet for Duke Renato, who may sleep, if so he will. Eros very voracious. On the third day I will examine the tubule.

(Friday, xxviiii Oct)

This day, a.d. iiii. Kal. Nov., Eros complains of a salient dolor of the head, is somniculous, and must be awakened to consume the wine-soup each hour. He dislikes the proper diurnal odor of pepperwort: but must tolerate the same. The color of Don Marco increases in vividity. He remains lethargick, but consumes the soup.

It is impossible to show myself in the courtyards, by cause of fatuous vacuous people. All day I have been reading those Epistules of the Sanct Doctor Hieronymus, or eating, or drinking, or sleeping.

This night the deaurate color of Eros languishes to pallor. Crural rigors and capital dolor no longer afflict him. He does not wish to move. He lies embracing Don Marco, whose veins have a regular percussion, who tardily raises his eyelids from time to time. I objurgated Silvio Flavj, who was filling the gallery with exsecrations by cause that Don Renato refuses to leave his foster-brother, nor will be bathed, nor will change his vesture, having washed no part of him except his hands since Wednesday.

(Saturday, xxx Oct)

This day, a.d. iii. Kal. Nov., the corporeal calor of Eros and Don Marco being equal; and the percussion of their veins being equal, but exiguous; and having Don Renato and Ser Ruggiero to suppress the blood, I abstracted the silver tubule, and separately

constricted the divided veins with ligatures, laving them with a lotion of wych-elm—Ulmus montana—, and saturating the bandages with the same. Anon, Ser Ruggiero carried Eros to his own chamber as reverently as one would carry the relick of a saint, delivering him to Valerio Flavj; and the women are admitted to Don Marco. I can do no more. Strong meat and drink, but wholesome, will re-edify their natures under the invocation of Saint Sebastian Radiant Pure Ephebe, Saint Mark Evangelist, Saint Raphael Archangel, Saint Luke Evangelist and Probose Physician, and so will secure the instauration of their health. Says Duke Renato, that I have done well to make an end on this day; for, had I inflicted upon the patients the sabbatick odor of sulfur, all most certainly would have migrated to The Lord. O procacious Celsitude. Having been bathed, he now embraces Eros, who is too hebete to do more than smile, gazing on him with such love and honor as is unusual even among brothers of the same blood. At supper, being solitary, I consumed a larded capon and *viiii.* fig-peckers[1] with immense satisfaction.

(Sunday, xxxi Oct)

This day, Prid. Kal. Nov., on awakening from sleep, I endured a monstrous dolor of the head, which anon I dismissed with a salve of basil—Ocymum basilicum—pounded with the humor of rose and myrtle. At the third hour of the day, I visited my nephew Don Cristoforo Pinarj and my niece Madonna Catarina, and my *iii.* gigantick grand-nephews, red as roses, plump as piglets. And, after siesta, Duke Renato and Eros being still asleep, I took a small guard, and returned to the City: for at Ardea I might not walk without stumbling, the ground being occupied by prostrate pagans, acclaiming a miracule-worker.

(Monday, i Nov)

This day, Kal. Nov., I narrated to the Supernity of my Lord the history of these days; who manifested a very tender commotion of mind on hearing of the valorous fortitude of Eros, and of the

[1] 'Et beccafichi *viiii.*'

noble sollicitude of Duke Renato. And, when I had made an end of speaking, my Lord supernally said, But thou, O Dom Gheraldo, knowst thou not that never mage hath done what thou hast done? To Whose Supernity, not without satisfaction, I responded, saying that I knew. And he silently observed me. And rising, he took the hand which had divided the veins; and he deigned most supernally to kiss the palm thereof; and still holding the said hand, he conducted me to the courtyard, where, in sight of all the palatial familiars, not forgetting Messer Uguccione Sciancati, a second time he deigned most supernally to kiss the said palm, saying, We cannot pay, but We can honor, and We will. And, in the treasury he commanded me to opt a jewel. And I opted an amethyst. And he found a rose-amethyst of the magnitude of a demi-walnut, of most consummate claritude and color, set in a bordure of gold. And to me he supernally donated the same. Moreover, when His Supernity had dismissed me, and I was returned to my cabinet, where, having barred the door, I sat all trepid with confusion, licking[1] my gorgeous amethyst, tasting its cool purity with my tongue, anon to me entered Ser Isidoro Bucalossi and the agile Don Stefanino Senzapaura with a bag of *cc.* doblones, as an extra premium from the most magnificent Supernity of my Lord. And I fell a-weeping in pure joy. And my grand-nephews will have a very handsome patrimony.

Gheraldo, avoid arrogance.

(Tuesday, 11 Nov)

This day, a.d. iiii. Non. Nov., the maternal Dionisia brought Madonnina Marcia, who rendered an action of graces, kissing my hands. At the hour of Sext, came from Ardea my nephew, Don Cristoforo Pinarj, escorting Silvio and Valerio Flavj, who are come for vestures for their lords. And, in my cabinet, I gave to my said nephew the bag of *cc.* doblones, ostending also my most admirable amethyst. And Cristoforo said, that the Celsitude of Duke Renato in my honor had been scattering favors and gold

[1] The amethyst, tested on the tongue, is colder than all other gems.

zecchini at Ardea to all who asked; seeing which, he who was speaking seized the opportunity also to ask a favor. But now I leaped upon the said Cristoforo's throat, and would have strangulated him nothwithstanding his gigantick torosity, knowing that my sacerdotium secured me against violence. But he, with inresistible mansuetude disengaged my hands, replaced me in my chair, there confining me inmutable, inquiring in the bland voice of a mild Idalian dove whether I esteemed my nephew capable of supplicating favors for himself. To whom I very strenuousl denied the thing. At this he liberated me, and I became tranqu e Anon, quoth he, Having made my petition, the Celsitude of D ad Renato exsecuted a deed donating to the Trinitarians of R ost that commodious messuage[1] and garden on the south wall, va isi- since therefrom the devil formerly took the soul of the mise too order that the said Trinitarians may have a villa at Ardea, whe and the friars may go for the recuperation of health, or for rest du At the aestive solstice, or to enjoy quiet study at any time. At t *iiii.* said to Cristoforo that, by his act, he had merited my benedict which I imparted to him; and, anon, he collected his guards his charges, and the bag of *cc.* doblones for my grand-nephe d and departed.

Now it is certain that the said Cristoforo is a noble and bene ficent aurochs; and it is not less certain that the uncle of the sai Cristoforo is becoming demented. Gheraldo, requiesca in pace.

(Friday, v Nov)

This day, Non. Nov., came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that a congregation of *iiii.* cardinals govern the City and the world, while our Lord the Pontiff is at Bologna.

(Monday, viii Nov)

This day, a.d. vi. Id. Nov., came the valgous gibberose tailor of Catinari, bringing my new cymar of thick cloth in preparation for brumal gelidity; and not too well fitting.

[1] 'Messuagium.'

(Tuesday, viiii Nov)

This day, a.d. v. Id. Nov., from Ardea Duke Renato brought his foster-brother, suppallid, but vegete; and the Supernity of my Lord praises the generous germanity of the last, presenting to him a patrimony worth *mlviiii.* zecchini d'oro. But Duke Renato does more; for seeing that now the time is come for naming his familiars, His Celsitude names the firm Ser Ruggiero Rodolfi of proved fidelity as praefect of his cohort: but Eros he ennobles, naming him as his locumtenens and signifer. So terrae filius becomes fortunae filius; and, now that this palatine finds himself mounted on horseback, he will not stand still, for an ounce of fortune is worth more than a pound of knowledge. Also, for his chamberlains, the Celsitude of Duke Renato names the vigorous Don Sandro Borgianni and the torose Don Cristoforo Pinarj: for his gentlemen, the martial Don Manlio Tarchiati, the grand Don Silvestro Rigogliosi, the agile Don Stefanino Senzapaura, the suave Don Ugolino Cenci absent at Bologna: for his seneschal, the veteran Don Marco Figlidelre, for his pages, the erect Don Giorgio Gagliardi as prior, the rubicund Don Angelo Begliarti, the slender Don Glorio Coscetonde, the torvid Don Flaminio Triorchi, the immense Don Furio Nerboruti, the rosy Don Giacinto Perdutini absent at Bologna, the intrepid Don Iulo Cordadamante, the adept Don Lucio Braccidiferro absent at Bologna, the urbane Don Oddo del Drago: for his armourer, Ser Ercole with the cognomen Romano. The rest will continue; opportunity or necessity will cause addition. Touching the matter of liveries and armorials, His Celsitude will take counsel.

Duke Renato imposes on Don Eros the cognomen Ardeati.

(Wednesday, x Nov)

This day, a.d. iiii. Id. Nov., came the first courier with a brief from Don Prospero, who, having no pontifical ring,[1] was unable

[1] This would appear to be one of those vast gilt bronze rings, measuring some three inches in diameter, set with a cristall, and having the pontifical armorials embossed on the shoulders, which are to be found in large numbers in most museums. They evidently were credentials.

to procure the swiftest horses at the posts; and who for this cause attained Bologna on the Solempnity of All Saints, *vi.* days after His Sanctitude. And now he jokes, because solely the Roman clergy wear beards, which our Lord Pope Clement vows us to wear as a memorial of the siege, in order to remind the Elect-Emperor that Rome never forgets. And of these, so strange among the clergy of other nations who assembled at Bologna, the said Don Prospero jocosely has written, denominating them Roman Barbarians, the which, o beardless seraph, is a perridiculous contradiction in terms.

(Thursday, xi Nov)

This day, a.d. iii. Id. Nov., at the hour of siesta, the whole palace being summerged in silence, came to my zotheck very delicately, very timidly, the gracile Don Eros Ardeati, erubescent and pudibund as Don Prospero, with a most delectable elegance of gait and rarity of color due to his sanguine sacrifice; who manifested an astounding defect of words. To whom I extended encouragement, perceiving superb reticent adolescence to be in labor, and wondering how ridiculous a mouse might be approaching birth. Anon, he would know whether I had any cause for esteeming him morose or difficult; but I responded, saying that, contrariwise, I esteemed him as endowed with a good and cheerful disposition. Anon, he would know whether I credited him with any animosity; but I responded, saying that his acts proved him to be as animose a pube as might be. Anon, he played with his baldrick, which is one of those confected of the linked testoni, very splendid. Relinquishing the road of dialectick, he invited my attention to his hands; but I said that they indicated tremors. Diverging to dialectick he inquired whether, at a certain place and occasion not unknown to me, and not unconnected with fleams, tubules, and so forth, I had perceived any tremors, in any art or part of him, at any moment when he was totally exposed to view; but I responded that, at all times and in all places, I had perceived him to be absolutely as intrepid as the Celsitude of Duke Renato

himself. His pure grand eyes rendered an action of graces for that saying. Quoth he, Then thou seest me trepid now, o Dom Gheraldo; and he again summerged his soul in a pool of silence. Now it appeared to me that this was not a case of conscience requiring the exercise of my sacerdotium; but rather some native prisk delicacy of mind which tormented this venustous innocent; and, being mindful of that proverb of Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal, where it is written, Maxima debetur puero reuerentia, I recognized that his declaration must come before interrogation and not after. Wherefore I intended myself urbanely to pay gratulations on his merited honors; saying some such words as these, that, seeing his innate virtue to have won for him, even in the first year of his adolescence, nobility and patrimony and name—and there was the key to his arcana. Name, quoth he: but——Name.[1] Instantly I inquired wherein his dissatisfaction lay? And, suddenly perloquacious, to me he responded saying, that the premiums (which had been rained upon him) exceeded not only his merits, but also his ultimate cupidity, and even his power of imagining: but his angor and sollicitude of mind was by cause that it had not been deemed convenient to concede to him a Christian name. And he would inquire of my superior counsel, whether or no he would err against his duty in supplicating Duke Renato to concede this to him in place of those others. With hilarity in my mind and with gravity on my brow, I demanded why he was discontented with his present name; but he responded, saying that continually it inflamed him with rage against the palatial pages, who commonly called him Cupid,—and indeed he is a veritable Cupid, venustous, fervid, dulcet, dolose, dire—; who pretend to esteem him a master-archer; who molest him with petitions, imploring his intercession with his mother whom they call Divine; who incessantly inquire why he goes disguised, covering coelestial nudity with mundane vesture; and such-like horrid abhominable gibes. To whom I responded, inquiring whether he had made selection of a Christian name. He said he would choose the name Giorgio;

[1] 'Nome, disse: Ma——Nome.'

but that he might not aspire to a name already occupied by the Celsitude of Duke Renato; therefore he would choose the name Sebastiano, but he preferred the name Maurizio, who was a saint of the same species as San Giorgio, bearing the armorials also of San Giorgio and of Duke Renato, but of reverse tincture. I inquired what other disability attached to his present name, beside the lascivious taunts of the palatial pages. He responded, saying, None. Then, to him I divulged the news that, formerly, the name Eros frequently was imposed by patricians on their freedmen and that he was the quasi-freedman of Duke Renato. He assented to this. Anon, I inquired whether he had heard the inlustrious oration of Don Prospero, when he spoke of the Divine Duchess Danae, who, being conducted by an angel, brought the progeny of Saint George of Seriphos to rude Latium? He responded, saying that he had heard. Anon, I demanded, Which of the angels was that one? He responded, saying that he did not know; nor had the name been spoken. Anon, I demanded, In what form did the said angel manifest himself? He responded, saying, In the form of a heron. Finally, I announced, In the Roman tongue we name that heron Ardea; but in the Greek tongue, and Saint George of Seriphos deigned to be a Greek, the said heron was called Erodios. And, all incontinent at this, he cried, Oh, but mine is the name of that angel, and I am the Heron or Ardea. Exsultant, he fled. But what exquisite simplicity, what persuave animosity, what a sacred flower of adolescence, bloom in Don Eros Ardeati. And him I might have killed. Oh, horror! Deus misereatur illius; et benedicat illi; et ad uitam perducat aeternam.

(Friday, xii Nov)

This day, Prid. Id Nov., came the valgous Boccone, having improved my new cymar; it now is decent to the eye and apt to the form.

I observed the grand virile form of my nephew Cristoforo riding on horseback, in which art he emulates the Divine Uirbius of Nemi; for he has relinquished the religious inflexion of his

shoulders, and he sits erect as any equestrian emperor, and his animal is that diabolick skewbald from Squillace which terrifies the equerries; but between the gigantick femorals of Cristoforo she demonstrates a docility obstupefying all beholders, and not without reason. To the said Cristoforo I responded, saying that Don Marco may leave his bed, may eat, may drink, may act, at his own discretion; for, in such a case Nature knows best. Gheraldo, for thy soul's salvation, set not down here *the words which the* said Don Marco hath sent to thee this day.

(Saturday, xiii Nov)

This day, Id. Nov., at the hour of Vespers, came the firm Ser Ruggiero from Ardea, where he had been exercising the cataphractors; and, with his troop, in a horse-litter he imported a certain Mauritanian of about the age of *xvi.* years, who was in a condition of extreme corporeal hebetude, having been found prone on the sea-shore, and apparently drowned, by the said Ser Ruggiero when visiting the watch-towers. There was no means of knowing how he came to be dejected on the said sea-shore; for no ship had been observed during the past *xi.* days. But, because the said captain knew the Celsitude of Duke Renato to be cupid of inspecting a barbarian of this color, the corpse, moreover, being recent and not yet tabid, he instantly imports it to the City; but the succussature of the horses would appear to have revivified the corpse which he esteemed a cadaver; wherefore it is not a dead but a vivid Mauritanian which he presents to Duke Renato. Which serene miracidion, being much delighted, required me to invigorate the said savage without delay; whom, having caused to be carried to the infirmary, and to be washed, for the salt on his nigrick skin resembled hoar-frost, I found to be of a most subtile and most exquisite sinuosity for one of his years, of most grand and most egregious formosity for one of his color: but recovering from singular hebetude of body, and voraciously esurient; and to him I conveniently ministered. Anon, he soundly slept; and I observed that, though his cuticule was as black as the blackened

ravens of Divine Phoebus Apollo, nevertheless his lineaments were not those of a negro, but were subtile and noble; nor his hair crisp, but as rare as silk; while his form and his membrature were of very elegant and consummate virtue. And, before supper, having awakened him, and having administered food, and a cordial of bay—Laurus nobilis—to cheer his heart, I inquired into his antecedents. But he, using a barbarick species of the Latin tongue responded, saying that he was a slave, born and bred in Mauritania, educated to perform all personal services (such as hair-plucking, corn-cutting, nail-trimming, friction of the sinews): that his possessor took him, with a ship-load of other slaves, to vend to the Turks, but, during the voyage, the said slaver was used to kidnap such Christian infants as he might find on the shores which he passed: that he, who was speaking, having rejected a suggestion of crime, provoked the said arch-pirate to such a degree of ire, that he projected him into the waves: that there, being tenacious of his life and an adept swimmer, he swam until his mind became obscure; and he said many other things. Now Messer Publius Uergilius Maro says, Ex uno disce omnes; and, seeing that the guards of His Celsitude patrol the river-mouth so vigilantly that no pirate can approach unseen, this Mauritanian must have swum *i.* league, or even *ii.* leagues, and to the possibility of this both his very valid very nervose form, and his effete and saline condition alike do testify. If he swam, and he must have swum, he might have swum from a ship. If he swam from a ship, and he must have swum from a ship, for rude Latium produces not Mauritanians, then the other things might have been as narrated. Having left him to eat while I pondered, I perambulated the courtyard cogitating the affair; and, by chance, I cast an eye on the lacertose Ser Ercole Romano, fatigate, perfused with sweat, quiescent after labor; whom I instantly conducted to the Mauritanian, commanding the last to give a specimen of his art and mystery on the body of this armourer. It was done; and in a most knowing manner. From each sinew was exserted lassitude, agility inserted, by adept manipulation, to the obstupefaction of the said

Ser Ercole, who deemed his manipulator to be a fusky cacodaemon of the pit infernal inchanted by some of that magick which they attribute to me. Anon, being satisfied with these *ii.* corroborations, I deliberated in my mind that credence was due to the rest. Wherefore, I presented my opinion to Duke Renato, with the connudate Mauritanian, whom His Celsitude admired, as well for his history, as for his verisimilitude to the ebony effigy of Divine Adolescent Meleager with mother-o'-pearl eyes on the gallery stair. Mirifick it is that, even under a pelt of diabolick color, the precious gem of virtue should lie hidden; yet, from the moving aspect of this slave's virile effulgent magniloquent eyes, there can be no doubt but that his soul is formed of that same material from which heroes and saints also are made.

Gheraldo, *touching the matter of material, remember that* Divine Providence very generously has provided the same, to which thou very culpably hast neglected to give adequate form. Take care of thy stile, Gheraldo.

(Tuesday, xvi Nov)

This day, a.d. xvi. Kal. Dec., Duke Renato and Don Eros submitted their sinews to the Mauritanian, to their immense satisfaction. And the said slave will be attached to the person of His Celsitude, vested for the present in a white woollen tunick, with sandals.

(Wednesday, xvii Nov)

This day, a.d. xv. Kal. Dec., the Celsitude of Duke Renato rode in his estate to Ardea, accompanied by Don Pippo Neri, desiring that this amiable friend should see him in his new demesne. Now that Don Prospero is absent, it is beneficial that there should be a sympathy between these *ii.*; for Don Pippo combines the pulchritude of Don Eros, and the pudor of Don Prospero, with his own ingenious jocúndity; and there can be no better companion for the vivid serene formosity of the Celsitude of Him of Ardea. Yet, as

well as this hilarity of mind, there also is in the said Don Pippo, a profound piety; for, when he was passed from infancy to puerice, a certain one related to him the glorious histories of his progenitors, exhibiting the names of these inscribed in the genealogies. Anon, Don Pippo inquires whether his own name there would be inscribed; and, when he heard that his said name so would appear, then, blazing with splendid bile, he tore up the said genealogies, announcing himself cupid of no inscription there, preferring to be inscribed in the Book of Life, says Mariaserafina, his quondam nurse.

(Wednesday, xxiiii Nov)

This day, a.d. viii. Kal. Dec., came a courier with a brief from the seraphick Don Prospero, giving news that, our Lord Pope Clement having named him page of the Apostolick Presence, he was able to observe the portentous meeting of His Sanctitude and His penitent intractable persecutor. The Elect-Emperor was as pallid as a cadaver; the Pontiff was as pallid, says Don Prospero. What digladiant commotions of mind lay behind that pallor. The *ii.* mortal enemies, face to face, each having no confidence in the other's bona fides, waited each on other. Finally, our Most Sanct Lord, crushing His human nature, most apostolically proffered to the Elect-Emperor the Kiss of Peace. O Divine Clement. O True Peter. So Thy Lord commanded Thee to turn the other cheek. Says also Don Prospero that the Elect-Emperor's apartments communicate with those of the Sanctitude of the Pope, and the terms of the peace will be constituted in private conferences, no singular thing being brought to light until a result has been attained. Now I venture to suppose that the pontifical page, whose office (during these secret conferences) shall lie between those *ii.* apartments, is likely to be a more fecund index than Messer Gabinio Gabinj; which last solely can bring to us such tabid half-chewed information as the cardinals of the curia are unable to digest. But the Supernity of my Lord is oblivious of all except his art and mystery; and the Celsitude of Duke Renato is oblivious of

all except the new liveries of his familiars, and Don Prospero's good fortune will not advantage us.

Gheraldo, think more of thy stile.

(Thursday, xxv Nov)

This day, a.d. vii. Kal. Dec., after Mass, came to my cabinet the Celsitude of Duke Renato, very serene, very astute, his hands conjoined on his rutilant head, his feet close, his body swaying at the loins, his whole aspect most artificial; and he would know whether it was in my mind to send a breve to Don Prospero. To whom I responded, saying that I certainly would send several letters, when the courier shall depart on the sixth day from the present. But, quoth His Celsitude, If thou hast a breve prepared within the hour, there will be no defect of a courier, o solemn Dom Gheraldo; and, with a serpentine wriggle of his gracile body, he burst into cordial laughter, cutting indecorous capers at me obstupefied, and saying that, seeing only one of Don Prospero's *vi.* familiars to be a courier, who can bring and take letters only once in *xiiii.* days, he, having heard my hestern words to my Lord's Supernity, himself being cupid of news, motu proprio was sending the firm Ser Ruggiero and *xx.* equerries, each with a led horse, ostensibly to attend Don Prospero as Poplicola di Hagiostayros in Bologna, but actually with a secret mandate to the said Don Prospero that he shall send frequent news to Dom Gheraldo, without regard to the regular post, nor to man, nor to money, nor to beast. And, saying this, His Celsitude flung a leg over my head, and ran to the treasury for a letter of credit for Ser Ruggiero. Instantly I indited very studiose counsels to the precious Don Prospero, and a salutation to the fidele Messer Antonio Teobaldi. And, an hour before Terce, the *xxi.* galloped out into Catinari. How admirable are the perspicacity and the promptitude of this puerine Celsitude. To what good use does he put his recently acquired potesty.

(Friday, xxvi Nov)

This day, a.d. vi. Kal. Dec., having sent Don Eros to Ardea for

news of Don Marco, the Celsitude of Duke Renato produced himself, to my Lord's Supernity painting, as the Divine Latonigena; but, when the maternal Dionisia brought Madonnina Marcia, he remained in the audience-chamber, studying the picture of Saint Agnes in the presence of the example, darting intelligent intuitions from image to reality, silently that he might not perturb my Lord, now intent upon the final touches, and totally unaffected by his condition. Only in puerice do we possess the inverecund innocence of our primaeval progenitors. These *ii.* might be equipollent buds blooming on an almond and an apple tree.

(Monday, xxviiii Nov)

This day, a.d. iii. Kal. Dec., came Messer Rafaele del Moro, importing the magnifick grand ring commanded by Duke Renato, a most ingenious work, being a solid circulet of gold, whereupon lie pandiculate *ii.* forms flexile and terete, puerus on this side, puera on that, carved in the antick mode. Their *iiii.* entwined arms sustain a ducal coronet, dense with diamonds on the leaves; which coronet serves as a bezel, wherein is set a union pearl[1] of purest color and of the diameter of my thumb-nail. Beneath the pearl he browses on her lips. The signification, if signification there be, is clear. The Supernity of my Lord will be very irate.

Nevertheless the said signification and the said prediction may be null and void, o very suspicacious presbyter.

(Thursday, ii Dec)

This day, a.d. iiii. Non. Dec., at midnight, defatigate with study, and a graveolent alembick having impelled me to take the air, I was perambulating the inner courtyard; and to me there silently appeared a spectre as of one whom Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus thus describes:—

'Insignibus raptis puer,
Inpube corpus, quale posset inpia
Mollire Thracum pectora.'

[1] Unio = a single large pearl.

And when I saw him to be unshrouded, but with that which appeared to be a feral napkin about his head, and of mortal pallor in the moonlight, evidently just emerged from his tomb, incontinent I fetched an aspergill, wherewith, as he passed me in the shadows, I imparted aquasancta. But he maintained his facile aerial gait, and the tardy waving of his gracile arms, and the solemn rhythmick swinging of his members, nor was he in any wise discommoded; and I doubted whether this was a true shade. Anon I followed: and lo, the tender Don Glorio Coscetonde, newly risen from bed, vested in his night-cap, his investite form submitted to the mordent breeze of night, somnambulant. Anon, his course concluded, he returned to the dormitory, I with a lamp following, watching while he bedded himself, still dormient, and indeed none awake there save I and the angels. Terrifying: but exhilarating.

(Friday, iii Dec)

This day, a.d. iii. Non. Dec., responded to me in secret the rubicund Don Angelo Begliarti, saying that he himself slept very soundly; that he had no cause of complaint against his concubitor, except that, at times awakening in the night, he found this last as gelid and as rigid as a cadaver. To whom I imparted certain information and a certain mandate. Anon, responded to me in secret, the tender Don Glorio Coscetonde, saying that he had no cause for complaint against his concubitor: that he was unable to assign a cause for the chilblains on his little feet. To whom I donated a salve of our-lady's-navel—Cotyledon Umbilicus Ueneris—pounded in lard, for the said chilblains. Anon, to him I cautelously divulged the news that, by night, his tender form was occupied by some cacodaemon who instigated insalutary somnambulation; which cacodaemon instantly must be exorcised, lest his potency increase by prolongation of possession. And for this cause I ordained the said page to sleep on the couch in my zotheck, by favor of Minerva; and also to submit to certain magick rites. And he, terrified but grateful, consented.

Having obtained from the maternal Dionisia *iiii.* swaddling bands in honor of the *iiii.* Sanct Evangelists, very soft and very long; and having composed a commodious bed with blankets and a pillow; this night, I joined together the said swaddling bands, imparting thereto the benediction Ad Omnia. And, when the said Don Glorio Cosectonde, having bathed, was come from the lavatory, and in my zotheck had exuded his bedroom-gown,[1] I bound the said swaddling bands round the tender breasts of him, he standing by the bedside: but the end I adfixed to a leg of the couch. Anon, while he prayed, I threw the proper diurnal odor of peppermint on the brazier; and when he had drawn his night-cap over his curls, I caused him twice to intone the incantation·—

'Hypne, anax pantōn te theōn pantōn t' anthrōpōn, ei men dē pot' emey epos eklyes, ēd' eti kai nyn peithey: egō de ke toi ideō charin ēmata panta.'[2] Anon he ascended the bed. To him I imparted the benediction Ad Pueros. The blankets involved him. Anon he slept. Minerva and her kittens advisted at this function with the gravest decorum, sitting erect with their tails tidily[3] disposed around their toes, very observant, very demure; but when, at the fourth hour of the night, I entered my cubicle, I found Their Felinities occupying their former station on my bed's foot. Now, whether this is in order to punish me for depriving them of the couch in my zotheck, or by cause that the presence of such an insidious Cupid as Don Glorio is offensive to the pudicity of Minerva, I am unable to decide.

Gheraldo, think more of thy stile.

[1] 'Cubicularem vestem.'

[2] This 'incantation' would appear to be.—

> *ὑπνε, αναξ παντων τε θεων παντων τ' ανθρωπων,*
> *ει μεν δη ποτ εμευ επος εκλυες, ηδ' ετι και νυν*
> *πειθευ· εγω δε κε τοι ιδεω χαριν ηματα παντα.*

O Sleep, of all gods and of all men the King, if ever indeed thou didst listen to my prayer, now too be persuaded, and I will own gratitude to thee all my days.—(*Ilias*, xiv. 233-235.)

[3] 'Concinne.'

(Saturday, iiii Dec)

This day, Prid. Non. Dec., came from Bologna the first of the secret couriers, bringing letters full of such affection for Duke Renato as I never have seen expressed in words. But the news the said Don Prospero has written to me: saying that the Pontiff and the Elect-Emperor are keeping separate estates in the same palace; and they do nothing except the granting of audiences to the interminable orations of embassadors who are congregating in Bologna, not only from kings and princes regnant, but from every little tyrant in Christendom concupiscent of obtaining certain favours; and so on, and so forth. This, o innocent Don Prospero, is not news, but merely a description of an ordinary natural process.

(Sunday, v Dec)

This day, Non. Dec., came the Most Worshipful and Most Respectable Cardinal-Nephew, the Lord Ippolito de' Medici, Cardinal-Δ of Santa Prassede, to pay his respects to the Supernity of my Lord; saying that, when Fiorenza shall have been reduced, it will be more convenient that he should be its duke in place of Don Alessandro de' Medici. Here be two torvine adolescents, rivals for a throne. It is my sentence that, seeing the said Don Alessandro to be *iiii.* months senior to the said Cardinal Padrone, though both are under the age of *xx.* years, and also seeing the first to be the spurious son of our Lord the Pontiff, I would award to him the said duchy; for his cousin already is elevated to the purple, a dignity which has no superior save one in the whole orb of earth.

(Monday, vi Dec)

This day, a.d. viii. Id. Dec., returned the Most Worshipful and Most Respectable Cardinal-Padrone; whom the Supernity of my Lord would not receive; and who said to me that yesterday he forgot to allege, as a claim to the duchy of Fiorenza, that he himself perhaps was the offspring of legitimate nuptials; that in any case his mother was patrician; but that the mother of Don Ales-

sandro de' Medici was a peasant girl of Collevecchio. Which news, with frigid amoenity, I promised to convey to my supernal Lord; and I dismissed the adolescent cardinal without much encouragement. Now it appears to me that the said Don Alessandro corporeally is benefited by his peasant blood; and as for the infamy of that, has not Christ's Vicar ability to bind and loose in earth and heaven? But, yes.

(Friday, x Dec)

This day, a.d. iiii. Id. Dec., came from Don Prospero a courier with a letter for Duke Renato, containing news of a certain perreligious aulick-page of the Elect-Emperor's, who is in as close attendance on his sovereign as is the seraphick scribe on the Sanct Sovereign of that sovereign. And, while our Lord the Pope and the said Elect-Emperor confer, Don Prospero and the said perreligious aulick-page attend at the door, and occupy in conversation among themselves. And the said perreligious aulick-page,[1] says Don Prospero, is of egregious formosity; and the other pages call him Apollo the Second, or Narcissus; but the damsels of the court have nicknamed him Attis, a name which he has not merited, says Don Prospero, seeing that some months ago he led in matrimony a Portugal princess, in order to preserve his chastity, being of a sanguine corporeal habit, and of the incontinent age of *xviii.* years. But I have sent an amiable admonition to Don Prospero, saying that the intimate amicity of newly-married adolescence is not convenient for him, virginal, and honored with a Divine Vocation.

(Monday, xiii Dec)

This day, Id. Dec., at the seventh hour of night, the cacodaemon moved the tender Don Glorio Coscetonde to try somnambulation; but the incantation, not less than the sanctified swaddling-bands,

[1] This would appear to be Don Francisco de Borja y Borja y Aragon, great-grandson of Alexander P.M. VI., Marquess of Lombay; subsequently Duke of Gandia and General of Jesuits, canonized a.d. 1671 as San Francisco de Borja. He had eight legitimate children; and his branch of the House of Borgia became extinct A.D. 1882.

restrained him. And, on hearing the noise, having indued myself with a night-gown, I swiftly went down the stairs; and I found him very rosy on the floor struggling distressfully like a swimming Cupid; but, when I had demitted on the brazier the proper diurnal odor of aloes, and had tranquillized him with mansuete words and aquasancta, anon he slept. But I and Minerva gratefully returned to my cubicle; for the passage induced a gelid rigor of the legs.

(Friday, xvii Dec)

This day, a.d. xvi. Kal. Jan., came from Don Prospero a courier with a brief describing the fashions for the Celsitude of Duke Renato; wherein it is written that all foreigners, having come to Bologna with their valises full of multicolored vestures, begin (like barbary apes) to imitate the Elect-Emperor who wears solely black, velvet, silk, brocade, all black, with diamond buttons and appurtenances, and the collar of the Golden Fleece. Wherefore, says Don Prospero, the tailors are becoming demented, and suspending themselves by the neck at the rate of *ii.* per diem, having no more black fabricks to vend to the crowds who besiege their shops. What else could be expected in Bologna? And the height of fashion is to wear the sword between the femorals, suspended by straps before and behind from belt to scabbard. Very indecent; for though, with meek sollicitude of soul, one might walk and evade tripping, one conveniently could not sit, on horseback one could not sit, with the sword in questa uanissima inanissima Hispanisissima positione.

(Saturday, xviii Dec)

This day, a.d. xv. Kal. Jan., after Terce, came the Nobility of Madonna Livia Caesarini, in a gown of white velvet ornate with fringes formed of the crests of peacocks, scintillant, viridly per-inradiant, and she was concupiscent of inspecting the Saint Agapitus in the chapel; and she would know why the Supernity of my Lord should opt to labor, seeing that he with facility might hire a score of painters; and she knew no reason why the Celsitude

of Duke Renato should be suspended by the feet, like a traitor, quoth Her Nobility. She was thinking of the picture of her proper relation Don Giuliano Caesarini, on Campidoglio. O nasty little contemptible bit of old woman, having a face colored and corrugated like a walnut-shell, inconvenient and inept as a nun, arrogant and insolent as Tanaquil, know thou that painting is proper for a prince, who (being vested in tryianthine velvet) may paint what he pleases nemine contradicente, as the erudite Messer Cennino Cennini says. Anon, in the same place, Her said Nobility manifests concupiscence for the aureate palla of the altar, stroking the same with her foetid paws. Anon, in the sacristy, prating and chattering like a jay, very flippant, she plays with the argent turibles suspended on the wall. By which ineffable and portentous misdemeanours, she contravenes a decree of the Lord Pope Saint Boniface I., where it is written that females are interdicted from touching turible and palla, on pain of I know not what.

Gheraldo, think less of thine herbary, less of Cupids, less of Tanaquils; and improve thine abhominably inurbane stile.

(Monday, xx Dec)

This day, a.d. xiii. Kal. Jan., came from Don Prospero a courier with a letter containing the case of the infortunate Duke of Milan, whom our Lord the Pontiff loves, whom the Elect-Emperor loathes. Eheu, o miserable mortal, say what invidious divinity thou hast offended, say what jealous nymph thou hast scorned, that these so dire afflictions should befal thee. Who formerly set th' envenomed poignard in the hand of Bonifazio——Malefazio were the apter name? Who kept the venom rankling in thy blood these *vi.* long years, rendering inert thy members, so that thou most dolorously goest on hands and horny knees? Who transformed thy palace into thy prison? Who to hebetude from valetude reduced thee? Who to penury from opulence dejected thee? Who but that august imperator, to whose footstool presently thou crawlest—thou, of regal blood, who crawlest like a sordid worm? Who but that august imperator, solely tolerating thee by cause

that Peter pitieth thee? Who but that august imperator, instauring thee to half thine own, solely by cause that Peter prayeth for thee, and anon shall pay—Caesar will see that Peter shall pay—for thee. This is the declamatory or oratorical stile of Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero. Don Francescomaria Sforza-Visconti may have Milan; but he must pay to the Elect-Emperor *iiiicm.* zecchini d'oro, and *x.* annual sums of *lm.* zecchini d'oro; and Pavia is donated to that ferocious Catalan captain Don Antonio di Leyra.

(Tuesday, xxi Dec)

This day, a.d. xii. Kal. Jan., was manifested yet another native excellence possessed by Duke Renato. For, at the eighth hour of night, I was concluding my lucubrations, closing books, lighting my night-lamp, yawning, and the rest; when suddenly to me entered His Celsitude in a night-gown of ermine, very vivid and loquacious. And to me, inquiring how many palatial pages attended him—being unwilling to admit stolid puerice to my cabinet—he responded, saying that he was alone. Also, he denied that he had come with a torch; saying that he was able to see without light. But I affirmed that to be innatural and inpossible; for no one was able in total obscurity to traverse a score of ante-chambers, a gallery, and *iii.* stairs, except those creatures whose eyes are conveniently constructed, such as be the eyes of cats and of kittens. Nevertheless, and all to the contrary notwithstanding, We are able so to see, quoth he, and We offer to conduct thee, o Dom Gheraldo, in perfect security to Our cabinet. Which presently was done. Having come there, tardily, by cause that the night was obscure, and I trepid, anon I willed to return. Taking my hand, he conducted me as before, saying from time to time, On, On; or, Step down, Step down; or, Step up, Step up, on the stairs in an admirable manner. And, anon, in a place especially obscure, I detained him, for I was cupid to examine his eyes; and lo, when he reverted to me, I saw his eyes shining verisimilar to the liquid golden eyes of Minerva; and, admiring the prodigy, I proceeded. In the light of the lamp I again examined his said eyes;

but they appeared as usual, grand in iris and pupil, very pure, very bright, very profound, and the color of the iris verisimilar to brown velvet marginated with amber on mother-o'-pearl. But now I demanded why he came to me; and he responded, saying that he had dreamed of a very horrid grandmother of ghosts, having a green face and no eyes, nor any sockets for eyes, who incessantly infested his sleep, kneeling on his breast, sucking the breath of him speaking; wherefore, that he might lift this noxious perturbation from his mind, he had relinquished his bed, indued his night-gown, and had intended himself to perambulate the palace; and having seen the illumined window of my cabinet, hither he was come, and hence presently would go. And he went. But I shall retire to my cubicule to take the opinion of Minerva, not only concerning those luscious eyes, but more especially concerning the grand and strong soul,[1] which impavidly confronts, contemns and dismisses fear.

After dinner, secretly responded to me the pyladean Don Eros Ardeati, saying that everyone knew Duke Renato to be capable of seeing in the dark, saying further, that palatial puerice was used to denominate the said Celsitude as Callido or Miccio, behind his back and among themselves. Secretly, in similar words, to me responded the superb prior of palatial pages, and the adept Don Lucio Braccidiferro, and the erect Don Giorgio Gagliardi. Secretly to me responded also the firm Ser Ruggiero, saying that he knew it; saying that for his part he would not be surprised at any prodigy in Duke Renato, not even if His Celsitude suddenly were to emulate the flight of a seamew. Which is very absurd. But the fact is true, and most admirable; and by daylight the said ducal eyes are verisimilar to other eyes of that color, differing solely in their superior pellucidity and effulgence. And we are all his venerators, and his slaves, and his lovers.

(Wednesday, xxii Dec)

This day, a.d. xi. Kal. Jan., came from the Curia Messer Gabinio

[1] 'La Magnanimita et la validanimita.'

Gabinj, saying that Don Ferdinando di Gonzaga, with half the imperial army, has seized the opposite bank of River Arno with the cities Prato and Pistoja. So Fiorenza lies in the grip of a blockade.

(Friday, xxiiii Dec)

This day, a.d. viiii. Kal. Jan., having perfected the picture of Saint Agnes, my Lord supernally presented the same to Duke Renato, who caused it to be erected in his cubicule. But when I came to inspect it there, the ducal miracidion exhibited also a picture of the head and breasts of Madonnina Marcia as Saint Agnes, which he himself secretly has painted; about *ii.* cubits square; and he required me to pronounce a sentence. To Whose Celsitude, after cogitation, I responded, saying that my Lord's supernal picture narrated a fact, revoking to the mind a memory of former events, as well as delighting the eyes with an exposition of pulchritude of form and color; that the said picture was the mature work of a master, who knew, and was able to depict, every part of the figure with equal rectitude; and I selected for laudation the delicate morbidezza of the virginal body and terete membrature, margaritiferous amid the obscure tenebricosity of the hair, not less than the contrast of animate with inanimate candor, in the vigent cuticule colored like a wild rose, and in the livid marble colored like snow. But I denied not convenient honors to Duke Renato, in that he, an inmature novice, had depicted, together with the very exquisite lineaments of Madonnina Marcia, a sacrosanct aspect of the most angelick inmaculate purity, placing on the face the character of the soul which he so mirifically has divined. Anon, having rendered to me an action of graces for my perspicacious disquisition, he ordains his own picture to be affixed above the bed-head; but my Lord's on the wall where it will salute his pure pute eyes on waking.

(Saturday, xxv Dec)

In die Natalis Domini. This day, the Supernity of my Lord and the Celsitude of Duke Renato donated to me an argent flagon

curiously chased; and Madonnina Marcia donated to me an amyct wrought with her proper hands, percandid, fragile, intact, in a design of venete fleurs de luce. Ser Ercole Romano proffered to Duke Renato a steel coffer of most mirifick construction, about a cubit in length, whose lid is one vast lock, intricate, inrefragible; and an infinite steel chain traverses the said coffer, penetrating it from end to end, by which means it may be carried on one's back. This is the work of his leisure. Other gifts by others were given to others.

At dinner, the roasted peacocks with their tails in pride had a very jocund flavor, which much delighted me.

At the Presepio at Santa Maria *in Poplicolis*, I noted a defect of candles and of mistletoe. This was administered better by our familiars, before the incursion of the very inept Dom Bernardino da Cappi.

(Sunday, xxvi Dec)

This day, a.d. vii. Kal. Jan., the rubicund Don Angelo Beghiarti circumspectly said to me in secret that, during the night, the tender Don Glorio Coscetonde tried to get out of bed; but him with his nitid members he constricted, whispering in his ear the while, and anon the cacodaemon (which I conceive to have been the cacodaemon of cold roast-peacock), left him dormient. I administered a potion of betony—Betonica officinalis—in sweet wine with honey to the said Don Glorio to relieve his stomach.

(Monday, xxvii Dec)

This day a.d. vi. Kal. Jan., the Celsitude of Duke Renato, attended by Ser Ruggiero and a troop, escorted to Ardea Madonnina Marcia; and, in my opinion, this departure is not inopportune. A herb with facility may be eradicated, but not an adult tree. After siesta, Don Eros Ardeati responded to me, saying that he was not gone to Ardea by cause that he was unwilling to embarrass Don Marco. Very considerate, very modest, very delicious.

(Tuesday, xxviii Dec)

This day, a.d. v. Kal. Jan., came from Don Prospero a courier with news that the Elect-Emperor, having ostended a severe face to the Venetian embassador and, having refused to negotiate except on his own imperial terms, has obtained, from the Sublimity of the Doge, Cervia with Ravenna for our Lord the Pontiff, and several towns with Appulia for the Regno. It is evident that the said Elect-Emperor repents himself of his former sacrileges, and will compensate. Nevertheless he will compensate at the expense of others.

(Thursday, xxx Dec)

This day, a.d. iii. Kal. Jan., came from Don Prospero the rosy Don Giacinto Perdutini, with commands for the tailor; and a courier with a letter containing news that, on the Vigil of our Divine Lord's Natal Day, all the embassadors were convoked, except the Fiorentini, who were expelled as being rebels against the Pontiff and the Elect-Emperor; and a treaty of peace was concorded. At night, our Lord the Pontiff solemnly invested the said Elect-Emperor with the sword called Sancti Spiritus. And, on the morrow the said peace will be promulgated.

Grates Tibi ago, Summe Sol Justitiae, uobisque, reliqui coelites, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says.

(Friday, xxxi Dec)

This day, Prid. Kal. Jan., being the eve of Saint Silvester, at the eleventh hour, having examined my conscience concerning all my acts of the past year, I finally abjure this recording of inconsiderate inmature counsels and opinions, lest the same should become to me an occasion of sin. Mutauit mentem populis leuis et calet uno scribendi studio, as Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus says. As it was in the beginning, is now, but no longer shall be with Dom Gheraldo Pinarj; even though I diurnally sit in the audience-chamber, with hands relaxed, inert, having intoned the office to the Supernity of my Lord. So I make an end, with a firmer resolu-

tion than that, to my shame, formerly recorded, and nullified, here.

At supper, the lamp on the table of palatial pages cast not the shadow of the rosy Don Giacinto Perdutini, signifying that he will die in the coming year. Miserere mei, Deus, et omnium fidelium.

Feliciter.

(A.D. 1530)

(Wednesday, xii Jan)

This day of Mercury, being the seventh day of the Octave Epiphaniae Domini, came from Bologna to the Supernity of my Lord a pontifical courier with news that, at the New Year, our seraphick Don Prospero made a prodigious oration in the Presences of our Lord Pope Clement and of the Elect-Emperor, among other adolescents greatest in favour;[1] and to him the said Elect-Emperor has donated a ring containing a monstrous oriental heliotrope, intagliate with an image of Divine Phoebus Apollo whose neck is crowned with herbs. But the said pudibund Don Prospero has given us no news of this honor. But his inlustrious father possessed a similar ring, perhaps superior.

(Friday, xiiii Jan)

This day of Venus, came a force of tailors importing numerous baskets full of new liveries for the familiars of Duke Renato; *vi.* fine suits to each, *vi.* common suits to each; the latter being black woollen hosen and leathern vests, as usual; the former being silk hosen and velvet vests, versicolored argent and sable, with short cloaks and capuces and caps of the same, the last plumed, and with high riding-boots of pliant leather aptly gartered at *iv.* fingers' breadth below the knees. And, on the breast of each vest, His Celsitude has opted to have embroidered his insignia in versicolor, argent and sable, as has been the use since Poplicola di Hagiostayros commuted its versicolor, argent and gules, mourning by cause of the Ban of the Lord Pope Xystus, as Don Tarquinio says.

[1] 'Inter alteris adolescentibus in gratia maximis.'

Came, at the same time, the goldsmith with collars of silver herons for the ducal pages, and with brooches of silver herons for the ducal familiars; but with collars of golden herons for the ducal chamberlains, for the ducal gentlemen, for Don Eros Ardeati, for Ser Ruggiero Rodolfi. And instantly occurred very sudden connudation in the wardrobes, and mounds of discarded vestures, which I shall distribute inter pauperibus, having obliterated insignia; and, finally, most glorious epiphanies, multitudinous praecincti recte pueri comptique, as Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus says.

(Saturday, xv Jan)

This day of Sabbath, I sent to Don Prospero a brief annunciation that, if he will anoint the heliotrope of his new ring with ooze of marigold, *i.e.*, heliochrysos—Tanacetum annum L.—as Messer Gajus Plinius Secundus has prescribed, he, wearing the said gem on his dexter medicinal digit like a bishop, may become invisible at will; and, by this means, he may obtain news of affairs, otherwise secret, which would be utile as well as moving to the minds of us in this palace.

This day, after Terce, with a plump of spears, I rode to Ardea that I might see my trinity of grand-nephews. And the aspect of those infants would be a proximate occasion of sin to a cannibal. And, after dinner, intending myself to pay a visit to the Prior of Trinitarians in their new villa, I would have slipped away; but my gigantick Cristoforo needs must associate himself with me. And I perceived that he very amiably was saluted by the said Prior, and very hilariously by the friars, who with jocundities detained him while I conversed with the Prior. Now this is entirely laudable; for among us clerks, the use is to sneer at, and to harass, and to depreciate him who has been deemed devoid of Divine Vocation.[1]

[1] Once again the quarrel with the authorities of his own Church. When he wrote this passage Rolfe was thinking of himself and his own vain efforts to become a priest. This same theme is repeated time and again throughout his writings, but the tone here is more moderate than it is in his other references to the subject.—Ed.

Here, the opposite is the case; and Cristoforo is as highly esteemed by the brethren here, as in his former convent in Rome. This is genuine Religion. This is Christian Charity indeed. Floreat.

Certainly they owe their villa to Cristoforo. Nevertheless, I will hope that what I have seen is genuine Religion, is Christian Charity, as aforesaid. If it is, Floreat, Floreat.

(Tuesday, xviii Jan)

This day of Mars, I was deliberating in my mind concerning the new liveries, which do not follow the present Spanish mode. For the vest of the said livery adheres to the ribs like a cuticule, and is prolonged no further; thence, to the feet, versicolored hosen define each exquisite contour, augmenting natural pulchritudes, producing most delectable gracility, indicating sinuosity and crural longitude. Moreover, the leathern riding-boots, aptly gartered below the knees, adhering to the calves, enhance their teretude; but, thence to the feet, the lower legs are amplified, calling to mind the legs of lambs vividly exsultant. Now this is the mode which was invented by the inlustrious Don Tarquinio deceased, formerly the most formose adolescent ever seen in Rome; and for the latter sentence we have the word of a Pope, uidelicet the magnificent invincible Lord Alexander, as well as the testimony of Don Prospero (of the former the pious and formose son). How the said Don Tarquinio would have compared with the serene Duke Renato, or with the venustous Don Eros, or even with the said seraphick Don Prospero, I am unable to say, for in his adolescence I never saw him; but in his juvence he certainly appeared divine. But, than the mode of the said new liveries, there can be no mode more decorous or more predicable. For, without doubt, our Divine Creator deigns to endow certain of His creatures with perlepid membrature, with inhuman formosity, in order that these may expose and may ostend their prepollent arts and parts before all men, procuring honor for their Divine Artificer. But modern modes which conceal, or which distort any singular art or part of the human figure,—which is of

Divine Similitude, says Canonical Scripture—are sacrilegious and innatural modes, very vilely invented to hide some horrid deformity, or some perturpid disease, as the splayed shoes which hid the *xii.* toes of the previous Christian King, or as the enormously padded breeches which hide the perturgid pertumid loins of the present Elect-Emperor. And such modes as these, being an outrage against Nature, constitute a criminal insult offered to the Divine Creator of Nature. Q.E.D.

(Wednesday, xviiii Jan)

This day of Mercury, an inmense quantity of snow having descended during the night, invaded the audience-chamber at the usual hour Duke Renato and Don Eros and the priors of ducal and palatial pages, all vested in common vestures very black and terete about the legs, who each extended a dexter palm whereon reposed *iiii.* slabs of snow, percandid, virginal, scintillant, and saying nothing. Anon, to the Supernity of my Lord responded the Celsitude of Duke Renato, saying that this auspice signified ducal and palatial puerice to be cupid of a holiday, with permission to contend among themselves with snowballs. And my said Lord, being supernally moved by laughter, consented. And puerice yelled. Ensued a desperate conflict; Duke Renato, with a force, furiously besieging Don Eros, with another force, the latter entrenched in the small courtyard, the former unable to carry by storm that fortress, after a whole morning which teemed with prodigies of valor. And at noon there were several sanguinary noses; every hero was wet to the skin, extremely muddy, calidly rubicund, internally hilarious from hair to toe-nails; and the purity of the courtyards was sullied by contention, similar to a human soul.

(Thursday, xx Jan)

This day of Jove, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Sublimity of the Doge has made terms with the Augustitude of the Elect-Emperor, to whom the Republick of Venice cedes cities, names unknown; saying also that the said

Augustitude of the Elect-Emperor compels the said Sublimity of the Doge to offer Ravenna to the Sanctitude of our Lord the Pope. To whom I responded, saying that this news was incomplete, tabid with age, and most contemptible. And his stomach being moved, he departed in anger. But Duke Renato's stratagem of the secret couriers will incite this index to more diligent assiduity in the coacting of indicia.

(Saturday, xxii Jan)

This day of Saturn, came from Don Prospero a courier with news of a most prodigious embassage which has arrived in Bologna from the Curia of Presbyter Johannes, all as black or blacker than a Mauritanian slave who is described in Duke Renato's letters, and of consummate magnificence of form: but with lineaments deformed, sime-nosed, crisp-haired, the last tinged with minium. Says Don Prospero, these embassadors are used to pervade the City attended by domestick lions, which they treat as we treat cats. And they conceal their nudity in linen smocks ornate with quadrangular purpureal apparels: but their cloaks are the pelts of tigers. And they wear solid armlets below their shoulders, and solid anklets, formed out of native gold as rutilant in color as the hair of Duke Renato, and of such virginity that the said armlets and the said anklets, are affixed by bending, without clasps. Very singular, says Don Prospero. Ex Africa aliquid semper noui, says Messer What's-his-name.[1]

(Monday, xxiiii Jan)

This day of Luna, having cited to his cabinet Ser Ercole Romano, the Celsitude of Duke Renato commanded to be made gold ornaments for his Mauritanian, verisimilar to those Africans of Presbyter Johannes: but with this difference, that he will have gold ornaments for the femorals, as well as for the arms and ankles. Instantly, Ser Ercole was perturbed in his mind, alleging that the

[1] Pliny the Elder, *Historia Naturalis*, Bk. VIII, sec 6, translating the Greek proverb.—Ed.

purgation of gold zecchini would be a long and difficult process, by cause that all gold is entirely debased since the siege; but, on being menaced by certain singular corporeal inconveniences, he promised to complete the said ornaments within a month of days.

Concerning the said Mauritanian, Duke Renato said that he himself, and Don Eros also, no longer evaded any species of the fatigation of their bodies in violent exercises; for the said slave possesses a certain magick quality in his hand, whereby he can dispel all manner of lassitude and rigors from the sinews. But I, having observed the augmented nitidity of Duke Renato's cuticule exposed in the audience-chamber, and the augmented rarity of every part of him, especially the claritude of his hands, and the rosy onyx of his finger-tips, obtained the said Mauritanian for my proper service. After vespers he attended in my lavatory; and, having caused me to soak my hands in a perfervid decoction of marsh-samphire—Salicornia herbacea—he so adeptly componed my nails using little implements which Ser Ercole has made by his direction, and so artificially manipulated my said hands using sundry emollients, that finally I did not recognize them for my own, so delicately rosy and so exquisitely rare in texture they appeared. His touch was dry and soft and cool. As he assiduously labored with intense eyes, I perceived the subtle flexibility of his own form, and the exquisite texture of his own black skin, beneath which innumerable delicate sinews, heretofore unobserved by me, similar to undulations, become erect, rigid, or quiet at his will. And to me the said slave responded, saying that he was happy in all things, except that neither Don Renato nor Don Eros Ardeati would submit themselves to hair-plucking. O curious slave of egregious form, what have Romans to do with these heathen consuetudes? And, speaking of heathens, the circumspect Dom Giangualberto Dardi must instruct thee in Christian Doctrine for thy baptism.

(Tuesday, xxv Jan)

This day of Mars, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj,

saying that Don Rafaele Girolami succeeds Don Baltassare as Gonfalonier of Fiorenza; saying also that the Most Inlustrious Lord Enrico de Cordoba, Cardinal-Presbyter of the Titule of San Marcello, a Catalan, has migrated to The Lord.

(Friday, xxviii Jan)

This day of Venus, the Supernity of my Lord, after innumerable experiments, finally has constituted the examples for the picture of the Divine Apollo and the Faun Marsyas; intending his Supernity to depict that situation when the invincible citharoedick divinity, having excelled the Celaenaean silvan, exquisitely begins to flay him. For this cause, my said Lord posits Duke Renato in an inplacable attitude of serene simplicity, acrid and erect; the feet level, parted by half a cubit, the members tense and direct, the reins exalted, the florescent trunk curving forward, the breasts receding, the shoulders retired, the neck very superb, but the rutilant head inclining and laureate. Before the flagrant candor of this vision, genuflects Don Eros Ardeati, his throat and breast pressing his foster-brother, his caesarial head thrown back, terror in his distended eyes, his agile arms embracing the loins of the inhuman divinity. From prostration to genuflection he has dragged himself; his sinister knee advances to the dexter foot of Duke Renato; but the long venustous sinuosity of his dexter member extends along the ground, while his dominator holds the hair of his brow, dividing it with both his hands. This is the descriptive stile of Messer Titus Lucretius Carus. If my Lord's supernal artifices can simulate these *ii.* nitid cuticules, the one as white as vivid ivory, the other as brown as golden amber, both subtile, rare, translucent, then he will have exsecuted a masterpiece.

(Saturday, xxviiii Jan)

This day of Saturn, from Don Prospero came a courier with news of a contention between our Lord the Pontiff and the Elect-Emperor. For, it having been conceded that the said Elect-Emperor should be crowned, His Sanctitude informs him that the

use was for the Elect to go to Monza, or to Sant' Ambrogio at Milan, to receive the Crown of Iron; and to the Lateran Basilica at Rome, to receive the Crown of Gold. To Whom the said Elect-Emperor most procaciously responded, saying that that might be the use of others, to run hither and thither inquiring for crowns, but it was not the use of him then speaking, seeing that it was the use of crowns to come to him, uidelicet, the crown of Austrasia, and the crown of the Regno, and the crown of the Sicilies, and the crown of Hierusalem, and the crowns also of all the Spains. Now that is a most insolent word from an Elect-Emperor to a Pope. Moreover, it is a most abhominable word from an adolescent of *xxviiii.* years, which is the age of the said Elect-Emperor, to a senior of *lii.* years, which is the age of our Lord Pope Clement. But, nothing disconcerted by such inurbanity, the acute ingenuity of His Sanctitude responded, saying that none but princes of the Suabian House were required by law to proceed to Rome and to Monza or Milan; and, seeing that the epithet Suauis appertained to the Elect-Emperor neither by heredity nor by merit, quoth our Lord the Pope, he might have his crowns at Bologna, if he so willed. A most mordent most urbane salting for the Elect-Emperor, and most just. But at all times and in all places, as Messer Gajus Suetonius Tranquillus says, Dominus facilis et clemens is Clement. Contra audaciam fortissimus et ab innocentia clementissimus, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says. And Bologna prepares for the coronation. Says also Don Prospero, that neither of the heliotrope rings is apt to his dexter medicinal digit. Very frustrating.

(Monday, xxxi Jan)

This day, Prid. Kal. Feb., at the painting, seeing the Supernity of my Lord perturbed in his mind and inert, I distracted him with a disputation on the verses of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus, where it is written,

> '*His ubi sublatis, puer alte cinctus, acernam*
> *Gausape purpureo mensam pertersit . . . .*'

maintaining the epithet alte cinctus, to signify the slave to be one of those of whom Messer Gajus Suetonius Tranquillus in his *Uitae XII. Caesarum* has said:

'Ut male praecinctum puerum cauerent;'

and that, as a matter of fact, his said cincture was worn in an effeminate mode, passing under the armpits, and being crossed on breast and back. But the Supernity of my Lord instantly retorted Nego consequentiam; saying that in this Sature Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus has described a supper party; and after mentioning the wiping of the table of maplewood by the said puer alte cinctus, he records the conversation of a certain guest, a cavillator, a venomous joker, who sneers at the sollicitude of his host, by cause that the said host excruciates himself lest any burnt bread or any evil-flavoured soup should be proffered to his said guests, and by cause that he will have all (all, iterates the Supernity of my Lord), by cause that he will have all his slaves to be praecincti recte comptique. Wherefore, continues my said Lord, it may be concluded that nothing injurious or inproper would be found among the familiars of so singular and so assiduous a host; and it is clear that the individual puer alte cinctus was of decorous membrature, whose tunicle, being pulled high through the ordinary cincture, divulged his formosity, while rendering facile his movements, which last would appear to have been the true cause and the primary cause of the thing. To which fine invective I opposed no objection, having attained my end; for my Lord's morosity fled, and satisfaction crowned his supernal brow. Sic leonem liberabat mus.

(Wednesday, ii Feb)

This day, being the Solempnity of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Duke Renato sent a sanctified candle to Don Prospero with a pair of very admirable poignards, that he may take no injury from the quarrelsome adolescents now infesting Bologna, who diurnally indulge in assassinations among themselves.

(Thursday, iii Feb, (?))

This day, being the Solempnity of Madonna del Divinamore, we rode to Leva, and we were discommoded by the foetor of the rustick crowd frequenting the festival. Very mirifick it is that mundity of person solely should be practised by patricians and by their familiars; and that the proletary, after adolescence, should eat, drink, sleep, generate its species, live, die, in sordid squalor, neglecting the gifts of Nature.

This day, came to pay his respects to the Supernity of my Lord the Most Inlustrious Lord Cardinal Franciotto Orsini; who was wearing a ring containing a splendid hyacinth intagliate with a Divine Venus Verticordia of about the size of a pigeon's egg, and in contravention of the decree of the Lord Pope Innocent III., wherein it is ordained that the ring episcopal, as distinguished from the ring cardinalitial which must contain a coerulean sapphire, must be formed of solid virginal gold containing a gem, which by preference should be a micant purpureal amethyst to keep the wearer sober, and altogether without engraving. Having observed the color of the most inlustrious nose of him, it is my opinion that the said lord cardinal actually needs an amethyst, verisimilar to that one which here I gratefully lick.

(Saturday, xii Feb)

This day of Saturn, Prid. Id. Feb., came from Don Prospero a courier with a very admirable letter demonstrating a perspicacity and a discrimination actually mature. For, our Lord the Pope, having in mind the fortunes of His pontifical page, commands him to exhilarate himself on afternoons at the palace which the widow of the Tyrant Bianco di Correale has hired for the festivities of the coronation, and where she delights to collect curials and litterates.

For, being herself an erudite virago,[1] to the extent permitted by

[1] Dom Gheraldo's habit of writing of people by their nicknames makes identifications of them exceedingly difficult; but this female would appear to be Veronica Gambara, who kept a literary salon at Palazzo Marsili in Bologna during the coronation festivities.

her sex, she tries to shine in the light deflected from these others, seeing that, by cause of her said sex, she cannot attain litterary eminence in her proper person. Wherefore, to this palace goes Don Prospero, erubescent, seraphick, sympathetick, observant of all and singular, and, having heard and seen, thus eloquently he writes of celebrities already known to us by name, if not by fame.

Inprimis, he describes the said widow as a proper lamia; with a total defect of hair, not concealed by a wig of fulvine color; with a dry and withered cuticule, not disguised by minium and cerusa, nor adorned by semicircular asymmetrical supercilia depicted in sepia; very inpudent, very passionate, very vain; a hypocrite who, nevertheless, is maternally beneficent to a proterve daughter, and to a very docile tender juvencal son, for whom she has no love.

Secondo, he describes the Most Inlustrious Lord Cardinal Pietro Bembi; a veritable prince and doctor of letters; of a most dignified habit of body, with a beard fluent to his cincture, and candid as the ermine of his tippet; who deigned a recitation of his own eximious versicules, intituled *De Galeso et Maximo*, saluted by all as opus absolutissimum.

Tertio, he describes a Most Inlustrious Lord Cardinal, whose name is impossible to be sounded by an urbane tongue, or to be written with an urbane pen, very arrogant, very supercilious, very insensile, very inept, rather obese, inimical to the imbelline arts, offensive to all; whose pectoral-cross ostentatiously is exposed, instead of being hidden reverently as the law directs.

Quarto, he describes Dom Giacopo Stratocodone; a bilious prelate of the Curia; son of a glass-blower; in height *iii.* cubits, of which two-thirds of a cubit is tumid sordid face, one cubit is legs, the remnant being the trunk of a gibberose eunuch; very acerb in vituperation, very malefick, very mendacious; reputed a rival to Ananias, and to Bishop Paolo Giovio of Nocera, and to Messer Francesco Guicciardini.—The *ii.* last, says Don Prospero, were present also in their proper persons, but unobserved by him, to his immense regret; for he was sollicitous to have seen those lit-

terates, who so elaborately had been censured by his inlustrious father, Don Tarquinio.

Quinto, he describes Dom Strage Sterquilinj; a prelate of the Curia as having rubricate nose, very canine, very obscoene, very turpilucricupidous; who, at all times, and in all places, and to all and singular, recites the same old infamous libel concerning a certain Purpled One who formerly had been a married man.

Sixto, he describes Messer Francesco Berni, an urbane pensive litterate, with fatigate eyes and aulick gate; very ingenious, very subtile, reputed erudite; who, under the name Gandolfo Milosj, has indited versicules most amoene, of which a *Capitolo d'un Ragazzo* and a *Capitolo sopra un Garzone* already are laureate.

Septimo, he describes Messer Giacinto Musca, a litterate of no color, with insincere eyes, scribe of erotick romances; very capable, very strenuous, very dicaculous, whose conversation, impinging on the auditor with the pitiless insistence of a hail-storm, calls to mind that verse of Messer Novius, where it is written,

'O pestifera portentifera trux tolutiloquentia.'

Octavo, he describes Don Marcantonio Flaminj, very Roman of Rome,[1] as noble in form as in mind, as exquisite in tastes as in habits; who conlaborates with the aforesaid Most Inlustrious Lord Pietro Bembi, than which no grander honor can be predicted of any man.

Nono, he describes Messer Gavia Errabondi, a very formose adolescent already married; pinguid, mansuete, delicate, as Divine Bacchus; scribe of chronicles, very litterate, very diligent, very human, very suave, but harassed by poverty and malignant stars.

Decimo, he describes a fatuous Gallican, by name the Sieur Cerffontaine de la Gardegris; a bbbbald insipient bbbbbalbous ineptitude, honorary decurial chchchchamber-servant of the sword and overcloak of our Most Holy Lord Pontifex Maximus; acccccumulator of sacred rrelicks, gggggarrulities, and cccccalumpnies;

[1] 'Romae Romanissimum.'

assiduous imitator of the Spanish ccconformation of little bbbbbbbbbeards.[1]

Now, I have called this an admirable letter, by cause that I heretofore knew not these personages and persons: but now I know them, see them, hear them, almost smell one of them, and this within my mind. And, that this miracule, for miracule it is, should be wrought by a bifid quill in the virginal hand of a pontifical page verisimilar in aspect to a seraph, is nothing short of admirable. Wherefore I have transcribed here, for my proper delectament and edification, this selection from the admirable Sature of Don Prospero Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros. But the said admirable Sature itself, says the Supernity of my Lord, shall go to the cedar chest fortified with copper bands, where the writings of an eloquent father shall be conserved with the writings of his own magniloquent son.

(Wednesday, xvi Feb)

This day of Mercury, came from Santa Maria *in Poplicolis*, that Dom Bernardino da Cappi, who certainly is Regulus omnium bipedum nequissimus, as Messer Gajus Plinius Caecilius says in the proverb. For being admitted to the Supernity of my Lord, he manifests discontent as well at his benefice as at all the other favors, which have been conferred upon him by way of premium for his sole good deed. Inprimis, he complained by cause that his present, sacristan is reputed a Fascinator—Di meliora—and on this account, is terrifying to people who would use the said church. And, on hearing this, I offered to the said Dom Bernardino, for the sake of concord, an amulet of green jasper intagliate with a crested basilisk, which by chance I had in my burse. But that invidious malcontent needs must vent his spleen in deriding magick art, and in affirming his defect of faith in stones as inchant-

[1] 'Ineptitudinē ccccaluū insipientē et bbbbbalbū Sanctissimi Domini nostri Pontificis Maximi ccccubiculariū honoris decurialē ab ense et lacerna; sacrarū rrreliquiarū acccccumulatore gggggarrulitatū et cccccalumpniarū; imitatorē assiduū hispani ccconformationis bbbbbbbbbarbularū.'

ments: whereupon the Supernity of my Lord intercalated a mandate ordaining that I should defend my case. To whose said Supernity I promptly responded, saying that the most erudite mage, Messer Enrico Cornelio Agrippa, in a book which *xx.* years ago he wrote, and which still remains in manuscript, though approved for the elect by the Lord Abbot Giovanni Tritemio, has shown how that the Angelick Doctor Saint Thomas of Aquino taught, in his thesis *De Fato*, that vestments, or edifices, or any operation of human hands, may receive a certain influence from the stars; and that, for this cause, sapient men do well to maintain that not only in the implication, or mixture, or fabrication, of natural objects, but also in the objects themselves, such as be images, sigils, rings, cristalls, stones, some coelestial influence may be included, some inhuman potency may be received. Further, I invected, that there were native agents efficacious against cacodaemons, as was proved by cognizance of the nature, primo of herbs, secondo of stones, tertio of animal substances: for examples of the first, rue (Ruta graueolens), Saint John's wort (Hypericum perforatum), vervain (Uerbena officinalis): for examples of the second, common coral, jasper, jet: but, for an example of the third, we have the word of a very important archangel as recorded in Canonical Scripture, when Saint Raphael Archangel said to Toby, in speaking of the fish recently extracted from the flume, If on coals thou puttest a particular of its heart, its fume extricateth every kind of daemons either from man or from woman, so that, moreover, he shall not go again to them: and the gall-bladder is of value for anointing eyes in which there shall have been Albugo, and they shall be healed.[1] Or some such words as those. Ergo, quoth I, unless Dom Bernardino intends himself to renuntiate, to derelinquish, to abnegate, to abjure, the doctrine of the said Angelick Doctor no less than the doctrine of

[1] 'Cordis eius particulam, si super carbones ponas, fumus eius extricat omne genus daemoniorum, siue a viro siue a muliere, ita ut ultra non accedat ad eos: et fel ualet ad unguendos oculos, in quibus fuerit albugo, et sanabuntur.'—(VULGATE, *Lib. Tob.*, vi. 8.)

the Sacred Canonical Scripture, he will accept, quoth I, the said amulet, quoth I, intagliate with a crested basilisk, quoth I, in faith and gratitude, quoth I, and without cavillation, finally quoth I. Instantly my Lord very supernally cachinnated and paid compliments to me: but the presbyter departed irate and inurbane. The voice of the snake, and the voice of the goose are one and the same. Both hiss. Insane detestable heretick. Michi judicatum est deponere presbyterum istum.

(Sunday, xx Feb)

This day, a.d. x. Kal. Mart., came from Don Prospero a courier with a breve wherein is described the advent of the Chapter of Lateran for the purpose of admitting the Elect-Emperor as a canon among themselves. And, says Don Prospero, at the coronation, our Lord the Pope and the said Elect-Emperor will proceed from palace to cathedral by way of a robust wooden bridge, whereon *vi.* men walk abreast. And the said bridge will begin in the Hall of Antecessors, will traverse the square before the said palace, and will extend along the nave of the said cathedral even to the basilican altar. Now I venture to denominate this a most utile and benefick work; for, by it, the multitudes may see the glorious pageant without difficulty and without peril.

(Tuesday, xxii Feb)

This day of Mars, Ser Ercole Romano brought the gold ornaments for the Mauritanian, and, when the latter had indued them, nothing could be more gorgeous than his aspect; for the color of the gold, opposed to the nigritude of his silky cuticule, appeared to augment the exquisite teretude of his members. But, as soon as he moved, the femoral ornaments lapsed to the ground, for the native cause that the dimensions of the human members diminish from femorals to feet. Instantly was manifested the prompt ingenuity of Duke Renato; for, having twisted together the said femoral ornaments, he accommodated them to the gracile neck of his slave, where they remain as a very decorous collar.

(Wednesday, xxiii Feb)

This day of Mercury, came from Don Prospero a courier with a brief containing news that the Sacred Crown of Iron has been attended from Monza by an imperial escort, and is inshrined in the apostolick chapel at Bologna.

(Thursday, xxiiii Feb)

This day of Jove, a.d. vi. Kal. Mart., coincided a most horrid event, and a most valorous act. For the Patriarch of Venice had offered to the Supernity of my Lord an immense black lion from Numidia. And, at the eighth hour of the day, the said regifick animal advened, harnessed to *xliiii.* condottieri, who (with much commotion, peril, and apparatus), elevated him by a pulley, and in the lions' pit demitted him with the other *iiii.* And instantly these offended him, mare coeloque miscentes, as Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal says: but he, being a grand creature recently come from his forest, intimidated them with his so firm defence. Meanwhile, I, Minerva and her progeny, and indeed all the palatial familiars, ran to see the fight, being attracted by the furious roaring; and, among others, Ser Fabrizio's little Felicita runs from the gynaeceum, and leans from the window above the said lions' pit; where, by cause of terror, or of ineptitude, or of mulierity, she needs must demit her infant Ilario on the back of the said new lion. Those who were in the courtyard peering at the animals were so obstupefied by horror, that they could not move, but the Celsitude of Duke Renato, like an argent fulguration, instantly slipped between the bars, snatched the said swaddled infant, and traded it to Don Eros outside. Anon, eyeing the lions with his equal eyes, he retired by the way he came, but they, cordially fearing him who knows not fear, fled to the term of the den, snarling, spitting, and curving themselves in the manner of very grand cats, and their example instantly was imitated by the sympathetick Minerva and her kittens, to the immense admiration of all standing round. Anon, the heroick ducal miracidion himself ran to Madonna Felicita with the said infant, whose board had prevented damage

in falling. The mother was swooning; the infant ululated like a wounded hare. Contact of the *ii.* revived the one, and silenced the other. I record, in no particular stile, a generous act, vividly conceived, serenely exsecuted, by one who, even in the flower of vesticipal puerice, produces from himself a species of sapience in combination with virtue, which is prompt, inerrant, efficacious, divine.

(Saturday, xxvi Feb)

This day of Saturn, a.d. iiii. Kal. Mart., came from Don Prospero a courier with a breve containing news that, on the Solempnity of the Siege Antiochensian of Saint Peter Apostle,[1] that Flemish cardinal, who during the sack of the City redeemed himself at a price of zecchini d'oro *xlm.*, by name the Most Inlustrious Lord Willem Henchencor, intoned the Mass in the Apostolick Chapel; and, during the said Mass, our Lord Pope Clement deigned to the Elect-Emperor the Sacred Crown of Iron. But these Divine Actions having been accomplished, the said Flemish cardinal, in effrenate jubilation, cut off the half of his own beard. Now I venture to suppose that Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero would have denominated that Purpled One, Homo preposterus.

(Sunday, xxvii Feb)

This Lord's Day, I transfer the following from the memorabilia of Don Tarquinio Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros deceased, who invented it in a manuscript of Cardinal Benno, inscribed in the year *mxcix.* a Partu Uirginis.

Our Most Sanct Lord Pope Silvester II., who formerly had been a Gallican, by name the Sieur Gerberto, was versed in necromantick magick; having studied the same during a journey through certain of the Spains, which then were under Mauritanian domination. Adsisted by the secrets thus acquired, His Sanctitude constructed a head of brass; and, within the said head, He incarcerated the cacodaemon of that metal, by name Stagniavolon-

[1] 'In Solempnitate Sancti Petri Apostoli Sedis Antiochensis.'

accio, whom, by virtue of His Apostolick Authority, His Sanctitude compelled to make known to Him the future. On ascending the Siege of Peter in the year *xmxcviiii.* a Partu Uirginis, the said Lord Pope Sylvester II. demanded of His cacodaemoniack familiar how long He should reign: to Whose Sanctitude the said Stagniavolonaccio, speaking from the head of brass, responded, saying that He should reign until He died while intoning Mass in Hierusalem. Anon, the said Lord Pope Silvester II. avoided that Sacred City, promising Himself an interminable reign. But, on Sunday in Quadragesima, in the year *miii.* a Partu Uirginis, while celebrating the Divine Mysteries in the church of Santa Croce *in Gerusalemme* at Rome, His said Sanctitude was slain by a repentine apoplexy; and He was interred in His cathedral of Lateran, the Mother and Mistress of all Churches of the City and of the World, where these eyes have seen His sepulchre.

To the martial Don Manlio Tarchiati, to the torvid Don Flaminio Triorchi, to the suave Don Ugolino Cenci, I administered catocathartícks of ravensfoot—Ranunculus ficarie—in calid water.

(Monday, xxviii Feb)

This day of Luna, Prid. Kal. Mart., came from Don Prospero a courier with news of the coronation on the Solempnity of Saint Matthew Apostle, which no one more aptly could describe, seeing that he himself sustained the dexter orfrey of the Apostolick cope during the said ceremonies. For, our Lord Pope Clement on the sedia gestatoria proceeded by way of the robust wooden bridge; and the said cope was fastened by that mirifick morse, which the juvenal Messer Benvenuto made as a setting for the grand diamond offered by Duke Carlo Calvo of Burgundia; and the said bridge was too strait for the crowd of flabellifers surrounding His Sanctitude, certain of whom, falling among the populace, fractured their fan-sticks, cum omnium exhilaratione. But, when the Elect-Emperor followed, ambulating on the same bridge, with *iiii.* sovereigns-regnant supporting his sword, his sceptre, his orb, his

diadem, the last being borne by the White Duke of Savoja, then the Genovesi embassadors and the Sienesi embassadors contended among themselves for precedence; and the said bridge broke down with much splintering of timber, corporeal inconvenience, and tumult, and confusion, but without detriment to the passage imperial. Moreover, the said Don Prospero is one of the few living persons who have inspected a connudate Cæsar—o venerable spectacule—and no longer, with Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero, is he able to say, Cum uero ad ipsius Caesaris nomen ueni, toto corpore contremesco, non poenae metu, sed illius judicj: totum enim Caesarem non noui.

For, the curtains of the imperial baldaquin having been closed, forming as it were a pavilion before the basilican altar, the Elect-Emperor exuded his vesture, and dismissed his aulick pages; and, to him descended our Lord Pope Clement, on whose dexter was our Don Prospero; and, entering within the said curtains, His Sanctitude imparted unction with the Sacred Chrism to all the arts and parts of Caesar; which Caesar, says Don Prospero, is a hispid juvenal verisimilar to the Divine Patriarch Esau, red with pimples, tumid in groin and loin, nothing distinguished from a proletary: from which, with seraphick perspicacity, he concludes that Caesar is solely a human male, effected like a bifid mandrake—Mandragora Atropa officinalis—more or less formose, as we all are; and that his imperium is inherent not in himself, but in his insignia. O persuave philosophy. O recent ratiocination. And, in the rest of the letter is described the diaconal consecration of the said Caesar; his revesting in albe, tunicule, dalmatick, stole, and pluvial; the conferring of his gloves, his ring, his spurs, his baldrick, his sword, his orb, his sceptre; the imposition of the Double Crown of Gold; and the heraldick proclamation of his stile, Romanorum Imperator Caesar Semper Augustus, mundi totius Dominus, uniuersis dominis uniuersis principibus et populis Semper Uenerandus. Arrogant little Austriaco-Catalan, whom a very formose seraphick erubescent adolescent has denominated Hispid Bifid Mandrake. Aue Caesar Semper Augustus et Papulis Rubens.

(Tuesday, i Mar, (?))

This day, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that *viii.* days ago, a.d. viii. Kal. Mar., in the year of Man's Redemption *mdxxx.*, in the chapel of the Apostolick Palace, at Bologna, after a solemn Mass celebrated by the Most Inlustrious Lord Guilhelmo, Cardinal-Presbyter of the Titule of Santi Giovanni et Paolo, in the presence of the Purpled Ones and of the embassadors of the kings, the princes, and the potesties, our Most Sanct Lord Pope Clement preferred the Majesty of Carolus as Elect-Emperor, and crowned him with the Sacred Crown of Iron. Saying also that *vi.* days ago, a.d. vi. Kal. Mar. of the aforesaid year, in the cathedral of Saint Petronius, at Bologna, in course of a solemn Mass celebrated by our said Most Sanct Lord Pope Clement, His Sanctitude anointed the said Augustitude of the said Elect-Emperor, crowned him with the imperial diadem of gold, and traded to him his insignia as Caesar Semper Augustus, all prescribed ceremonies duly having been observed. And the said Mysteries having been consummate, and these Divine Actions also having been accomplished, the said Caesar Semper Augustus, indued with his said imperial insignia, ministered as equerry to our said Lord the Pope, by way of homage, at the door of the cathedral, in the sight of all. And the *ii.*, severally wearing the Triple Crown and the Double Crown, rode through the city of Bologna, attended by the cardinals, the princes, the embassadors, and the rest. And Caesar Semper Augustus conferred knighthood on certain adolescents, as the mode is.

(Friday, iiii Mar)

This day of Venus, at Nemi, in the ilicet, an immense number of little serpents were disturbed in the termination of their torpor; and, having returned to this munimental city, palatial and ducal puerice has adsisted at vespers with a still torpid serpent on each head, in the similitude of the anguicomous Gorgon, in order to secure immunity from snake-bite. And the said serpents, decapitated, are dejected in the river.

(Tuesday, viii Mar)

This day of Mars, came from Don Prospero a courier with a breve, wherein is described how that the White Duchess of Savoja has come to Bologna, attended by *xviii.* aulick damsels of singular pulchritude. And of these, o vegete clericule, it would be well that thou shouldst know no more than this.

This day, came from the City one (reputed veridical), saying that Don Pippo by a pernicious fever has been drawn to the innable inremeable marge of Tartarean Styx: but that Peter Saturnius Phlegethontaeus has deigned to enlarge him; and that now he incessantly cries for Duke Renato. Who, with his troop, instantly departed. And while I was cogitating in my mind concerning the said putt, suddenly I was moved to try divination. Wherefore, having swallowed the palpitant heart of a mole, as prescribed by Messer Gajus Plinius Secundus, by a hair of the virginal Madonnina Marcia I suspended a ring set with ass-hoof above a table of the *xxv.* little black daughters of Cadmus; and, in its vacillations from letter to letter, the said ring most mirifically formed these words, solely, et sine termino, S. A. N. T. O. P. A. D. R. E. P. I. P. P. O. S. A. N. T. O. P. A. D. R. E. P. I. P. P. O. From which portent I augur that Regnator Olympi intends Himself to effect of this jocund putt perhaps a Pontiff, but certainly a presbyter, and certainly a saint. Deo gratias. After siesta we returned to the City.

(Sunday, xiii Mar)

This day of Sol, came from Don Prospero a courier with a breve wherein is described how Caesar Semper Augustus begins to make our Lord the Pope pay—etiamne luctibus et doloribus non satiatur? as Messer Gajus Cornelius Tacitus says—for the mercy extended to the Duke of Milan. Proprium humani ingenj est, odisse, quem laeseris, says the said Messer Gajus Cornelius Tacitus in another place. Hoc habent pessimum animi magna fortuna insolentes quos laeserunt, et oderunt, says Messer Lucius Annaeus Seneca of Corduba. And, Quid est homini inimicissimum? pertin-

ently inquires the same scribe, responding to himself, Homo. For as in the case of that said infortunate Duke of Milan, it was Clement who loved him, and Caesar Semper Augustus who hated him; so in the case of Duke Alfonso d'Este, it is he who is amiable for Caesar Semper Augustus, but inimical for our Lord the Pope. Wherefore, the said Caesar now having procured for him a pontifical safe-conduct from His Sanctitude, the said Duke of Ferrara entered Bologna, Prid. Non. Mart.

(Saturday, xviiii Mar, (?))

This day, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that Caesar Semper Augustus, after he had received the crowns, supplicated our Lord Pope Clement that He would deign to empurple some of the aulick familiars. Wherefore, on the day of Venus, a.d., v. Id. Mar., our said Lord the Pope explained to the sacred consistory the petition of Caesar: but nothing was decreed. Anon, on the day of Luna, Prid. Id. Mar., the said sacred consistory having been convened, it was decreed that *iiii.* cardinals should be created, and should be announced as on this present day, *i.e.* on the sequent day of Saturn, a.d. xiii. Kal. Apr.: and these *iiii.* are:—

I. The Lord François de Tournon, a Gallican archbishop, akin to the Christian King, religious from infancy; who has *iiii.* brothers, of whom one is Archbishop of Valencia, and another is Archbishop of Ruthenia; and these are legitimate sons of the Sieur Jacques de Tournon, by his wife, Madame Jeanne de Polignac: named Cardinal-Presbyter of the Titule of Santi Pietro et Marcellino.

II. The Lord Bernardo Clesio, a Goth: named Cardinal-Presbyter of the Titule of San Stefano *in Monte Celio.*

III. The Lord Lodovico de Gorrevodo de Chalant, a Catalan noble, but a rude infidele barbarous Allobrox, ablegate to the White Duke of Savoja: named Cardinal-Presbyter of the Titule of San Cesario *in Palatio.*

IIII. Fra Garcia Loaysa, another Catalan, Archbishop of Hispalis, Master-General of the Religion of Saint Dominick, Grand Inquisitor of the Spains: named Cardinal-Presbyter of the Titule of Santa Susanna.

And to these our Lord the Pontiff, motu Proprio, will add a fifth; who is:—

The Lord Hennico de Hestunica, yet another Catalan, son of a certain Count Pedro de Miranda: named Cardinal-Δ of San Nicolo *in Carcere Tulliano.*

(Friday, xxv Mar)

This day of Venus, being the Solempnity of the Archangelick Annunciation with Commemoration of the Good Thief Dismas, we venerated the relick of that one's cross exposed at the church of Santa Croce *in Gerusalemme.*

This day I commanded Biagio Guercj to serve radishes in salt and vinegar to my Lord that he may be delivered from the aegritude of his supernal mind.

This day, at Saint Peter's-by-the-Vatican, after vespers, was manifest a miracule of the Most Sanct Vernicle. In the front of the crowd, I genuflected with the Celsitude of Duke Renato and Don Eros Ardeati and Don Pippo Neri. The basilican canon, name unknown, having his arms sustained by deacons, elevated the relick in its ponderous aurate shrine. I constrained my eyes to view the Similitude of Memnon our Divine Redeemer, impressed upon the napkin during His Most Reverend Dolor: which now through age has faded, leaving solely an umber-colored cloth whose stains delineate no image. After sedulous contemplation, I adored, declining my head: but, suddenly, from the multitude came clamorous vociferations, The Holy Face, The Holy Face. Looking up, with eyes intense, what a ravishing spectacule did I see. A light, more blinding, more coruscant than the Easter sun, whose nitor deleted, whose splendor expunged, the basilican canon, the

deacons, the reliquary, and all the rest; and, in the heart of that luminous abyss, I saw the Apparition of the Real Face of The Lord, Gigantick, August, Transcendent, Perlucid with Love, Sanguine, Palpitant, Vivid: and, suddenly, It was gone. The basilica was obscure, though a thousand torches flamed; and, as in twilight, we saw the basilican canon, like a shade, elevating the reliquary as before. To have seen This Prodigy falls to the lot of few of the race of mortal men; for we know that Divine Heros only deigns a manifestation of Himself, at the exposition of the Vernicle, when there is present in the crowd someone who, by exalted sanctity has merited The Vision Ineffable. And how compassionate is He, the Chief among Ten Thousand, Who, not only rewards the saint, but most mercifully includes also us others, miserable sinners, dust unworthy to lie beneath His feet. O diem laetum notandumque michi candidissimo calculo, as Messer Gajus Plinius Caecilius Secundus says. There has been no such apparition as this during *xxxiii.* years. This is the stile of Messer Publius Uergilius Maro describing a prodigy. At supper, thynnus broiled, with white eggs.

This day, came from Don Prospero a courier with a breve containing news that our Lord the Pope will permit Caesar Semper Augustus to arbitrate between His Sanctitude and Duke Alfonso d'Este of Ferrara. An emperor without innoxious occupation probably becomes inconvenient.

This day, we proceeded to the Lateran Basilica for the publick baptism of the Mauritanian, on which exquisite infidel Don Eros Ardeati, as sponsor, imposed the name Baltassare, in honor of that sacred nigrick king whose relicks are venerate at Colonia. And Duke Renato ordains for his livery a pallium of spotted leopard skin of orange-tawny color fading into white, clasped on the sinister shoulder, cinctured on the loins, convenient to his subtile sinuous nigritude; and, for his feet, sandals of tanned leather: but for his head a cap of gold tissue. Very decorous.

This day, came from Don Prospero a courier with a breve announcing that Caesar Semper Augustus has erected the marquessate of Mantua as a duchy for Don Federigo Gonzaga.

This day, before Terce, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the blockade of Fiorenza is incomplete: for provisions are obtained from externs by the audacious action of Don Francesco Ferrucio, a criminal of daemoniack ferocity, who has learned the doles and wiles and stratagems of war in the Black Bands of Don Giovanni de' Medici.

Here, in bland and tranquil peace, secure from interruption, the Supernity of my Lord inimitably elaborates the picture of Divine Apollo and the Faun Marsyas. Here, to that supernal painter, the Celsitude of Duke Renato and his foster-brother each morning very promptly produce themselves. Here, with beatitude of soul I sit, observing the dilated formosity of the *ii.*, vivid, vesticipal, medullose, nitid, vegete: the ducal catulaster verisimilar in color to the white and to the yelk of an egg, percandid, rutilant, frigid, serene; the noble adolescent, auricolored, caesarial, perfervid, resplendent. Here, from time to time, I intone some psalm or antiphon, at my lord's mandate. This is an idyllick stile. Very tender, very lenient, very mild, very urbane.

This day, after siesta, I shall fill *viii.* vials with an antidote against every venom, which I have constituted with ashthroat vervain—uerbena officinalis—triturate and dissolved in wine: for this magick wort is mirifick in more ills than *i.*, nor may obscoene dogs bark at him who bears it among his amulets. This year the almond trees effloresce in ipso temporis articulo; from which portent, I augur a prolifick vintage and an auspicious year. More amoene is this orb of earth in the vernal season. Uerna anni pueritia: pueritia uitae uerna: as the most inlustrious Don Tarquinio says.

(Monday, (?))

This day of Luna, to Biagio Guercj, I gave *xv.* urns full of the humor of marsh-mallow—Althea officinalis—and white lily—

lilium candidum—for the Supernity of my Lord to use at his nocturnal lavations; to Baltassare *xii.* urns of the same for the Celsitude of Duke Renato; to Valerio Flavj *xi.* urns of the same for Don Eros Ardeati; being the last until that detestable steward shall provide me with new flowers and with a new garzone for the presses.

Messer Piero Steccolini says that they say that that Cardinal-Δ of Santa Prassede has caused his spurious son to be baptized by the infidel name, Hasdrubale. Very improper.

This day, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Most Worshipful and Most Respectable Lord Cardinal-Nephew, at the baptism of his spurious son, imposed on him the name Hasdrubale in honor of some antick Mavortian Carthaginian; saying that the said Purpled One rages by cause that Don Alessandro de' Medici will have the duchy of Fiorenza; that our Lord the Pope, in order to mollify the said cardinal-nephew, has deigned to the said spurious infant a knighthood of Saint John of Hierusalem of Malta; saying finally that the said infant, Don Hasdrubale de' Medici, is bland, is fluorescent, is the image of his sire.

Says Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, Better that the said incontinent sire should have that duchy, and should resign his purple.

This day, came from our Most Sanct Lord Pope Clement a pontifical courier, with an Apostolick breve for the Supernity of my Lord, concerning the fortunes of His Sanctitude's well-beloved son, Don Prospero; where it is commanded that the said seraphick clericule instantly shall proceed to Padua for a course of study, with Messer Antonio Teobaldi as his rector; and that my Lord shall make provision for the same. And the thing has been done.

(Friday, (?))

This day of Venus, for confirming the increment of their lords' hair, to the cubicularj I gave several vials of seed of celery—

Apium grauedolens—, maidenhair—Capillus ueneris—, roots of daffodilly—Asphodelus narcissus pseudonarcissus—, roots of dwarf-elder—Sambacus minor—, boiled in wine and oil of olive, in Balneo Mariae, during *iii.* hours, *vii.* hours, *viiii.* hours, by turns, from new to full moon, according to the formula prescribed in the acts of Don Tarquinio deceased. Also, I gave a vial of the same to my gigantick nephew, Cristoforo, whose hair, growing low in *v.* points on his forehead, will fall before his thirtieth year, unless it be impeded thus.

This day, after Mass, we rode to Ardea, where we shall remain to frequent the Solempnity of Saint George of Seriphos; and many new swings are being erected in the second courtyard.

(Wednesday, (?))

This day of Mercury, returned from their attendance on Don Prospero, his gentleman, the suave Don Ugolino Cenci, and his pages, the valid Don Nero Sanguibollente, and the adept Don Lucio Braccidiferro. And the maternal Dionisia cruciates herself by cause that her son Iasone Flavj continues to attend the said Don Prospero: but, says Duke Renato, the studies of this seraphick clericule on no account must be interrupted by strange familiars until our Divine Lord's Natal Day.

This day, a force of the Colonna from Marino rode towards this munimental city, disposed to rapine: but, their advent having been perceived by the vigilants, Duke Renato, with his cataphractors, suddenly emerging from the citadel at a gallop, made a very vehement impression on them, and sent them flying, leaving *v.* cadavers and *i.* prisoner. Instantly this last was suspended by the neck from the ring above the city-gate, where for some time he agitated and contortuplicated himself in a fastidiose and incontinent manner before he infamously perished. It is very commodious to attack an enemy from a lofty position, says the firm Ser Ruggiero.

This day, at dinner, was served on parsley a dish of trout farced with saffron and toasted; which very tasty viand the Celsitude of Duke Renato disdained with corrugated nose, abhominating what he deigned to name its piscine foetor, and conferring on us eaters the denomination Icthyophagi from the writings of Messer Gajus Plinius Secundus.

After siesta, I observed the cadaver at the city-gate; and especially I noticed the immense longitude of the macilent neck, the tumid face, and the elevated nostrils. Most horrifick. To the faces of the good, inmature Death adds pulchritude. To the faces of the bad he adds turpitude. Ergo, this one was bad.

(Saturday, xxiii Apr, (?))

This day, at about the tenth hour, in the great courtyard by chance I was observing the ducal and palatial pages who were contending among themselves with primroses—primula uulgaris—as the mode is in honor of this solempnity; when to me there entered Ser Ercole, very scintillant as to his grand black eyes, saying that his Omfale—so I denominate Lydia—having exhilarated herself on the swings during the hour of siesta, had just produced male twins; whom I instantly inspected; and I found them immense, and promising to be as lacertose as their father. Formosus puer est formoso natus Aprili, sings Messer Benedetto Lampridj; wherefore, I baptized the first in the name Formoso, but I baptized the second in the name Serafino[1] in honor of Saint George of Seriphos, whose solempnity we celebrate as on this day, Giorgio not being convenient as a name for plebeians. And a gold chain on the purpureal ankle of Formoso distinguishes him from his brother Serafino with a silver chain. Floreant.

(Tuesday, xxvi Apr, (?))

This day of Mars, came from Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that Colonna will instaure the celebration of his patronal

[1] Serafino was the name conferred on Rolfe in the late 1880s or early 90s by the Bishop of Aberdeen when he became a Tertiary of the Order of St. Francis.—Ed

festival at the Basilica of the XII. Sanct Apostles; and that our Lord the Pope signifies His intention of being present at the same.

(Thursday, xxviii Apr)

This day of Jove, Don Renato and Don Eros continually have cachinnated since Ite missa est. Very seldom does His Celsitude deign to laugh aloud. A persuave smile, vividly illumining his profound impavid eyes and his scarlet sucid lips, marks the usual limit of his relaxed serenity. But on this day, at intervals, they both explode in sincere resonant effrenate gingilisms. Even now, though they dare not to laugh in the presence of my Lord's Supernity, I can perceive hilarity ebullient in their breasts: nor am I ignorant of the cause why each evades the other's eyes. I know them to be cupid of patent laughter. But I know not why they are cupid of laughter.

This night I made experience of lymphatick terror, which I concealed with very astute deception. For, after a short siesta, to Rutulian Ardea we returned with an immense cavalcade attending the Supernity of my Lord and the Celsitude of Duke Renato. The venustous Don Eros Ardeati now for the first time performed his office of signifer, bearing the ducal banner which the firm Ser Ruggiero from Bologna brought with Apostolick benediction. Than the said banner nothing can be more splendid, more vivid in its versicolor of argent and sable, more patrician in its form and texture, more serene in its whole aspect; epithets which equally apply to its formose possessor. And, having emerged from magnificent Rome, with facile celerity we proceeded by (*Via*) Ardeatina, which than (*Via*) Appia is less grave to tardy goers. I, on my part, engaged in contemplation and in meditation as I rode: for the Supernity of my Lord was discoursing with the prudent Don Francesco Tarugi concerning the nature of angels and their form: but Duke Renato was performing feats of horsemanship with the ducal gentlemen. And, among those, the agile Don Stefanino Senzapaura is praecellent as a rider. Nor did these

exercises discommode us by raising the dust; for the vernal rains which yesterday ceased, giving opportunity for this excursion, have covered the orb of earth with a virid carpet, daisied, florescent. I could not be oblivious of the very speciose sinuosity of the subtile Baltassare, so erect as to his head and body, riding a pale roan, to whose flanks his long black legs, silky in texture, gracile, divaricate, adhered in a mode worthy of admiration; for, such is the singular perfection of this specimen in ebony, that every part of him appears to have been formed with most exquisite artifice, his arms being no less terete and sinuose than his legs, which in turn are no less elegant than his body, and his lineaments no less rare and noble than the rest of him. Having arrived at our destination before avemmaria, we degusted a merenda of toasted bread with wine; and, when crepuscule heralded approaching night, having descended the secret stair, in the barge we proceeded by river to the sea-shore, where, among the rocks, I was to perform a magick ceremony for my Lord. In the said ceremony, the object of which need not be named (by cause of the rivality of other mages sollicitous to emulate me), the adsistance of a virginal miracidion under the age of *xv.* years was indispensable; and I selected the best, uidelicet, the Celsitude of Duke Renato. Guards and familiars having been stationed by the barges, I, with my said adsistant and my said Lord's Supernity, advanced to a position vacant and remote. Here, in a pentagon scratched in the sand, we included ourselves. Duke Renato exuded his vesture, and genuflected. He supported on his brow the book of divinations, as a subdeacon supports the Sanct Evangel in the Divine Mysteries. I filled the turible with frankincense and with the proper diurnal odor of saffron; and, having invoked Saint Sachiel Archangel, patron of the day, I began the incantation. There was a nebula before the moon; and, except the lanthorn which my Lord supernally held near the book, all was dim: but, at a distance, the aperture of a cave patched with black the grey obscurity. With monotonous crash, waves broke on the shore: beside, all was silent, opaque, mysterious, nocturnal. After a time, I began to

perceive, in the black distant cave, a singular perpallid light, and another, and another, and another, until *viii.* twinkled, vibrated, palely dancing, approaching, approaching, borne by figures of inky nigritude. Ceasing not the incantation, I beheld also the flashing of *iiii.* eyes, horresco referens, of eyes of cacodaemons, nigrick, connudate, whose feet and hands with vehement gesticulations demonstrated the livid flames proper to those who endure eternal damnation. These monstrosities advanced to the verge of the pentagon. In, and out, and in, they danced, as though it were not there. Horripilation affected my head. Tremors assailed me in my breast. It was clear that, in ignorance, I was erring beyond the legitimate confines of white magick into the cacodaemoniack demesne. Nothing remained but to retrace my steps with all celerity. Wherefore, when the *ii.* cacodaemons bounded into my pentagon,—and though black they were beautiful, even as the Divine Bride in the Canticule of Canticules who sings Nigra sum sed formosa,—then, to my knees I lapsed near Duke Renato, and poured forth a perfervid torrential act of contrition. But the said cacodaemons by no means were inconvenienced. They ceased not to exsult with most prodigious agility; ceased not flagrantly to wave their arms, ceased not to toss their flammeolent members over and over my dejected head. Exorcisms, odors, aquasancta affected them not: and I perpended. Anon, I perceived that the Supernity of my Lord remained inmobile: but the odor of the turible, which he also held, was without doubt his protection. Anon, I perceived that Duke Renato had squatted down upon his haunches; and that, beneath the book, he was quaking as though through fear. This being so unusual an emotion in a catulaster as intrepid as he, I tore away the said book of divinations in my sollicitude to inspect his face. Lo, it was not fear, but suppressed laughter which convulsed his gracious form. At this I jumped up. In jumping, I overset a cacodaemon, who broke silence, lying on the sand, indulging inmoderate laughter—malis ridentem alienis, as Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus says—; and in this stupendous exercise all the others joined. Now, I found the said laughter

somewhat molesting to my stomach, and, fortifying myself with the sign of the cross, very grand and very complete, I took the lanthorn in my hand, and went near; and behold, the cacodaemons were no other than the venustous Don Eros Ardeati and the subtile Baltassare, who had exuded their vestures in the cave, and had daubed their feet and hands with that pigment of calcined shells which, long ago, I had given to Duke Renato: moreover, Don Eros had nigrified his total form with soot. Inmense was my delectament at this dole with which they had deluded me. Inmense was the exhilaration of my Lord's Supernity: indeed, it is in my mind that that grand prince was particeps criminis, being sollicitous to restrain my magick ardor within due bounds. Amid universal laughter, Baltassare washed the pigment from himself, and the pigment with the sooty cacodaemoniality from Don Eros. Anon, the *ii.* with Duke Renato swam in the cold dark sea, emerging clean to resume their vestures. Anon, we ascended the river, arriving at Ardea, fatigate but hilarious, to saturate our hunger with collops, and our thirst with spumant wine; and, after completorium we retired to our several cubicules, where bland Divine Somnus expected us.

In this sature, o ineffectual Gheraldo, thou hast failed to imitate the stile of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus, inprimis, through lassitude of body, secondo, through hypercupidity to complete thy work; tertio, and in chief, through the wine at supper, by cause that thou hast deposited thy amethyst in thy cabinet in Rome. Also, o Gheraldo, with Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero, thou mayest say to thyself, Scio me germanum fuisse asinum.

(Friday, xxviiii Apr, (?))

This day, having returned to Rome, I will record that that pigment formerly was the means of procuring my admission to the comity of many erudite mages, and especially to the Academy of The Elect, and to the Academy of the Seeing Eyes, maintained by the admonition of the Lord Abbot Giovanni Tritemio in the villa of Messer Enrico Cornelio Agrippa, when the said Academy

was interdicted, on suspication of black magick, from convening in the City.

I vow that this micant amethyst, which I now most gratefully lick, never again shall be absent from my person.

(Saturday, xxx Apr, (?))

This day of Saturn, I distilled an immense quantity of honey-water; and the major part I gave to Baltassare, for the lavation of Duke Renato's resplendent hair: but I divided the rest between the vigorous Don Evandro Borgianni, and the erect Don Giorgio Gagliardi, and the tender Don Glorio Coscetonde, for the lavation of their flavian hair. But, to those possessing caesarial hair, this magick is noxious.

(Sunday, i May, (?))

This day, with Duke Renato and Don Eros Ardeati, attended by the firm Ser Ruggiero with a guard, I proceeded to the Basilica of the XII. Sanct Apostles at the hour of Terce. And, when the Divine Mysteries had been consummated, the window of the tribune having been opened, we perceived there our Most Sanct Father imparting Apostolick Benediction. Anon, Colonna himself dejected from the said tribune innumerable geese and capons and turkey-birds, for which the crowd avidly contended among themselves; and His Sanctitude cordially laughed. Finally, a sucking-pig argutely and stridently vociferating, was suspended in a double noose above the heads of the said crowd; whereat insued much leaping, until the said piglet was captured by a puerine shepherd from Praeneste, so they said, who leaped from the shoulders of his father, cum omnium admiratione. As we were returning to the palace, Duke Renato and Don Eros ardently disputed among themselves; the one affirming the possibility of capturing the said piglet by a leap from the ground, the other affirming the impossibility of such a leap by cause of the impediment of the crowd. And I intercalated a sentence, saying that patricians had no need to leap for piglets. But the Celsitude of

Duke Renato instantly responded to me, saying that, as far as he himself was concerned, any plebeian might have that piglet, and *xxv.* other piglets as well: but no plebeian should be permitted to excel a patrician in virtue, either of mind or body. Ista, tibi, Dux serene, inmortalem gloriam dederunt, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says.

(Monday, ii May, (?))

This day of Luna, to my nephew Cristoforo I said that, if his Catarina was cupid of preventing the increment of hair on the delicious bodies of my grand-nephews, she hebdomadally must rub them with roots of hyacinth—Lilium martagon—,[1] from the present time until their twelfth year. And he said that the thing should be done.

(Wednesday, iiii May, (?))

This day of Mercury, at supper, was served a dish of snails baked in oil, very succulent, and a magick protection from the malignance of cacodaemons: but Duke Renato and Don Eros fastidiously exsecrated the said viand, nor would participate therein, cum omnium perturbatione.

(Thursday, v May, (?))

This day of Jove, before Sext, in the audience-chamber, observing the examples as they rested during an interval, especially the nitid candor of Duke Renato white as coagulate albumen, standing in his usual erect position, with his hands conjoined at the back of his rutilant head flagrant as egg-yelk, his feet close, his form like a flower swaying to and fro at the loins, the Supernity of my Lord caused me also to observe the inhuman pulchritude of a certain sinew formed like a capuce on the back of this very vigent ducal catulaster; saying that he never before had seen the said

[1] This is the flower which is marked with the cry of mourning *Αι Αι*, for the young Hyakinthos. Theokritos (X. 28) calls it *ἁ γραπτα ὑακινθος*. In English copses, it grows wild under trees, and is known as *Turkscap* or *Martagon Lily*.

sinew so clearly defined or so consummately evolved. To Whose Supernity instantly responded Duke Renato, saying that it was due to Baltassare: who, by adept manipulation, diurnally was producing new sinews on the bodies and on the members both of him speaking and of Don Eros, at the same time when he dismissed the fatigation or the rigors caused by vehement exercise. And I added to this, that the said Baltassare himself in despite of his apparent fragility, was of a subtile sinuosity worthy of the supernal consideration. But my Lord continued to contemplate the admirable back of his son, where firm percandid vegete flesh surges from the flexible furrow of the spine, diffusing itself into innumerable various superficies whose contours exhibit most consummate and most complex symmetry. And, anon, he said that the Supernity of Princess Claudia was to be commiserated, by cause that insaturable death has closed her eyes. An admirable sentence, and of great moment.

(Friday, vi May)

This day of Venus, to me responded the exquisite Baltassare, saying that he uses no magick for his own rare cuticule, nor for the cuticule of Duke Renato and Don Eros, except a humor obtained from melon-seeds rubbed into the said cuticules with melon-rinds, every night during a month of days, thereafter every second night during a week, and presently every third night, after lavation in calid water. A most egregious magick, producing cuticules as translucent as those of infants, and of the rare texture of silk.

(Wednesday, xi May)

This day of Mercury, after supper, on the terrace above my apartment, to the Supernity of my Lord I intoned in recitativo a cantilena of Messer Andrea Bassi, intituled *To the Body of One Dead*, expanding from the magnifick invocation, *Arise thou from the loathesome and devouring Tomb,*[1] into an ode of magniloquent

[1] 'Ressurga da la tomba avara et lorda.'

sublimity; and I superadded thereto inprovised admurmurant musick on my theorbo. Anon, His Supernity deigned to say that he knew not whether the ode itself, or the mode of its presentation by me, merited the greater laud.

Now, o Gheraldo, in the words of Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero, thou mayest say, Nosmet ipsi uiui gloriola nostra perfruamur.

(Friday, xiii May, (?))

This day of Venus, we rode to Nemi to try the water; and thither, in a basket, I imported my dear Minerva with her splendid progeny, that they might eat their grass. But when we were about to return to the City mare coeloque miscuimus, as Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal says, before they would consent to revert to the said basket.

This day, with the Most Worshipful and Most Respectable Lord Cardinal-Padrone and his crowd of perridiculous pseudo-poets, we went to visit his diaconate of Santa Prassede. When we were about to pay our respects to our Divine Lord and Saviour in His Sacrament, Duke Renato genuflected on the bench before the tabernacle. The Cardinal-Δ ceased to speak to his parasites, and genuflected by his side: but that ingenuously educated Celsitude instantly rose, and was for receding, when the said Cardinal-Δ demanded why he moved. To Whose Worship, Duke Renato responded, saying that no one below regal rank might genuflect on the same bench with a Purpled One. Who promptly alleged that he cared not for regulations. Then serenely said the peradolescent duke, But We care, for, if princes care not for these regulations, neither will the proletary observe other regulations. And he would not be persuaded, gravely genuflecting among the perridiculous pseudo-poets on the floor behind the Cardinal-Δ, who, so I opine, was invidious of his junior corrector.

(Tuesday, xvii May, (?))

This day of Mars, in this palace, was acted an inprovised

comedy. For the pernick Don Lorenzino Gamberone and his amiable collusor the proterve Don Tito Beicorpi, on behalf of palatial puerice, tried to bring contempt upon the subtile Baltassare, by snatching his pallium of leopard-skin, at the moment when he had exuded it in order to play with the lions in their pit in his usual audacious manner; and, with the said pallium, the *ii.* gave themselves to flight. But the Mauritanian, totally inpudibund, extended his exquisite sinuosity in pursuit, across the courtyards, up the stair; and he captured them by the door of Duke Renato's first antechamber. Here, he urged them and compressed them in a mural angule, while he received his said pallium of painted leopard-skin, and with it cinctured his splendid nigritude. Anon, clenching his fists, he took a culprit in each hand, nipping their noses between the first and second articulations of his index and inpudick digits; by which stratagem he attained absolute authority. So, holding them at arms'-length, he compelled them to exude their own vestures; and, when they manifested objection or contumacy, he reprehended them with divers concussions very offensive to the mind. They on their part danced and yelled, to the extent permitted by the rigor of their necks, trying to reach him with their hands, or to involve him among their terete members: but the severe constriction of their said noses deprived them of ability; and they tolerated a period of penance, aggravated by pinches in the more tender parts from the other pages, and exasperated by the gibes of an immense multitude who ran from all parts of the palace to see the game. It is my opinion that palatial puerice, in future, will dismiss all temptations to molest the very sinuose Baltassare.

(Thursday, xviiii May, (?))

This day of Jove, after Terce, came the Most Worshipful and Most Respectable Lord Cardinal Bishop of Ostia and Velletri to pay his respects to the Supernity of my Lord. Which Purpled One lauded the formosity of Duke Renato, the whiteness of his teeth, the dimple on his exquisite chin; saying that he would rather have

the said Celsitude for a son than Don Pierluigi, who is neither formose nor honest, and who promises to be very molesting. But, to the said Cardinal-Dean, instantly responded Duke Renato, saying that the whiteness of his teeth was effected by perfrication with a piece of linen and an olive twig saturated in a magick liquid made by Dom Gheraldo here present; that the dimple on his chin was done by Domeniddio, at the same time with his other formosities; and that anyone could produce himself honest and inmolestous. Superba responsio. And, having liberated himself from the hands of the said Cardinal Farnese, he ran away.

(Saturday, xxi May, (?))

This day, having seen Biagio Guercj with a very fine new slab and muller of red porphyry for the trituration of my Lord's supernal pigments, I required the detestable steward to provide me with a similar slab and muller, but of duplicate magnitude. For I also prepare pigments for the Supernity of my Lord; and such a slab and muller is at no time inutile to a mage.

(Monday, xxiii May, (?))

This day of Luna, came Don Giangiorgio Caesarini to pay his respects to the Supernity of my Lord, having obtained from our Lord the Pope an Apostolick Breve confirming the office of Gonfalonier of the Roman People to him and to his heirs for ever; and he was very much elated. Says Ser Fabrizio the herald, These Caesarini must be superior to Colonna and Orsini both, as may be deduced from their armorials, where Colonna exhibits the crowned column, and Orsini exhibits the terrible bear: but Caesarini the said terrible bear chained to the said crowned column, not less than the regal generous eagle, which Consul Gajus Marius gave to the Divine Gajus Julius Caesar Semper Augustus, volant in chief; and this is a sign that formerly, we know not when, Caesarini reduced both Colonna and Orsini. The opinion of this erudite herald coincided with mine.

(Tuesday, xxiiii May, (?))

This day of Mercury, *viiii.* new culverins were disposed on the summit of the barbacan in face of Catinari. May they lack occasion.

(Saturday, xxviii May)

This day of Saturn, I caused the firm Ser Ruggiero to imbibe a potion of the humor of tamarinds, to cool the ardor of his blood.

(Sunday, xxviiii May)

This day of Sol, a.d. iiii. Kal. Jun., after vespers, came from Ardea my nephew Cristoforo, saying that, at dawn, my excellent niece Catarina produced twin sons, pinguid and vivid as cupids, whose three seniors presently will be weaned. And, as soon as a horse can be prepared, I go to baptize them in the names Quarto and Quinto. Certainly this nephew of mine, who begets a quincunx of legitimate infants before he himself has completed his twentieth year, emulates the example of the Divine Patriarchs in Canonical Scriptures. Certain he was not created in order to conceal his virtue in the habit of a friar.

(Wednesday, i Jun)

This day, Kal. Jun., having in my mind Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero's locution, Infirmitas puerorum et ferocitas juuenum, I ordain for palatial puerice a moist diet and *iiii.* locks on the front door,[1] during this month and the *ii.* following.

(Saturday, iiii Jun)

This day, Prid. Non. Jun., a perturpid crime has been committed and vindicated. For, at the hour of Terce, escorted by the maternal Dionisia on her way to Santa Maria *in Poplicolis*, Madonnina Marcia was traversing the second courtyard, and my darling Minerva was attending her to the gate, murmuring endearments, caressing her skirt with waving tail; when to them entered that miles gloriosus Don Ferrone Culoni, horridly vociferant, brand-

[1] 'Dieta olguetta et *iiii.* nodios al braguetta.'

ishing a stable-fork wherewith he very cruelly transfixed my innocent cat. O infandous deed. Elevating the said martyr convulsed with agony, and running into the small courtyard, he completed his crime, projecting the suave Minerva to the lions. In a moment of time, from all parts of the palace an inmense crowd convened: but the inexpiable deed was done. On the assassin's sime nose, the rubicund Don Angelo Begliarti aptly impinged his fist with pertrucid percussion, producing sanguine effusion; and, falling to the ground, the booby howled. The venustous Don Eros Ardeati actually was for entering the den: but I interdicted him; for a prodigy was occurring. There lay the gracious Minerva, with fractured spine and twitching members, uttering most dolorous cries; and, around her, placidly stood gigantick lions, having dismissed their first emotions of irritation, inspecting her with eyes intense, clearly recognizing her as one of their own race. Anon, demitting his basilick muzzle, the black lion of Numidia sensibly comprehended her desperate plight, and urbanely inflicted a lethal blow with most merciful paw. These things having been done, the *v.* lions, oblivious of their native voracity, receded to an angule of the pit, and so stood trist and taciturn. Don Eros received the cadaver, by means of a long rake imported by some genius of the stable But, while Madonnina Marcia, mourning, bore away the relicks for interment, the Celsitude of Duke Renato like an argent flame, furiously invaded the scene; and to him *ccccl.* voices narrated the nefarious crime of Don Ferrone. At whom he glared with that terrible inexorable front which is almost divine, transfiguring puerice into principate; and, after ominous silence, he commanded that the criminal instantly should be incarcerated, and the cord applied as though to a plebeian, but so that the toes should remain on the floor, until my Lord's Supernity should pronounce a sentence. Which divine actions having been accomplished amid the ululations and deprecations of Don Ferrone, the said Duke Renato very gravely conducted me toward the gallery stair, and, as we proceeded, he required me to state the case of that ignoble Nothing—so he

denominated the said Don Ferrone. To whom I responded, saying that Don Ferrone aforesaid most inelegantly had offended against urbane manners, in tormenting an innoxious creature; most ignominiously had offended against virtue, in oppressing the weak; most flagitiously had offended against Divine Providence, in destroying, for no cause but a very vile one, the work of His Omnipotent Hands. And, quoth Duke Renato, Dom Gheraldo omits to mention that the wretch most infamously had offended against ladies, in insulting one attending Madonnina Marcia. Most ingenious. Further, he would have me say what penance was due. But I, dubitant, seeing that my sacerdotium deprives me from revenge, said, that all the world knew Neapolitans not less than Kelts and Bretons to be faeces populi; and Don Ferrone had shown himself unworthy of the society of our palatial pages. Anon, Duke Renato left me. Anon, he returned with my Lord's supernal permission to expel, how obtained I know not, but the most apt of all judgements. Liberated from the cord, in the courtyard the felinicide expatiated, while his valises and his horses were being prepared, assuming an insolent noncurant aspect as though to pretend that the event coincided with his inclinations. But, observing Duke Renato, pure and pute in vesture percandid as his soul, inspecting him with much contempt, he perpetrated a perturpid gesticulation; whereat His Celsitude, with austere serenity, simplicity spewed at him the merited taunt, Mictile little man.[1] Instantly hilarious gingilisms burst from the crowd of palatial pages standing round; and they seized the Neapolitan; and they urged and compressed him into a mural angule, where they gave such concise expressions to the said taunt that it became an accurate description. Anon, madid, foetid, and half suffocate, Don Ferrone was permitted to mount his horse, and precipitevolissimevolmente to depart upon his journey to the frontier of the Regno. But I, with grateful soul, observed the extirpation of this noxious herb from my Lord's supernal garden, being cognizant of the truth of that proverb of Messer Marcus Terentius Uarro,

[1] 'Mictilis huomuncio.'

where it is written, Saepe unus puer petulans atque impurus inquinat gregem puerorum.

Gheraldo, know this also, that the satures of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus were not written at a single sitting; and thou, with eximious care, must polish thine imitations, before thou canst say of them, this is the saturick stile of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus aforesaid.

(Thursday, viiii Jun)

This day, a.d. v. Id. Jun., came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that, on the day of Mercury, a.d. vi. Id. Jun., in this year *mdccc.* of Man's Redemption, after breves from the Christian King had been read in the sacred Consistory, Clement Pontifex Maximus VII. added to the cardinals one, who is the Sieur Gabrielle de Grandemont, a Gallican noble, son of the Sieur Ruggiero de Grandemonte seneschal of the Aquitanici. The rest I shall put into an urbane tongue.

This new creature is the counter-blow wherewith the Christian King affronts Caesar Semper Augustus, who is concupiscent of filling the Sacred College with his Goths and Catalans. For the said Cardinal de Grandemont formerly was the embassador sent by the said Christian King ad horribiles ultimosque Brettannos, as Messer Gajus Ualerius Catullus da Verona says, in order that he might persuade the Sacred King (now demented) of the said Brettanni (hospitibus feros, as Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus says) to join a confederation against the said Caesar. Which thing having been accomplished, and his mission having been completed by a treaty signed at Samarobriva[1] *iii.* years ago, anon, the said Cardinal de Grandemont astutely was sent by the said Christian King, meditating evils, as embassador to Caesar Semper Augustus himself in Spain. But, to the said Caesar, came couriers from his own imperial embassador among the said horrible and ultimate Brettanni ferocious to guests, demonstrating the perfidies, divulging the duplicities of the said Gallican embassador, whom Caesar,

[1] Amiens.

incontinent, instantly included in custody. The Gallicans prepared war; and, having sacked Pavia, confederated with Fiorenza and Ferrara. The horrible and ultimate Brettanni as usual ferociously advanced to the fray. But, reluctant Caesar, who never pays his mercenaries, but gives them cities to pillage, having at present no such cities convenient to his hand, liberated the said Gallican embassador, and set him across the frontier. Wherefore the Christian King, to reward his servant's pains, names him embassador to the Saint Siege, a potesty superior to Caesar; and also sends letters of request to our Lord Pope Clement, supplicating a vermicular hat for the said Sieur Gabrielle de Grandemont, who this day has gotten the same with the dignity of Cardinal-Presbyter of the Titule of San Giovanni *ante Portam Latinam*, which Titule is vacated by Cardinal Mercurio. This is the pertinent historical stile of Messrs Gajus Cornelius Tacitus.

(Friday, x Jun)

This day, a.d. iiii. Id. Jun., after supper, in my cabinet, I invited the attention of the firm Ser Ruggiero to that versicule of Messer Gajus Ualerius Catullus da Verona, where it is written,[1] And, when he relaxed not the rigor of his lineaments, nor offered any comment upon the said versicule, I required him to say whether, in his opinion, these epithets were proper to his native island. By no means, quoth he, Nor are they so applied by the poet. At this, I became perturbed in my mind, not having esteemed

[1] The turn of the page occurs here in the original edition and the following page opens with the words: 'And, when he relaxed'. The passage in Catullus to which Rolfe refers is *Carmen*, xi. 11-12, where the MSS , *contra metrum*, have:

Gallicum Rhenum, horribilesque ulti-
mosque Britannos.

For *horribilesque*, Professor Mynors's recent Oxford text (Clarendon Press, 1958) accepts Haupt's *horribile aequor*. It is odd that Rolfe should have allowed Dom Gheraldo to accept the MSS. reading, which Rolfe himself must have known was corrupt, and which even early editors tried to amend.—Ed.

this captain capable of mendacity; and I suppose him to have perceived my emotion, for he inquired whether My Reverence was conceiving of Anglia and Brettannia as synonyms. To whom I responded, saying that so we other Romans were used to opine. He produced his rare smile; very respectfully asking permission to explain the thing. Permission having been conceded, he said that My Reverence must conceive of an island, in remote ages inhabited by silvan satyrs, hairy, naked, inarticulately howling, having their bodies blotched with blue, worshippers of false gods, black-browed, black-breeched, black-hearted cannibals, and so on, and so forth. To these, quoth he, came the inlustrious progenitors of us Romans, conducted by the Divine Gajus Julius Caesar Semper Augustus, and so on, and so forth, who infused into the said silvan satyrs something of urbanity and generous manners. Anon, after many centuries, quoth he, the said inlustrious Romans in the persons of their posterity retired. Instantly was exemplified that adage of Messer Marcus Tullius Quinctillianus, where it is written, Non possum togam praetextam sperare cum exordium pullum uideam. For the progeny of the said silvan satyrs, promptly shedding urbanity, and the rest, reverted to savagery, nudity, and the rest, and barbarously contended among themselves. Now, the said island, quoth he, is a very fair one, rich in cattle, minerals, and other gifts which Divine Providence has deigned for the convenience of mortal men. Here, are immense forests of robust timber. There, are vast plains of fertile pasture. On this side, are grand rivers teeming with fishes. On that side, are orchards filled with excellent fruit. Only in the north and west are mountains, inhospitable, inamoene, abodes of barbarians and bandits. Needless to say, quoth he, many nations were cupid of possessing such a prize. Wherefore, when the said inlustrious Romans were departed, and the said silvan satyrs were returned to their painted nudity, which in their barbarick tongue they call Breth, *i.e.*, painted, whence they derive their name Brettanni, then, a race of those brave Germanick peoples whose merits have been lauded by Messer Gajus Cornelius Tacitus, by name Anglicans, robust of

form and flavian haired—verisimilar to him speaking—, sea-blue-eyed—verisimilar to him speaking—, aboriginal mariners—verisimilar to him speaking—, aboriginal warriors—verisimilar to him speaking—, strenuous and impavid of heart—verisimilar to him speaking—, by grace of My Reverence—conceded equal in virtue to any Roman—again verisimilar to him speaking—, invaded the said island of the Brettanni, urging and compelling the said painted savages into the mountains of the north and west, where they live as our brigands live, nefariously: but the said Anglicans established themselves in the other and major part, giving to the same their own name. To whom I responded, saying that his disquisition was ad persuadendum efficax, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says; for it is clear that, while the island is the same, the Brettanni and the Anglicans radically are distinct: but, quoth I, the epithets Horrible and Ultimate are applied by Messer Gajus Ualerius Catullus da Verona to the Brettanni, as to certain countries inhabited by a race of that name; and I would know, why the poet has written of more countries than one; and, whether the said epithets were apt to those. To me responded Ser Ruggiero, saying, For the purpose of the argument, we may conceive of the said island as being formed like an hour-glass, having an excrescence formed like a pig's face on the inferior part, the said inferior part being infinitely grander than the superior. Across the neck, we may conceive of a chain of mountains. The excrescence formed like a pig's face we may conceive at being entirely mountainous; and the same of the superior but minor part. These *ii.* separate, remote, and Ultimate (to use one of the epithets in question) mountainous portions were inhabited by the progency of the said nude painted savages. The epithet Ultimate also is justified by their situation at so long an interval from the City.[1] One sole fact should suffice to justify the epithet Horrible, quoth the erudite captain, Which is that the females of these painted savages of the West were used to follow their males to battle, for the purpose of

[1] To a Roman there is only one City. the rest of the universe is 'inurbane'; and Ser Ruggiero was endeavouring to convince a Roman.

mutilating slain or wounded enemies, depriving these of their natures alive or dead, which fragments they used for an operation not to be named in an urbane tongue. As for the savages of the North, he continued, They infest a land of fog and incessant rain, they devour rude vile and indelicate foods, they inflame their minds with a potion distilled from grain and comparable only to liquid fire, their vesture is a mere shawl convenient to their native salacity—which is true, for the inlustrious Don Tarquinio deceased, having inspected one of these savages, has described him in a dissertation which these eyes have seen,—their manners are inhonest, perturpid, inurbane, altogether inmitigated by the course of centuries. As they were, so they remain, and will continue, abhominable.[1] Chi di gallina nasce convien' che razzoli, as the vulgar adage says. Conclusion: The epithets Horrible and Ultimate, applied to the Brettanni by Messer Gajus Ualerius Catullus *l.* years ante Partu Uirginis are just, on account of the nature and situation of the *ii.* countries and the barbarick acerbity of the inhabitants of the same. But the said painted savages and their country, Brettanni and Brettannia, must not be confounded with the Anglicans and Anglia which produces such eximious valid erudite specimens of urbanity and virtue as this captain. This inquisition is prescribed in the stile of our Don Tarquinio.

(Saturday, xi Jun)

This day, a.d. iii. Id. Jun., on the sea-shore, after very periculose natation, insued much lapidation, the beach being convenient, the sea being wide. With the sling the auricolored Don Eros excels the vivid Duke Renato, emitting his certain missile to a very long interval with very accurate diligence. The Supernity of my Lord would do well to depict this venustous signifer, dilated as the Divine Pastor David; for he also is adolescent and sanguineolent.

[1] This is not the only occasion on which Rolfe inveighs against the Scottish. As a result of his unhappy experiences in Aberdeen and at the Scots College in Rome, he acquired and cultivated a strong antipathy to them.—Ed.

Now, our artificers are used invariably to depict the said Divine David as Giganticide quiescent, with the sword and decollate head, in the mode of those marmoreal effigies[1] of which our Don Tarquinio so magniloquently has written: but never (to my knowledge) as Slinger, active, scitulous, very gloriously digladiant. This I will mention to my Lord. But, with the nude hand, none may equal Duke Renato, when he takes a few paces, vivid, strenuous, prepete, and all his crescent ardor appears to surge ascendent from his flying feet to the hand which clips the stone, the flexuous sinews rippling with sudden intense undulation, all most fascinating to the eye. Also His Celsitude is equal-handed, an advantage which he shares with the exquisite Baltassare: but the others solely use the dexter: save the adept Don Lucio Braccidiferro, who uses the sinister. In the City, in the case of those proletaries who make Campo Vaccino a place of exitial peril, stone-throwing is vituperissimable, and merits all the penances imposed by the Cardinal-Vicar: but here, in the rural open, in the case of patricians and equestrian optimates, it is a delectable and laudable exercise. Concerning the periculose natation, after supper, in my cabinet, in secret Duke Renato responded to me objurgating him, saying, upon consideration, that the expanse, profundity, and vastitude of the open sea, placid or tumultuous, spumose or serene, inspired him with cupidity of he knew not what; invited him to mix his members with its ample waves, elusively to wrestle in its clean embrace; that its solitude delighted him; that its liberty attracted him; that its purity inchanted him; that its frigor invigorated him; and so on, and so forth. To which audacious swimmer I invected, that these be no causes why he should swim until, very far away, his rutilant head appears to be no grander than an orange, inducing his foster-brother and palatial puerice to emulate him, seeking irate tumid waters where a river barge cannot go, where the guards dare not to follow.

[1] These would appear to be the Davids of Verrocchio and Donatello (only one of the originals is a bronze), described in Don Tarquinio's astounding story about Baldonero Fioravanti and Rufo Drudodimare.

Ma codest' e puberta. Rimarcalo, o Gheraldo.

(Sunday, xii Jun)

This day, Prid. Id. Jun., during the night past, I continually dreamed that I was seeing the rosy Don Giacinto Perdutini emerging from the sea: from which portent I augur supreme beatitude for him.

(Monday, xiii Jun)

This day, Id. Jun., having returned to the City, after None, in secret, to the Supernity of my Lord and to the Celsitude of Duke Renato I divulged the disquisition of the firm Ser Ruggiero on that versicule of Messer Gajus Ualerius Catullus da Verona; nor did I omit to describe innumerable instances of his comity, and of his erudition, especially a certain dissertation upon the art and mystery of pugillation; and finally, I noted the numerous virtues diurnally manifested in his assiduous and arduous office. And to me my grand prince responded, saying that honor was due to such qualities of heart and soul and body as here were ostended. Anon, having been cited to the Presence, the said Ser Ruggiero entered to us with his usual superb and rigid intensity of habitude. To whom the Supernity of my Lord said that his services were deemed worthy of reward, commanding him to name his own. And the firm captain responded, saying that those words sufficed: beside them he wanted nothing. Nothing? quoth my Lord; We offer thee nobility.[1] Superbly responded Ser Ruggiero, saying, Already, o Supernity, am I noble in my own country.[2] Duke Renato relaxed his hands from the summit of his rutilant head, ceased the swaying of his loins, and became seated. The mode in which this adolescent assumes the plenitude of his principate is most admirable. It is Our will, quoth he, o Nobilissime, that thou wert noble in Our country: wilt thou accept nobility from Us?[3]

[1] 'Niente? disse Lo Domino mio; Ad te nobilitade Offriamo.'

[2] 'Di già, o Supernitade, in mia patria sono nobile.'

[3] 'È Nostra voluntade, o Nobilissime, disse, che tu sia nobile etiandio in Nostra patria. Vuoi tu da Noi accettare codesta nobilità?'

The captain responded, saying, The will of His Celsitude is my law.[1] And for the first time in many months, he let us see the pure gold of his heart inlumining his lineaments with the sweetest and most loving sunburst of a smile[2] which I ever have seen upon a human face. O superb dignity. O exquisite devotion. O solitary heart consoled in thine exsile by this single love. I now begin to comprehend the Amores Sancti of which Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero has written; for who could fail to comprehend, having such a specimen before his eyes. And the praefect of Duke Renato's forces is the very Noble Don Ruggiero Rodolfi. Canto Io Io, o Gheraldo.

(Wednesday, xv Jun)

This day, a.d. xvii. Kal. Jul., came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Prince of Orange has captured a spy belonging to Don Francesco Ferrucio, who was approaching Fiorenza with a secret breve, for the Signoria: which breve, having been taken and read, divulged a perturpid proposition for seducing the mercenaries of Caesar Semper Augustus, promising that, if they would consent to fight for and not against Fiorenza, when the siege was raised, they should be conducted to Rome with grace to pillage this Aurate City and our Lord the Pontiff a second time. Anon, the said Prince of Orange buys the conscience of the said spy, seals the said breve anew, returns it to him, with a safe-conduct to Fiorenza, on condition that he shall betray the response of Their Magnificences of the Signoria. Hic incidit in Graium Graius.

(Friday, xvii Jun)

This day, a.d. xv. Kal. Jul., at Nemi, the subtile Baltassare manifested himself in the character of fish, nigrick, nitid, agile as any delfin. For, in a place where the lake is rather shallow, no more than *ii.* cubits in depth, having attained velocity by running off the

[1] 'Da la Sua Celsitudine voluntade è per me legge.'

[2] 'Con il piu dulce et amantissimo solsorgente di sorriso.'

shore, he there projected himself, resembling an inevitable javelin, with direct and lubrick vehemence, without aspersion or disturbance of the water, his extended hands emerging prior to the summersion of his straight feet. Having performed this trick twice or thrice, cum pueritiae palatj circumstantis admiratione, he expanded the same, having attained such velocity on the bank that, when he emerged at about *xxii.* cubits from the shore, by adeptly curving his body he was able to summerge and to emerge a second time, and a third time, without relaxing the rigor of his members. And, when the others intended themselves to emulate his example, he precipitated himself into profundity, appearing at very long intervals to recover breath: but anon, having returned, he said he had seen at the bottom of the lake, a barge having *iii.* lateral series of apertures. At this, the vivid Duke Renato, and the venustous Don Eros Ardeati, and (mirabile dictu) the tender Don Glorio Coscetonde, tried to descend: but defect of breath prevented them. Finally, leaving me engaged in meditation near the nemorose ilicet, the whole company proceeded in my Lord's barge to the southern extremity of the lake, whence, in time, they returned, swimming a distance of half a league, in preparation for the Solempnity of Saint John: but solely Duke Renato and Don Eros and the exquisite Baltassare accomplished the whole course; for the others, of whom the last was the rosy Don Giacinto, at intervals climbed into the sequent barge. Anon, after much drying of hair, much perfrication of shivering members and livid lips, we galloped to Ardea before the hour of supper. Now, it is in my mind that Messer Publius Uergilius Maro formerly maintained a barge on that lake; and I will use the fish-like Baltassare on a future occasion.

(Tuesday, xxi Jun)

This day, a.d. xi. Kal. Jul., when I spoke of a picture which should present the venustous Don Eros Ardeati as David the Slinger, the Supernity of my Lord to me responded, saying that he was more sollicitous to preserve for perpetuity the divine

formosity of the peradolescence of Duke Renato, now in full flower; and, for this cause, having contrasted the pure nitid color and the medullose vigor of His Said Celsitude with the ardent splendour and the affluent sinuosity of the said Don Eros, in the similitude of the Divine Apollo, and the Faun Marsyas, he now supernally is constituting in his mind a certain picture, wherein should be contrasted the pervalid gracility of the aforesaid Duke Renato with the tralucid delicacy of Madonnina Marcia, as the divine Cupid and the virgin Psyche.

(Friday, xxiiii Jun)

This day of Venus, a.d. viii. Kal. Jul., being the Solempnity of Saint John, all ceremonies duly have been frequented; and the said Sanct Praecursor has vindicated his right on the person of the rosy Don Giacinto Perdutini.

Having prolonged the siesta till avemmaria on the vigil of this festival, after the first hour of night we rode to Nemi, with an immense cavalcade of gentlemen, pages, guards and servitors. Here, in the ilicet, supper was prepared by the light of torches. The superficies of the lake was tranquil and black as the umbra on a shield of polished steel. Not far away, under Orsini's tower, bonfires dejected incandescent radiations in the placid waters, simulating the flagrant hairy tails of comets trailed adown the sky, as Don Tarquinio says. The argent disk of Luna, silent, serene, imparted to the remote portion of the obscure lake the similitude of quicksilver. After supper, I associated myself with Duke Renato and Don Eros, with the grand Don Silvestro Rigogliosi, the martial Don Manlio Tarchiati, the erect Don Giorgio Gagliardi, the rosy Don Giacinto Perdutini, the tender Don Glorio Coscetonde. Otiosely we pervaded the sylvan grove, where lucid Luna, penetrating frondose obscurity, diffused upon the ground reticulations verisimilar to jet and silver. Here, we noted places where before sunrise the *ii.* magick herbs might be found; and I secretly noted also a cluster of ladyfern—Asplenium filix-foemina—golden, fiery, prompt to deject its magick seed. Approaching the

northern shore, we inspected the rusticks of Orsini's city, exsultant over bonfires, vociferating Saint John let me leave my sins in the fire,[1] and, Saint John avert evil from my thighs and legs,[2] the said legs being of a scarlet color in the light of the said fires. Anon, to the ilicet we returned, for the building of our proper bonfire; which, having been done, there was much exuding of vestures on the rocks, and everyone, gentleman, page or servitor, seized his neighbour and projected him into the lake in honor of Saint John. With his foster-brother, Duke Renato very vehemently struggled; but, by cause of superior vigor, the mentulate Don Eros prevailed, stringently embracing His Celsitude, and from the rocks precipitating both himself and his burthen, evanescing with immense aspersion. Nor did the vicinal rusticks omit to imitate us; and watery placidity was disturbed by innumerable ripples verisimilar to silver threads. I never have seen a thing more admirable in color than that dark coerulean sky, and those rubescent bonfires on that black shore, with those pure pallid forms, nitid in the candor of the moon, having contours delineated by the similitude of molten silver, mergent and emergent in the obscure green water amid cristalline undulations; and I noted that the nervose nigritude of Baltassare became blue when the moonlight gleamed upon his subtile form. Anon, having left the shore, at midnight I secretly went to catch the magick fern-seed in a white cloth, whereby I might acquire sapience and potency supernatural, and also invisibility at will: but though I attended in the solitary obscurity of the wood, until I had recited *Benedicite Omnia Opera Domini Domino* from beginning to end, the said fern cast not its seed; that is to say, I saw not the casting, though by chance the miracule may have occurred without my knowledge, or the sins of my past life may have rendered me unworthy of this vision; and the seed on maturing, insensibly may have evanesced as a mist evanesces in the sun. When I returned to the

[1] 'Sangiovanni lasciami perdere ne lo fuoco li peccati mei'

[2] 'Sangiovanni da le mie femora et da le mie crura tieni lontano il male.'

shore, the silver lake was dotted with the heads of swimmers, whom Don Ruggiero recalled with a raucisonous trumpet: At tuba terribili sonitu taratarantara dixit, as Messer Quinctus Ennius says, whom Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero denominates, Summus poeta nostra, but by Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus he is denominated, Alter Homerus. But why, no man can tell me. And the bonfire presently was lighted to the immense admiration of all standing round, to whose shivering arts and parts and chattering teeth and dripping hair and distended eyelids its ardor lent relief. With hands conjoined danced all, like furious corybantes round the fire; and, anon when the flames of it languished, insued an exposition of leaping to and fro across it, with the proper vociferate invocations. Anon by twos and threes, we wandered in the wood. Some plucked aurate Saint John's wort—Hypericum perforatum —, pinching the purpureal spots thereon to squeeze out the rubrick blood of the Baptizator, smearing nude breasts with the same to obtain immunity from the bites of obscoene dogs; or twining garlands they crowned their caesarial hair; or they collected it in nosegays to preserve as amulets against black magick, to compel veridicacity, and, placed in the shoe, to deliver from fatigation; but I collected much of it wherewith to compose salves. Others crowned themselves with wormwood—Artemisia uulgaris—; or they wreathed their loins with cinctures of the same, as did our primaeval progenitors with the fig in paradise: but I collected much of it wherewith to compose medicaments. While these things were being done, umbrose stelliferous night paled; and the nitid forms, flitting hither and thither among the trees, simulated fauns and other obsolete divinities revivified, manifesting their formosity in the grove. But, seeing white dawn to be at hand, we returned to the shore. Along the lower rocks, gentlemen, pages, servitors, guards, drew up in close line, prompt to plunge at the moment of sunrise, having placed, on every thigh with ashes from the bonfire, the sign of the cross. I, with Don Ruggiero and his trumpet, ascended the lofty pinnacle, whence, very far away, we could see gold-haired Divine Phoebus in the very articule of

surging from the sea, as Don Tarquinio says. The orient sky was like a flood of purpureal wine. Anon, in the midst of the flood appeared a flame. The trumpet sounded. At the signal, issued simultaneous exsultation, aerial flight, and heads of swimmers studded the lake. In a short time, emerged the guards and the servitors, indued their vestures, and prepared for the return to Ardea: but the gentlemen and pages attended Duke Renato and Don Eros swimming in the middle of the waters. As for me, I remained on the lofty rock, engaged in meditation. Having concluded, I descended; and, having sent the barge to collect the said audacious loitering swimmers, I myself swam a short distance for my proper exhilaration. Anon, all being congregated, there was commotion, vesting, rapid mounting at the limits of the grove, and accelerate equitation across Campagna. After Mass, we saturated our hunger; and somniculose, we slept quà, là, et ovunque. Anon, having performed lavations and indued more recent vestures, at noon we proceeded to the banquet; and hereafter was manifest the act of Saint John. For the said banquet having been concluded, we were dispersing to our cubicules for siesta, when to me entered the erect prior of pages with the inmense Don Furio Nerboruti very agitated. Which prior said, that he had noted the absence from the hall of the rosy Don Giacinto Perdutini; that he had sent inquiring for him in all the castle; that inquisition had not produced him; that he then himself had interrogated the pages; that the said Don Furio was the last to have seen him, time, after sunrise, place, in the middle of the lake of Nemi, circumstances, they were by chance swimming together side by side after Duke Renato, when suddenly Don Giacinto said, Saint John, immerged himself, and evanesced· but the said Don Furio, imagining this to be a jocundity, continued to swim, and thought no more of the affair, Wherefore, quoth Don Giorgio, inquisition in the stables indicated that Don Giacinto's horse had been led from Nemi by an equerry, as the horses of others, who, from fatigation had preferred to ride a pillion, also had been led. At this, I instantly invaded Duke Renato's apartment, with the said Don Giorgio Gagliardi and the

said Don Furio Nerboruti; which vivid Celsitude, having heard all, incontinent summoned his troop and rode to Nemi at a gallop. I also took horse, with a litter, and a company of lancers bearing certain necessaries, riding thither more moderately, but as quickly as possible; and I found Duke Renato already at the prow of the barge, and the rowers propelling the same hither and thither with incredible velocity. In the grove and on the shore pages and gentlemen were coursing to and fro: but, seeing no occasion for my office, I ascended the lofty pinnacle of rock, that I might view the whole prospect. For some time the inquisition was pursued: but, when daylight was fading, Duke Renato, having landed, ascended to my station sadly announcing failure. But, while yet the word was in his mouth, his brown eyes suddenly blazed: his arm extended. There, quoth he, and bounded down to the barge. Vehemently the oars were swung. Swiftly the prow divided the wave. And when, straining my eyes, I looked, I saw Don Giacinto, very white, very tranquill, very tiny, floating about *cliiii.* cubits from the shore.

And here, fatigate and hebete, I will interrupt this experiment in the saturick style of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus.

(Saturday, xxv Jun)

This day, a.d. vii. Kal. Jun., I continue my sature. The barge approached. The little rigid whiteness was lifted in-board. The barge returned to the shore, simulating a grand obscure bird fugient through evening mists. Without delay I was present with cordials, blankets, and carbon candescent in the brazier: but one sole glance sufficed to extort from me the ejaculation, Pray for the soul of Giacinto: Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let perpetual light enlighten him. He was dead. The Sanct Baptizator had exercised his annual right to conduct one soul to Ample Elysium by way of water. Don Giacinto had died with his members directly composed, his little hands folded on his virginal breast, his bright eyes delicately veiled, his rosiness purified; and on his lineaments was fixed a smile of consummate satisfaction, of perfect

felicity. I am certain that nothing in all the orb of earth exhibits such inhuman pulchritude as a puerine cadaver, so pallid, so simple, so exquisitely chaste. And now that twilight languished, having placed the relicks in the litter, to Ardea very gravely we returned. The festive voices of all were silent. Not one of us, tender or vegete page, urbane or petulant gentleman, fierce or rude lancer, but was moved with sorrow. Duke Renato and Don Eros, riding with me behind the litter, set their faces like marble to conceal emotion: but tears filled their clean eyes, trickled down their cheeks; and anon, dismissing dissimulation, sincerely and simplicitly Duke Renato wept. At this, infection spread; and anon all wept, from the tender little Don Glorio Coscetonde to the firm Don Ruggiero Rodolfi. Weeping we proceeded: night came on: torches were lighted, swords were loosened in their scabbards: and still we wept. At length, reminiscent of my sacred office, altissima uoce I intoned, *Placebo Domino in regione uiuorum*, and I began the psalm. At, *Custodiens paruulos Dominus*, mine was not the only voice. At, *Ad Dominum cum tribularer clamaui*, many voices were consonant. At the repetition of the antiphon, *Hei michi Domine*, no voice was silent whose possessor knew the words. So, intonating the dirge, we cheered our minds in assisting the dead putt's repose. The psalms and the *iii.* orations having been concluded, we continued with the litanies. To these all could respond; and again and again, we reiterated them. The open plain on all sides extended: obscure night surrounded us, a rare procession with flaming torches invoking coelestial companions. As we approached the munimental city, the rocks reverberated our invocations. *Sancte Stefane*, I intoned. *Ora pro nobis*, the company sonorously responded. *Pro nobis*, echo iterated. *Sancte Laurenti*, I intoned. *Ora pro nobis*, the company sonorously responded. *Pro nobis*, echo iterated. As we passed through the gates, came to their doors the citizens, all amazed. Duke Renato riding forward, recluded the veils of the litter, exposing the tranquill form, connudate, placid, pallid as snow. *Ut nobis parcas*, I intoned. *Te rogamus audi nos*, the company and all the citizens responded, and

echo iterated *Audi nos*. Forward went our torches, to meet the torches coming from the citadel. Each moment new voices joined themselves to ours. Louder and clearer the responses came, with clang and precision. As we entered the castle gate, *Christe audi nos*, I intoned. *Christe exaudi nos*, innumerable clear voices very magniloquently thundered. *Exaudi nos*, echo iterated from the fortifications. So, Don Giacinto Perdutini returned to Ardea with a veritable triumph. Not even our Lord the Pontiff could have more splendid exsequies. Followed the solemn dirge. The cadaver, shrouded to the breast, reposed on a high bier, simulating an effigy of quiet white-robed Peace done in alabaster. The delicate members were so still. The little pointed feet were so correct. The eyelashes lay so finely on the exquisite innocent cheeks. The attitude of the folded hands was so moving to the mind. And the smile was so final. Unbleached candles stood round, inlumining our faces, no longer sad nor lacrymose, but exalted and jubilant. All night vigil was kept. At dawn, came the Trinitarians to intone white masses for the repose of the soul of Don Giacinto. At noon, I myself intoned the solemn Mass of requiem; and, with the circumspect Dom Giangualberto Dardi, I imparted absolutions. At avemmaria, we interred the cadaver of Don Giacinto Perdutini behind the altar of Saint George of Seriphos. The deposition having been completed, Duke Renato delivered a prodigious oration, standing by the open tomb, and holding me by the hand. His demeanour was very serene. His aspect was the aspect of one who returns from the halls of the blessed indued with coelestial splendor. Very mirifically His Celsitude spoke concerning the departed page, lauding his corporeal pulchritude and capability, his mental quality, his ingenuous innocence. He said that Saint John Baptist had merited actions of grace for his benignance in taking an inpubick orphan, not yet defiled by sin, last of his race, to coelestial domiciles by way of water; for certainly, quoth he, the death that comes by water is of all deaths most clement and most benign. Admirable sententia. The aspect of Don Giacinto testifies its verity. For the said Don Giacinto, he ordained the

usual trental; but he commanded that no lugubrious vestments and no lugubrious insignia should be used, and that no one should have the ineptitude to deplore the good fortune and felicity of the said Don Giacinto. He choked a sob. His eyes became pellucid as stars in water. Constringing my hand, lifting higher his resplendent head, he with most clear voice continued, We confess to God Omnipotent, to Blessed Mary Ever Virgin, to Blessed Michael Archangel, to Blessed John Baptist, to the Sanct Apostles Peter and Paul, to all Saints, and to thee, o father,—here His Celsitude saluted me—, and to you, o brothers,—here His Celsitude saluted those standing round—, because We excessively have sinned, in thought, in word, in deed, through Our fault, through Our fault, through Our very great fault:—his virginal breast His Celsitude verberated thrice. He continued, We accuse Ourself of giving a vile perturpid example.—It was most molesting to hear the Lord Duke so speaking.—We most fatuously and most stupidly gave the example of weeping for Our well-beloved Don Giacinto. We well knew that he possessed supreme felicity: but We wept. Hereby We demonstrated egregious ineptitude; for none save one inept would have wept on account of his friend's joy. Worse remains. Hereby also We demonstrated perturpid infidelity;—here Don Eros came closer to Duke Renato and took his other hand;—for none save one infidele would have wept for the innocent dead, abnegating the scripture *Instorum animae in Manu Dei sunt*. Publick was Our sin: publick is Our confession of the same: publickly We profess contrition: publickly We promise to submit Ourself to that penance which thou, o father, and you, o brothers, shall impose upon Us. Therefore We pray Blessed Mary Ever Virgin, Blessed Michael Archangel, Blessed John Baptist, the Sanct Apostles Peter and Paul, all Saints, and thee, o father, and you, o brothers, to pray for Us to the Lord our God. So saying, he inclined his head and was silent. We also used silence. No sound was heard, save a long suspiration from those standing round. Anon, Duke Renato elevated his head. Vividly his fulgid eyes flung fulminations into ours: but nobly he refrained

his stomach. Quoth he, in the vulgar tone, We demand a penance.[1] Again silence was unbroken. I myself, being human as well as sacerdotal, can speak for the others; and it is my opinion that each man, in his own mind, was occupied with admiration of this divine creature, whose tenerity of conscience was so sublimely exquisite, who so humilitly could inflict injurious contumely on his own superb dignity. Finally, speaking sacerdotally, speaking also as mouthpiece of the others quoth I, His Very Noble Celsitude for his penance will dictate His Own penance.[2] The murmuration of the crown proclaimed that I rightly had spoken. During a moment of time, Duke Renato cogitated. Anon, quoth he, We render graces to thee, o father, and to you, o brothers, for your mansuetude and clemency; and We promise that Our penance in no wise shall be mitigated: We inflict upon Ourself the cotidian recitation of the *vii.* Penitential Psalms with Litanies, during *viiii.* days; and, for *xxx.* days, We demit our stile of Celsitude, and We require you all, on your allegiance, to denominate Us on all occasions Ineptitude, or Infidele Ineptitude, in order that We may not become oblivious of Our sin.[3] In total silence we receded from that chapel. In total silence I attained my cabinet. In total silence there I sat me down. To such generous magnanimity as this is due reverence, observance, veneration, as well as admiration, faith, love. So, after cogitation, I have deliberated in my mind. At supper, His Ineptitude was serene and vivid as usual; but the ducal familiars remain under a spell of silence and of corporeal hebetude.

[1] 'Noi domandiamo una penitentia.'

[2] 'La Sua Nobilissima Celsitudine per La Sua penitentia dicti La Propria penitentia.'

[3] 'Grazie ad te Rendiamo, o padre, et ad voi, o fratelli per mansuetudine vostra et clementia; et Promettiamo che La Nostra penitentia in nessuna guisa sara mitigata. Ci Infliggiamo la cotidiana recitatione dei *vii.* Psalmi Poenitentiale con Litanie durante *viiii.* giorni; et, per *xxx.* giorni, Dimitteremo Lo Nostro stilo di Celsitudine, et Richiediamo a voi tutti, per la vostra fide, di denominarCi in qualunque occasione Ineptitudine, vel Infidele Ineptitudine, cosi che non Obliamo Lo peccato Nostro.'

A dish of a sow's stomach, ingeniously stewed in cream and garnished with oranges, was tasty; and presently my bed will contain a very fatigate presbyter, who believes that he again has failed to write a sature in the stile of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus.

(Sunday, xxvi Jun)

This day, a.d. vi. Kal. Jul., I tolerate a molesting dolor of the head. The use of procrastinating the intonation of requiems until high noon is particular to this munimental city, where it is believed that the dead have no shadow. O ignorant pagans, know ye that the dead are all shadow. Thanks be to God by cause that this perridiculous perinjurious use is not observed in Deaurate Rome.

(Monday, xxvii Jun)

This day, a.d. v. Kal Jul., a guard escorted hither the waggon containing *ii.* pictures of Saint Agnes; and they will be erected in the cubicule of His Ineptitude. After siesta, according to the mandate of my Lord's Supernity, we shall return to the City.

(Wednesday, xxviiii Jun)

This day of Mercury, a.d. iii. Kal. Jul., being the Solempnity of Saints Peter and Paul Apostles, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that that spy has brought to the Prince of Orange the response of Fiorenza to Ferrucio; which is, that the Signoria, having excogitated his proposition, pronounces it too periculous. Also, says the said index, that passage, which the Lord Pope John XXII. built *cviii.* years ago, in order that His Sanctitude may have means of flight from Vatican to Mola in time of peril, having been assailed during the siege, now has been re-edified and made secure. Pray, o Gheraldo, that it never may be used as formerly.

(Friday, i Jul)

This day, Kal. Jul., to Madonnina Marcia I imparted felicity by

the donation of my black cat named Messalina in despite of his sex: but the *ii.* sufflavian orphans I shall retain, having named them Virbio and Flavia respectively.

(Saturday, ii Jul)

This day of Saint Cassiel Archangel, has sinned the venustous Don Eros Ardeati, having played the game of his age at Torsanguigna, sincerely divulging the fact to me inquiring the cause of his absence from the hour of dinner till long after supper. Rara est adeo concordia formae atque pudicitiae, as Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal says.

(Monday, iiii Jul)

This day of Saint Gabriel Archangel, was exhibited a specimen of the ingenious artifice which lies hidden behind the acute subtacit fascinating eyes of Biagio Guercj. For the Supernity of my Lord required him to construct an instrument of a pair of wings, apt to the form of Duke Renato; and he has evolved a veritable prodigy perdurable against long or violent use. Indeed, when the said Duke Renato had exuded his vesture, and had superadded the said wings to his enucleate form, they appeared to be a natural membrature, and so one might have denominated them, if the act of superaddition had not been seen. Moreover, at such commotion of the aether as might be caused by the arms in the act of swimming, the said wings inflate themselves in a manner totally natural, expanding or contracting verisimilar to the wings of a sea-mew.[1] And of natural plumes, meticulously selected, are they formed; flesh-colored, where they appear to sprout on the arms, the shoulders, and the valley of the spine, but splendescent with snowy percandity towards the tips. Macilent cane fortifies them. The most exquisite but infragible silk of flesh-color is their foundation. Ligaments of *ii.* fingers' breadth copulate them to the vivid flesh, on each palm, below each elbow, above each elbow, round each shoulder from the armpits over the breast, above the loins, and, from the front of this last, a duplicate ligament passes between the

[1] 'Gavia.'

femorals to the back. All these cinctures are formed of such rare material, that they may be denominated invisible: but they so consummately are accommodated to adhere, that no flexibility is constricted, nor any pure color, nor any vegete contour of His Ineptitude's prepollent formosity is mutated or obscured. Having been indued with the said admirable wings Duke Renato entered at a run to my Lord in the audience-chamber, with his arms horizontally extended, by which act he caused a wide expansion of his plumage; and finding himself, volatile, with an aetherial levity imparted to his gait, he was conscious, so he says, of a new sensation, mental as well as corporeal. This is the stile of the accurate observant Messer Gajus Plinius Secundus.

(Wednesday, vi Jul)

This day of Saint Raphael Archangel, I by chance was delighting my eyes in the gymnasium, when the urbane Don Oddo del Drako appellated Duke Renato by his stile of Ineptitude. Whose pernick dexter instantly sought the place where his poignard would have been if he had been vested, in defect of which he intended himself as though to offend the said Don Oddo with a percussion of the nose. But, in the very articule of time, Divine Mnemosyne extinguished the flame of his eyes, relaxed the perrigidity of his intent sinews, restrained the impetus of his ire. He transformed the offensive gesticulation into a salutation. He resumed the exercise. Before dinner I mentioned the affair to him, and he to me responded, saying that, without dissimulation, his present stile was vehemently vulnerating to his mind. To whom quoth I, the said stile was self-conferred, and he who gives can also take away. But, he promptly produced himself in indignation, alleging that he never would accept indulgence from himself, that he always would be sibi inperiosus, and that he willed to do as he ordained. O venerable and excellent catulaster.

(Thursday, vii Jul)

This day of Saint Sachiel Archangel, to me responded the

venustous Don Eros Ardeati, saying that he had labored all night at Torsanguigna. Interrogated whether his going there was noluntary or voluntary, for a purpose or for curiosity, he responded, saying that he went the first time by cause that that splendid syren kissed her fingers to him from her window: but that he went the second time by cause of proper cupidity. Interrogated as to whether he had divulged his deed to any in this palace, he responded, saying that he had not so spoken, except to his cubicularius. Interrogated as to the response of the said cubicularius, he responded, saying that Valerio Flavj laughed, and continued to attend him at his lavations. Anon, I objurgated him on account of the sin; threatening a flagellation if he should revert to Torsanguigna; interdicting him from discussing the said sin especially with the pages, most especially with Duke Renato. He mentioned that everyone of his age so sinned. I denied the universal: but I invected, saying that *i.* sin was bad, that *ii.* sins were worse, that *iii.* sins were worst; that a description of *i.* singular sin was certain to cause a second singular sin, that a discussion of *ii.* singular sins was certain to cause a third singular sin, and so on, and so forth. Also, I said that, as a noble who was the foster-brother of Duke Renato, he ought to give a good example; that, if he hoped for absolution when he should confess his sin, he must promise to evade repetition; that, above all, he must prevent his words or deed from becoming a proximate occasion of sin to others in this palace. He became pensive; and anon, he wept. Evidently his conscience attracted him in one direction; but his flesh in another. Observing him to be effete and hebete, I administered a sovereign electuary of feltwort—Gentianus lutea—compounded with red wine, bullock's blood, and white of egg; and I dismissed him with more benignance of manner. These recent adolescents, obstupefied by their inmoderate inexpert proclivities and capabilities, always exhaust themselves in confirming their own devirgination: but their age facilitates recuperation. Interrogated de hoc, Valerio Flavj to me responded, saying that he had heard Don Eros; that he had laughed by cause that the

said noble had spoken as though he were moved with admiration of himself; that he presently speaking had not divulged the thing, not being used to betray his lord's secrets, said indignantly.[1] I admonished the said cubicularius that he never should divulge the thing; that he, with severe gravity of aspect should repel such confidences in future, refraining from laughter; and I donated a double-guilio. Cosi, ancor una volta, virilitade ha expulso virginitade. O huomo. O huomo.

(Saturday, viiii Jul)

This day of Saint Cassiel Archangel, the Supernity of my Lord has intended several positions for the Divine Cupid, ardent, vehement; saying, that when he shall have collocated Duke Renato, he will be able to accommodate Madonnina Marcia with no hesitation. It is admirable to observe the disposition of those grand wings, extended by silk filaments attached to the rafters.

(Monday, xi Jul)

This day of Saint Gabriel Archangel, at the fourth hour of night, I was cogitating concerning the color of the sky in the light of the moon; and I deliberated in my mind that we inaccurately describe the said color by the epithet Coerulean. To depict the same on a canvas, I venture to think that a considerable quantity of malachite ought to be superadded to the pigment of lapis-lazuli. But then it must be remembered that we are used to inspect the said sky through a veil of aether, which veil, without doubt, must affect its native color. Nor must we be oblivious of this, that far beyond the sky, in interminable profundity, lies the rutilant splendour of Perpetual Light. Therefore, the said canvas first should be prepared with a reddish-yellow color, very pure, simulating the said Perpetual Light. And, when this has dried, I would lay over it a pigment compounded of one part of lapis-lazuli with *viii.* parts of malachite, + total *viiii.* parts, in honor of the *viiii.* angelick orders who inhabit coelestial regions. When

[1] 'Dicto sdegnosamente.'

this has dried, I would lay over it a translucent crust of madder—Rubia tinctorum—for the sake of blandity. When this has dried, I would lay over it numerous subtranslucent crusts of that sovereign pigment compounded of phosphorus and cobalus and alum, as many crusts as may be necessary. Then through these veils, the substratum of opaque bluish-green over reddish-yellow would produce itself as the sky itself produces itself in the light of the moon—that is to say, as a color which is neither green, nor blue, nor purple, but a magick combination of the three, verisimilar to certain parts of the plumes of the prides of peacocks, inspected in a certain light, and from a certain interval of space. And this proposition, at a convenient moment, shall be dilated to the Supernity of my Lord. This is the physical stile of Messer Titus Lucretius Carus.[1]

(Wednesday, xiii Jul)

This day of Saint Raphael Archangel, before noon, placidly entered this palace my nephew Cristoforo, very sanguinary about the legs, and with the brains of a man on his hands, whom in my zotheck, I instantly denuded, laved, astringed, compressed, and bandaged, administering cordials. And he, quiescent on my couch, a very magnifick figure, said that he was in the articule of crossing the square of Catinari when a certain bully made a lewd jape of his gigantitude: but, when he required him to favor his tongue, the said bully incontinently stabbed him twice in the sinister thigh, though the thigh was not his aim; and would have continued to stab, but that he who was speaking, seizing the aggressor by the hair, dashed out his brains[2] on a commodious wall which by chance was in the vicinity. Certainly the wounds were horrid ones, in the pulp of the thigh, tending upwards, evading the major vein;

[1] Rolfe was an artist of some versatility. In Dom Gheraldo's observations on painting we catch a glimpse of the Rolfe who painted frescoes in Christchurch and banners at Holywell; and the theories propounded are no doubt the fruit of his own experience and reflection.—Ed.

[2] 'Caput confringebat istius.'

the intention evidently having been to dirip the abdomen in the usual *manner; and, if Cristoforo had not been Cristoforo, he* would have died of a syncope caused by effusion of blood, the opulent blood of the most valid of all Pinarj. But, as it was, he simplicitly said that his sensations were subdebile and vertiginous. And, while he was in the articule of speaking, came officiose City-guards with unusual alacrity demanding the body of the homicide: but when I had manifested the affair to Duke Renato, very very serenely His Infidele Ineptitude dismissed the said City-guard, claiming Don Cristoforo Pinarj as his familiar. And the said Cristoforo is richer by *viii.* doblones, and by a caution to stun future aggressors with his sinister minim, reserving his very ample vigor for the service of his prince.

(Saturday, xvi Jul)

This day of Saint Cassiel Archangel, the Supernity of my Lord assiduously elaborates the Divine Apollo and the Faun Marsyas, a very noble piece. There could be no more apt example than the Ineptitude of Duke Renato, by cause of the marmoreal inmutability of his florescent formosity, percandid and rutilant as the white and yelk of an egg. The pyladean Don Eros finds his extended collocation not a little incommodious, as is native to one of his intractable age and perfervid color: but he leaves nothing to be desired in the way of natural speciosity or of good will.

(Sunday, xvii Jul)

This day of Saint Michael Archangel, the Ineptitude of Duke Renato willed to hear of that saint whom, in the Campagna, is denominated Boccadoro, inquiring why the said saint had intended himself to the horrifick penance of living in the malarious Pomptine Marshes, crawling on all-fours, eating with his mouth like an inferior animal, until a divine apparition remitted him. But, when I responded, saying that this saint, being a goatherd, adolescent, robust, lubidinous, habitually sinned against chastity, slaying his victims and dejecting their stuprate cadavers in wells, then the said

Duke Renato gave an exposition of taciturnity, frowning, placing no more interrogations. I should like to hear the colloquies between His said Ineptitude and his venustous foster-brother.

(Monday, xviii Jul)

This day of Saint Gabriel Archangel, while I by chance was sitting under a frondose sycamore, it appeared to me that the coerulean color of the sky was of an intenser quality, when viewed in patches among the leaves of the tree, than when viewed in its nude immensity above the open country. Also, I observed that the virid color of the grass exhibited a similar intensity of quality at the very verge of the shadow of the said sycamore. Also, on the said grass there was a family of thrushes, uidelicet, a buxom mother and *v.* sons or daughters, all very alert, who ran to and fro, or pecked the grass for worms, or hid in the bushes, or contended among themselves in a humane mode. And, in pecking the said grass, they inclined their heads, elevated their tails, and very vehemently vibrated their bodies: but their legs, as pivots, remained firm and inmobile. Now I will return to the castle to prepare for the advent of Cristoforo. In the heat of the sun at noon, a journey in a litter is most molesting; and Cristoforo should have left the City before dawn in my company.

(Tuesday, xviiii Jul)

This day of Saint Samael Archangel, at Ardea, in the courtyard, a lapwing shut its eyes and fled from Ser Guidantonio Bolzone, who is here in order to constitute familiars of the ducal wardrobe. This portends that he is sickening with a jaundice, which the sapient bird perceived and evaded, after the admirable manner of his species. Wherefore, having included the said guardaroba in his cubicule, I have administered a potion of wood-chervil—Agrestis acutifolius—in hot white wine. Mirifick.

(Friday, xxii Jul)

This day of Saint Anael Archangel, at the fifth hour of night,

the calor of my cubicle impeded sleep; and I ascended to the summit of my tower to use more recent air. In the inlimitable profoundity of heaven, coerulean, pavonine, purpureal, lived Luna, pure as the coelestial gate of pearl; and her lucent radiation inpinging on the ripples of the river, transformed them into the similitude of a ladder, micant, argent, here wide, there contracting, ascending infinity. Anon, very far below the tower and the lofty rock, a nitid ivory form serenely sprang from obscurity, quietly soared in the air, quietly rigesced in direct order, and so serenely cleaved the flood. Duke Renato, also unable to sleep, was mingling the ardent candor of his body with the frigid stream, as Don Tarquinio says. From my distant altitude, I observed him quietly progressing, scattering little showers as of diamonds as he swam in the umbra of the citadel, where the water of (River) Inchiastro was not less black than ink[1] but, on attaining the line of Luna's candency, every motion of his vegete figure visibly was manifest; and he appeared strenuously to be clambering up that radiant argent ladder, while his head in the resplendent water resembled a golden apple in a silver net. This is the idyllick stile of Messer Decimus Magnus Ausonius.

(Monday, xxv Jul)

This day of Saint Gabriel Archangel, to Biagio Guercj I imparted the horn of a goat, that he may place the same under my Lord's pillow, and so he supernally will procure sleep.

(Tuesday, xxvi Jul)

This day of Saint Samael Archangel, before vespers, came to me the Celsitude of Duke Renato, vexed by a stitch in the side, natural to an adolescentule of his age, demanding that supreme incantation which has been commended by our Don Tarquinio. And the said incantation is,

> '*Longinus miles lancea punxit Dominum*
> *Et restitit sanguis et recessit dolor,*'

[1] 'Inchiostro'

to be intoned *iii.* times over the position of the stitch, whereon the sign of the cross has been placed with aquasancta.

(Friday, xxviiii Jul)

This day of Saint Anael Archangel, I caused to be boiled in several caldrons the bulbose heads of white lilies—Lilium candidum.

(Saturday, xxx Jul)

This day of Saint Cassiel Archangel, I have distributed innumerable vials of lily-water to the cubicularj of the princes, to Don Eros Ardeati, to Don Ruggiero Rodolfi, to the gentlemen, to palatial puerice, for whitening the cuticule.

(Sunday, xxxi Jul)

This day of Saint Michael Archangel, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Most Inlustrious Lord Ercole Rangoni, Cardinal-Δ of Sant' Agata *in Suburra* has migrated to The Lord.

(Monday, i Aug)

This day of Luna, having ridden from the castle to the orchard at vicinal Lanuvium, by chance I was degusting peaches, and I was moved to say that the said peäches possessed a secondary sapor verisimilar to that of nuts, very delectable, very admirable. But to me responded the paganick Ser Cecco Garaviglio, saying that the said sapor was natural to those peaches for they were the fruit of a peach-tree in which the graft of a nut-tree had been inserted in the usual mode. Interrogated concerning this usual mode, he said that the said graft was inserted by an adolescent qui, in ipso temporis articulo, amiculam uberabat, more. Interrogated further, he said that generally the thing was done matrimonium extra. To which pagan I instantly imputed culpability, vituperissimating the sustention of these antick rites inimical to probity; and I rejected the nut-peaches. Papae.

(Tuesday, ii Aug)

This day of Mars, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Prince of Orange has conducted a part of his army from Fiorenza to hunt Don Francesco Ferrucio in the mountains.

(Wednesday, iii Aug)

This day of Mercury, was indicated that the Sanguisuga of Torsanguigna again has captured the proterve Don Eros Ardeati: who, after vespers, produced himself to me, sincerely saying that I had promised him a flagellation on his reversion to the said Antea, which penance he had merited *viii.* times over, but had procrastinated payment of the same by cause, not of the dolor for himself, but of the inconvenience to the Supernity of my Lord, who would not deign to depict the Faun Marsyas from an example obfuscate as to the pelt by contusions. But now, quoth he, Seeing that my Lord ordains solely to use His Supernity on the Divine Cupid and the Virgin Psyche during *viii.* days, no obstacule intervenes except a silken and a mobile one. And, having exuded the said silken obstacule, totally inpudibund yet admirably ingenuous, he tolerated a most severe flagellation without murmuration: but, with eyes perlucid and panting to recuperate his persuave breath, he indued his vesture, while I indignantly stigmatized him with the odious epithet Recidivus, interdicting him from relinquishing this palace during these *viii.* days next insuing, except when he shall attend the Celsitude of Duke Renato, and exhorting him instantly to proceed to sacramental confession.

I should like to know why. I should like to know why.

Gheraldo, be content to know that he has a good heart, is honest, is ingenuous, is intrepid, and pray thou that to his virtues may be added pudicity.

Nihilominus, in te omnis haeret culpa, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says, o fera lamia, lasciua, uorax, insaturabilis, whose

delectament it is to suck the life from sucid sanguinolent peradolescence.

(Friday, v Aug)

This day of Venus, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that our Lord Pope Clement, motu Proprio, has caused to be erased from the Divine Office several inept fables, uix dignas lucubratione anicularum, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says, which fatuous religious persons from time to time have superadded to the proper office of the sacred megalomartyr Saint George of Seriphos. And not too soon, says Dom Gheraldo Pinarj.

(Saturday, vi Aug)

This day of Saturn, in the audience-chamber, the Supernity of my Lord studies the Divine Cupid and the Virgin Psyche. On a prasine carpet, about *viii.* cubits square, laid in the middle of one-third of the longitude of the said audience-chamber on the place where the robust floor begins, Madonnina Marcia vested in the antick mode stands, with admiring hands which timidly depend on the grand shoulders of Duke Renato. That very formose Celsitude genuflects before her; his arms extolled delicately embrace her; his vivid face is elevated; his astrilucent eyes seek to penetrate the veils of hers. His splendid wings expand themselves by means of ash-colored filaments of silk, almost invisible, which extend from the extremities of certain plumes to the lofty rafters, in such mode that the inrestible dival supplicator appears in the very articule of alighting on this orb of earth. Behind the examples, the rest of the marmoreal floor, where plebeians usually stand, partly is concealed by laurel shrubs very artificially disposed to simulate the Lauret described by Messer Gajus Plinius Secundus, whose obscure opulence of color augments the pure candor of the said examples. The ingenious Supernity of my Lord excels in composition. That is my opinion. For he has deigned so to collocate these consummate figures, as to hold the mind of the spectator,

and to leave no sense insaturate. Neither appears to be perturbed: but it would be exitiose to substitute his foster-brother for Duke Renato.

(Monday, viii Aug)

This day of Luna, I rode to Tornarancia, where, using neither knife nor iron spade, I collected betony, or clowns-heal-all—Betonica officinalis—, and beewort—Acorus calamus—, for replenishing my herbary; and, having shaken the roots (to liberate them from adherent dirt), I have laid them to dry in the shade: but the beewort will seethe in water during *iii.* days.

(Tuesday, viiii Aug)

This day of Mars, in order to expel the cacodaemon who inflames the ardent temper of the venustous Don Eros Ardeati, I ordained waybread—plantago major—, henbane—Hyoscyamus niger—, houseleek—Semperuiuum tectorum—, mandrake—Mandragora atropa officinalis—spurge,—Euphorbia polygonifolia—, great water-lily—Nymphea alba—herbs which possess a native quality of gelidity. Having imparted an immense quantity of these to Valerio Flavj, I said that half must be collected in bunches, and suspended in the doors and windows of his lord's apartment: but that half must infect the water used in the said lord's nocturnal lavations. Magick never is so amplified with dignity as when it tends the salvation of a soul.

(Wednesday, x Aug)

This day of Mercury, after completorium, in secret came to me Valerio Flavj, saying that the sanguineolent Don Eros Ardeati has commanded all the magick herbs to be dejected in sterquilinio, furiously exsecrating their foetor. Certainly that of henbane—Hyoscyamus niger—is abhominable. In tali re exasperation is natural. To prayer, o fatuous Gheraldo.

(Thursday, xi Aug)

This day of Jove, has been done the trituration of the roots of

betony—Betonica officinalis—, and I have afflicted my new garzone Diodoro with several slaps on the hams,[1] to the delight of the others, by cause that the said little-piece-of-great-pig violently sneezed into the mortar. Giving himself to laments, he excused his culpability by alleging that the fine dust titillated his nostrils. I responded, saying that, between the titillation and the sternutation, there was sufficient time for averting the perstupid head of him; and, having offended his posterior sensibilities as aforesaid, I caused him to cast out the spoiled worts, to clean the mortar, and to begin again. This having been accomplished, I have included the said trituration of betony in urns: but of the beewort —Acorus calamus—I have composed a potion for stricture of the bladder.

(Friday, xii Aug)

This day of Venus, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that a terrifick battle has been fought at Gavignana in the mountains by Pistoja; that the army of Caesar Semper Augustus reported victory from the hostile rebels, destroying the last hope of Fiorenza; that, in the said battle both leaders were slain; that the Prince of Orange gloriously died fighting; that Don Francesco Ferrucio lay mortally wounded, when his hereditary enemy Don Fabrizio Maramaldi saw him, and stabbed him again, to whom Don Francesco said, Hail, o magnanimous one who slayest the dead; and instantly expired. A very horrid history. I hear that here the war ends.

(Saturday, xiii Aug)

This day of Saturn, being the commemoration of Saints Hippolitus and Cassian, Martyrs, to nemorose Nemi we rode to inspect rustick puerice and virginity submitting themselves to purification in the lake. But so innumerable was the crowd, that the torches of the procession were not kindled until the second hour of night; for which cause we are come to Ardea for food

[1] 'Parecchi sculaccioni.'

and sleep, and after Mass at dawn we shall ride to Rome, that the Supernity of my Lord may not exsecrate the defection of his examples.

(Monday, xv Aug)

This day of Luna, in the audience-chamber, towards the hour of None, I suddenly became conscious of the vegete prepollent grandity, of every art and part, to which the Celsitude of Duke Renato has attained since he emerged from investite puerice. This resplendent adolescent, sucid, vesticipal, membrose, merits indeed to be denominated Colosseros equally with that grand formose one to whom Messer Gajus Suetonius Tranquillas first gave the name.

(Wednesday, xvii Aug)

This day of Mercury, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that the Signoria of Fiorenza has sent embassadors to sue for peace.

(Thursday, xviii Aug)

This day of Jove, at Nemi, I noted that the corporeal vigor of the proterve Don Eros Ardeati remains inviolate, in no wise enervated by his effrenate exercitations, but augmented and augmenting. I wish that no pictures were painted; or that they were complete; or that singular examples or plebeian examples solely were used.

(Friday, xviiii Aug)

This day of Venus, the Supernity of my Lord labored so long, and so incessantly, at the Divine Cupid and the Virgin Psyche, that the Celsitude of Duke Renato was affected with contractions of the inferior sinews of his sinister leg and of the superior sinews of his dexter thing, those parts being very greatly used in the position of an incompleted genuflection. And when, at length, my said Lord supernally deigned to dismiss the examples, the said

ardent divinity of Colosseros, falsely named Volatilis, manifested total impotence, being insensible from the flank downward, whereat we all cavillated with hilarity and jocundity. But, having relieved him of his inutile wings, I caused him to be deported, recumbent on the prasine carpet as he was, to his proper lavatory; where the care of Silvio Flavj, and the artifice of the exquisite Baltassare, assisted by a supreme unguent of savine—Juniperus sabina—macerate with honey and old wine, dismissed his rigors, and to his terete members instaured their apt agility. It is not necessary, now, to inquire for His Celsitude at the hour of painting. He always is in the audience-chamber before the Supernity of my Lord, prompt, nervose, alate, vivid, exspecting the maternal Dionisia with Madonnina Marcia. The aspect of this last most sedate most delicate flower causes me to comprehend Messer Publius Ovidius Naso in his fable of the nymph metamorphosed into a bulrush; for, though I would not be so insipid as to say that the body vegetable and the feminine body human are similar each to other in actual form and color, yet I cannot deny that the form and color of the bulrush, and the color and form of Madonnina Marcia, have part in the identical qualities of pure vigent simplicity and of most subtile gracility. This is the stile of the observant philosophick Messer Titus Lucretius Carus.

(Saturday, xx Aug)

This day of Saturn, before dawn, with a plump of spears, I rode to Tornarancia; where, having found knot-grass or untrodden-to-death—Polygonum auiculare—, and hart-clover or melilot—Melilotus officinalis—, with a gold ring I circumscribed the earth whereon they sprouted, and performed the incantation, saying that, on the third day I would take the first for sore eyes, and for impeding corporeal increment, but the second for contused members and for quivering sinews.

(Sunday, xxi Aug)

This day of Sol, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj,

saying that our Lord Pope Clement has issued, to the Signoria of Fiorenza, a Bull containing a mandate for the erection of a Balia[1] which shall exsecute righteous judgments to punish the rebels.

(Monday, xxii Aug)

This day of Luna, before dawn, with a plump of spears, I rode to Tornarancia to take that knot-grass or untrodden-to-death—Polygonum auiculare—, and that hart-clover or melilot—Melilotus officinalis—. And I have included in vials the humor of a third of the first for diseases of the flanks and of the ears, a third I have dried for suspension on the neck of one afflicted with sore eyes; and from a third I shall distil a magick potion efficacious for retaining the form of puerice usque ad mortem: but the hart-clover I shall macerate in oil as an unguent for rigors and contusions.

(Wednesday, xxiiii Aug)

This day of Mercury, before noon, in the ninth ante-chamber, where the Divine Apollo and the Faun Marsyas were induing their vestures, I noted that the livery of His Celsitude is very decorous and apt to the venustous Don Eros Ardeati adhering to his medullose form verisimilar to a versicolored skin. And it appeared to me that the sinister half of him, which is black, possessed less amplitude than the dexter half of him, which is white: but, by mension of his *ii.* ankles, knees, thighs and arms, consummate symmetry was proved. Wherefore, it is my opinion that this simulated asymmetry is an illusion, due to an irregular disposition of the daemons who occupy the several colors. At the same time, I also noted, after mension, that the said Don Eros by about *iii.* fingers' breadth exceeds in altitude Duke Renato, who has accurately *iii.* cubits and two-thirds of a cubit; and both are augmenting, accumulating virility, day by day.

(Thursday, xxv Aug)

This day of Jove, I administered roots of sow-bread—Cyclamen

[1] Tribunal: *cf.* Bailey.

hederaefolium—, to Don Livio Drusi and to Messer Vincenzo Fravolanasati, that by sniffing of it they may retard the falling of the relicks of their hair.

(Saturday, xxvii Aug)

This day of Saturn came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that they say that the Sacred King of Anglia, indubitably demented, will add, to the Litanies of the Saints, this versicule for his demesne

'*Ab Episcopo Romano tyrannide*
Et detestandis enormitatibus suis } *Libera nos, Domine.*'

The firm Don Ruggiero, very irate, says that the news must be false; that Messer Gabinio has lied like a very vile heretick, and other furiosissimous words· for, says he, though the said Sacred King's infatuation cannot be denied, at least there remain in the university of his island,—Widow of Polite Letters[1] as we Romans deign to denominate the said university,—says he, some few doctors who are capable of writing Latin. I myself, however, reject not the words themselves, but their signification, which is not only exsecrable but perridiculous as well.

(Tuesday, xxx Aug)

This day of Mars, after vespers, came one (reputed veridical) saying that a horrid fight with stones has occurred on Campo Vaccino between the Trasteverini and the Monticiani; and *xviiii.* adolescents lie dead there. Better to expend their vigor in defending our Lord the Pope from his ferocious enemies, than in these intestine frays.

(Wednesday, xxxi Aug)

This day of Mercury, I admonished the mulierose Don Eros Ardeati in the words of Messer Gajus Suetonius Tranquillus ut parcius aetatulae indulgeret.

[1] 'La vedova di buone lettere.'

Gheraldo, use an equal mode of ascribing the day to thy letters. Use not the magick names of the *vii.* Archangels. Use not the dival names of obsolete divinities. But use the Roman Kalendar plainly and simplicitly, as becometh a Roman of Rome.

(Thursday, i Sept)

This day, Kal. Sept., having fixed my eyes upon Madonnina Marcia, and ambiguously and secretly, having invited the Supernity of my Lord to observe the crescent virility of Duke Renato, he to me superbly responded, saying that the said Celsitude was the son of Prince Marcantonio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros. I have spoken.

(Saturday, iii Sept)

This day, a.d. iii. Non. Sept., the Dodola danced for rain through the munimental city, and she humilitly tolerated the trulls of water which the populace poured upon her: but, at avemmaria a certain procacious vine-dresser who was her sweetheart, having armed himself with a vineyard squirt, directed such a gush of water vicinitate naturae, that her integument of green leaves was torn away. Instantly she furiously exuded the rest; and, enucleate and inpudibund, she stood in the street, inflaming herself with rabies, exsecrating the deed of the adolescent. And, when the rumour came to the citadel, all the gentlemen and pages ran to see this truculent insane Bellona, for which cause, no torches attended the Celsitude of Duke Renato to supper.

Comes Don Eros Ardeati very agitated in mind, perpallid in aspect, saying that the said ragazzina finally lamented her dishonor, and dejected herself from the west rock before one could move to detain her. Also saying that she was of the age of *xvii.* years, and membrose enough to produce peccatum mortale. Horrible. Sincere. O.I.B.Q.

(Sunday, iiii Sept)

This day, Prid. Non. Sept., I was playing with my two very

athletick cats, and discussing with the firm Don Ruggiero concerning Annalucia, when he said that for a virgin to expose herself coram omibus, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says, was a temptation to prave adolescence; and he also said that, in his island, when there was need of rain (as here there now is), the use was to imprecate dire things in the open air, having previously deposited filth on the threshold of some notorious shrew; and, anon, through her objurgations and exsecrations superadded to the imprecations of the others, so much sollicitude of mind was excited among the inhabitants of heaven, that rain instantly was poured out in pitchers' full in order to purify the air. Indignantly interrogated as to whether he himself believed or exercised this abhominable and perabsurd superstition, he very gravely nictated his dexter eyelid. And I nictated mine. And we both laughed. Very ingenious Anglican.

(Thursday, viii Sept)

This day, a.d. vi. Id. Sept., with aquasancta, I imparted benediction, and the name Saint Barbara Inclusa, to the new armoury; and now the last courtyard has been expleted, and this princely palace is instaured with more than its pristine inexpugnability and magnitude and splendor. Nisi Dominus aedificauerit Domum: in uanum laborauerunt qui aedificant eam.

(Friday, viiii Sept)

This day, a.d. v. Id. Sept., at the hour of Terce, on entering the audience-chamber, the Supernity of my Lord donated to me these eximious versicules:

'*Scire cupis careat cur uestibus ardor amoris*
Nudus amor nulla dissimulator ope.
Frigora uestitum deposcant: ignis amoris
Nudus agit, uult et se sine ueste coli.'

I have said, Eximious Versicules: but they clearly indicate that his art and mystery totally has absorbed my Lord's prudence. No one denies that Divine Cupid has no need for dissimulation. No one

denies the other poetick sophisms. However, the case is one of confusing the Particular with the Universal. For the Divine Cupid, as Universal, manifesting his divinity in the form of Duke Renato, as Particular, indubitably will not lack at least one worshipper, whether he appears vested or invested. Anon, the said ignis amoris nudus will excite a most prodigious and most terrifick conflagration, very solemnly affirms Dom Gheraldo Pinarj.

(Saturday, x Sept)

This day, a.d. iiii. Id. Sept., from Ardea, slain by fishers on the shore, came a monstrous sepia with its *x.* members separate, and not one of those less than *iiii.* cubits in longitude, armed with lethiferous suckers, the body containing eyes, beak, backbone, belly, and little beside. But, when the cooks were carving the creature for the pot, I extracted a grand vesica half-full of a fusky-colored fluid, rich, obscure, and perdurable, from which (by the adsistence of Saint Luke and certain magick) I shall confect an admirable pigment for my Lord, of the color of the eyes of Duke Renato; of Madonnina Marcia's hair, and (diluted with ochre and madder and cerussa) of the auricolored cuticule of Don Eros. At supper, were several steaks of the said monster stewed in red wine. Gustosissimo.

(Sunday, xi Sept)

This Lord's Day, a.d. iii. Id. Sept., being the Solempnity of Saints Protos and Hyacinth, Martyrs, we venerated their relicks exposed at the Church of the Fiorentini.

(Tuesday, xiii Sept)

This day, Id. Sept., to Duke Renato complaining that his hands were ardent, sucid, and difficile to retain in mundity, I responded saying that this was effected by the natural fervor of adolescence; that water and lupin-meal would produce mundity; that an amber ball carried in the hands would produce frigor. And incontinent he ran to the treasury to select such a ball or *ii.*

(Wednesday, xiiii Sept)

This day, a.d. xviii. Kal. Oct., the Supernity of my Lord manifested to me the secret method which he uses in depicting the percandid flesh of Duke Renato. Inprimis, he lays cerussa with madder. Over this, he lays a crust of ochre with madder, except in the lightest parts. Over this he lays a crust of pure madder, except in the lightest and lighter parts. Over this he lays a crust of sepia, except in the lightest, lighter and light parts. Finally, over all, he lays a translucent crust of cerussa with lapis-lazuli. Now Messer M. B., whose name may not be mentioned in this palace, formerly used a mixture of cerussa and malachite, wherewith he depicted the divers forms of all light or shaded parts; and finally, over all these, he laid a translucent crust of cerussa and madder. But the magick of my Lord's Supernity appears to be more subtle and more efficacious; for the flesh, as depicted by him, is verisimilar to the flesh of the example, in purity of color and in nitid teretude: but flesh, as depicted by the said Messer M. B., whose name is not mentioned, is verisimilar solely to yellow marble.[1]

(Thursday, xv Sept)

This day, a.d. xvii. Kal. Oct., with the Celsitude of Duke Renato and the mulierose Don Eros, I proceeded to the Pontificial Treasury, to inspect the magnifick duplicate onyx cameo, which Caesar Semper Augustus has offered to our Lord the Pope in testimony of amicity. This prodigious gem excells all others in magnitude and in indubitable antiquity. It presents the Divine Laborifer Hercules and the Feminine Lydian Omfale on obverse and reverse, both carved on chalcedony, and set in gold rilievo, inlustrated with *iiii.* diamonds and *iiii.* rubies. Delicious. Also, we inspected a suave puerine head, well-combed, verisimilar to our Don Ugolini Cenci in his puerice, intagliate in green jasper, and set in a ring, which will attract reverence, honor, and delectament to the wearer of it. Now, precisely such a ring is described in the acts of Don Tarquinio as his proper jewel: that *ii.* such rings

[1] 'Gialloantico.'

should exist upon this orb of earth is incredible: and I want to know why the ring of Don Tarquinio is in the Pontifical Treasury. Gheraldo, mention it to thy Lord. Also, the treasurer said that the sumptuous triregno which was made for the Lord Pope Leo X., having been desecrated during the siege, the gold of it percussed into coin, the gems of it vended for food, our Lord Pope Clement has commanded to be made for His Sanctitude a new tiara, imitating that which the Divine Constantius Caesar Semper Augustus Magnus formerly offered to the Lord Pope Saint Silvester; which was a plain cap woven of the plumes of candid peacocks, with the *iii.* crowns in gold inlustrate with precious union-pearls,[1] coerulean sapphires, polished turkey-stones (turquoise?), venete beryls (aquamarina?), and surmounted by an igniferous scintillant carbuncle of supreme praefulgent splendor.

(Monday, xviiii Sept)

This day, a.d. xiii. Kal. Oct., Ser Ercole Romano has accommodated to the pair of amber balls an exquisite apparatus of little gold chains, which the Celsitude of Duke Renato may affix to his wrists, and so retain or relax the said balls at his will. Rejoice, Gheraldo, because of the said Ser Ercole, proved worthy.

(Tuesday, xx Sept)

This day, a.d. xii. Kal. Oct., came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that our Most Sanct Lord Pope Clement has said to His familiars, If the Supreme Pontificate were hereditable, We would legate the same in Our testatement to the Most Inlustrious Cardinal-Dean.

Gheraldo, thou hast deemed this same Cardinal Farnese antipathetick. Know, now, how God's Vicegerent has pondered him. Be not so prompt to adjudicate thy superiors. Cultivate humility; and lapse not into the fatuous and diabolick error of those, who, quod puer peccauit, accusant senem, as the Lord Archbishop of Benevento said.

[1] Unio: a single large pearl.

(Wednesday, xxi Sept)

This day, a.d. xi. Kal. Oct., after Mass, in secret, Duke Renato said to me, that, night after night during this month, he has dreamed that he was flying like a sea-mew over water, over land, carrying a unick union-pearl to some place of security. To Whose Celsitude I responded, saying that the dream indubitably was produced by the wearing of wings in the audience-chamber, that to dream of flying indubitably portends flight. But, I did not say that to dream of water, puerice being absent, indubitably portends molestation. Gheraldo, uigila; quia aduersarius noster diabolus, tanquam leo rugiens, circuit, quaerens quem deuoret, cui resiste, fortis in fide.

(Wednesday, xxviii Sept)

This day, a.d. iiii. Kal. Oct., I will prescribe the dissertation which, during *vi.* days antecedent I have been elaborating.

DE ARTE PICTURAE

If a poet chose to join jambicks to alexandrines, and to compose verses in measures collected here, there, and everywhere, so that heroick hexameters turpidly terminate in lubidinous hendecasyllabicks, or sonnets languish in little-chapters; would you be able, o friends, to restrain your laughter, when admitted to hear? Believe me, o my Pinarj, Pinario, Secondo, Tertio, Quarto, and Quinto, persimilar to such poems are the pictures which, on all sides, are exposed for your admiration.

For our degenerate artificers, some possessed of exiguous faculty, some the merest simulators, some exempt from ingenuity, all are perturbed in their minds by the necessity of consulting, nay even of obeying, the morose inconstancy of their patrons, generally inurbane. They must adulate, they humilitly must submit themselves to, the ignorance and stupidity of princes and of kings, the inane glory of Caesar Semper Augustus, the vanity and insolence of cardinals, the pontificality of the Sanctitude of

God's Vicegerent. Hence, being compelled to satisfy the hebete senses of the said stolid rustick patrons, their souls demersae sunt in terram, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says; and what little of ingenuity they possess is constricted as by an inextricable infragible chain.

But, contrariwise, no impediment of this species prohibits the Supernity of my Lord from conceiving, composing, constituting, completing, in his mind, the similitude of some figure or of some mystery; from treating and manipulating it with his proper discrimination; and from effecting it in clay, or wax, or gold, or bronze, or wood, or marble, or in pigments applied to canvas or to panel, by means of his liberal genius and his erudite dexterity.

Things which are perceived *via* the senses affect the minds of mortal men perceiving them. He who possesses riches, can provide for himself amoenity of place, pulchritude of form, and other decorous delectaments. As the humor of herbs, when distilled in an alembick, concedes a virtuose quintessence, very subtile, very exquisite; so, natural speciosity, when digested in a mind inspired by the genius of artifice, will be reproduced in artificial speciosity subsimilar to the natural.

Res angustae domi, as Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal says, coerce our followers of the inbelline arts. They are compelled to use, as examples, the dregs of the populace. It was very different *l.* or *xl.* or even *xxx.* years ago; for then all possessing pulchritude, purpled one, prince, or patrician, esteemed it an honor to expose the same; and I have heard my father saying that the angels, and the Mercuries, and the Saint Sebastians, of that inaccessible Messer Alessandro Filipepi, were depicted from no less inlustrious examples than the Sanctitude of the Lord Pope Leo X. and the Sanctitude of our Lord Pope Clement, in their puerice and adolescence. But, now, artificers must use the scum of the City; and, by consequence, their men ostend notes of some sordid occupation, producing asymmetrical amplification in that corporeal art or part which is affected by their labors. Of this species are smiths and armourers, such as Ser Ercole Romano, or that rare

cogitabund Serafino Diveristiani of whom anon I will narrate a history. Of this species are tailors, whose legs are mere means of progression, such as Messer Boccone. Of this species are the salacious, crass-haunched and otherwise attenuate, such as Caesar Semper Augustus, the common ram, and our Ser Fabrizio. Of this species are pedestrians, ample as to belly and legs, and their superior parts all bones and skin, such as the veridical Messer Gabinio Gabinj. Of this species are presbyters, whose lateral throats are rugose by inclining the head in study or in humility such as the throat of him now writing. So much for men. Mulierity is distorted by parturition. Puerice is deformed, bandy-legged, knock-kneed, knotty-as-to-the-articulations, strumous, stunted, skinny. All are of the earth, earthy.

Not but what an artificer, indued with true genius, sometimes can constitute a masterpiece from asymmetrical example. Among the theses of the erudite Don Tarquinio, qui teretes aures habuit intelligensque judicium as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says, huomo emunctae naris as Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus says, the following history is stated. Messer Andrea Vannucchi,[1] on a certain day, by chance was passing a smithy; and above the demi-door emerged from shadow, the egregious countenance of an apprentice, superb, audacious, innocent, caesarial, most amoene, pausing for a moment from his labor that he might look into the street. To him goes the son of the tailor incontinent. And what may be thy name, o ardito garzone? says he. Serafino Diveristiani to serve Messere, responds the apprentice. Dost know that thy face indeed is the face of a seraph? My sweetheart so tells me, by grace of Messere. Wilt let me depict that face, and gain a double-giulio for thy sweetheart? But willingly, Messere. His day's work done, the apprentice washes himself and proceeds to the workshop of the artificer. So seraphick a face should pertain to the form of a seraph, says Messer Andrea. The apprentice denudes his form at the word. Enucleate, he exposes a magnifick neck and shoulder, a grand pectoral sinew and dexter, a well-filled armpit, and all

[1] This is Andrea del Sarto.

lacertose down to the groin: but a delicate nervose sinister, and both legs long, terete, and gracile. What can be done with so asymmetrical a figure? The ingenuity of Andrea-senza-errore veils the sinister with a cloak, the haunch with a goat-skin, disposes the sinister in shadow; and depicts the intent face, the noble, caesarial head, the fatidick eyes, the splendid breast and dexter, as the per-adolescence of Saint John. But, if the figure had been symmetrical, you may imagine how divine a spectacule would have been depicted. The Supernity of my Lord, opulent, potent, is not compelled to inquire for examples among the proletary. He, indeed, can buy pulchritude in whatsoever place it may be found; as, formerly, from the Divine Lionardo, he bought that flavian-haired, coerulean-eyed Gothick Sigismondo in the tenth year of his age, whose robustitude he produced by athletick exercitations during *vii.* years, to whom he ordained an abundance of food and wine, with unguents for his tender cuticule, whereby his form expanded as a specimen of consummate virility; or that pallid Greek Irene—a very inept name for a female—whose virginal body during a similar period he caused to be produced by a similar mode, until, at the age of *xv.* years, her delicate muliertry rendered her worthy to be associated with the Goth as examples for the effigies of our primaeval progenitors, carved in argyrocorinthian brass on the gates of the screen, and woven in arras in the hall of the castle of rutilian Ardea. To him that hath shall be given, as Canonical Scripture says. The Supernity of my Lord needs not even to purchase examples. To him Divine Providence presents the pure, tralucid tenerity of Madonnina Marcia Figlidelre, the caesarial auricolored sinuose venusty of Don Eros Ardeati, the divine, resplendent rutilant percandid nervose formosity of the Celsitude of Duke Renato. Than these, you are unable to imagine more precious examples.

Our artificers imitate their masters, or their antecessors. It is human to evade operose labor of body or mind. Labor of mind facilitly may be evaded by imitation: for, so, sollicitude of mind conducive to invention becomes supervacuous. Hence, artificers

of a negligent nature follow traditions and canons of the schools. How many have intended themselves to imitate the inaccessible Messer Alessandro Filipepi? You may count them by hundreds. How many intend themselves to imitate Messer Bernardino Betti; or his pupil, Il Sanzio; or the rival of the last, Messer M. B., who is not to be named? You may count them by thousands. How many propose to themselves for eternal remembrance that sentence of the Divine Lionardo, most ample master, where he said, Uilis, contemptus, et abiectus, qui magistrum non potest antecellere discipulus? You may count them by ones,—up to ten. No, says Gajo, We will have no progression nor any competition, for our antecessors made themselves omniscient, and have left nothing more to be invented. No, says Titio, Such-and-such a thing cannot be done, seeing that the antick masters left it undone. Yes, says Sempronio, Such-and-such a thing must be done, seeing that the antick masters did it.

By chance an ingenious artificer perceives a certain copulation among themselves of form and color. Having cogitated the thing, he deliberates in his mind, and invents a mode whereby the aspect of the same may be simulated with pigments applied to canvas. To him, then, enter Gajo and Titio and Sempronio, garrulous, sententious, vapid. See, they clang, See the audacity of this one who dares to despise and to contemn the canons. Such a mode never has been heard of: let him and his work be anathema; clangs Gajo. The antick masters used another mode: thou intendest thyself to excel those prisk ones? to add new canons to theirs? o Gajo, our ears have heard heresy; clangs Titio. As for this effrenate cinaedus, certainly, o Titio, the Holy Office ought to coerce him, in order that he may not infect others with his rabies, and in order that his proper miserable soul eternally may not be damned, clangs Sempronio. So, the artificer, cupid of progressing to a better thing, is impeded, and burthened with a perturpid name totally inmerited. So, the store of human science is not augmented.

As a specimen of this perridiculous adherence to the canons I will cite the following. Artificers have been used, and are used, to

consider their examples as though the light of the sun inradiated these solely from above, from the front, and from the side. This canon causes the contour of each figure to appear as though a black line, or at least a line of dense color, separates it from what may be behind it. But the Supernity of my Lord is of opinion that we ought to consider the sun as the sole source of light, whose radiance is reflected by that magick incognite material of which the vast coelestial dome, over and around all, is formed. The inmoderate space, existing between the said vast coelestial dome and this orb of earth, is filled with translucent aether, limpid, derived from the said sun; and every natural thing must be viewed against this inlimitable body of light, pure, or inradiate, singular and pure from the sun, duplicate and inradiate from the said vast coelestial dome and from inmoderate aether: a magick trias. Now, seeing that the capability of the human eye is restricted within certain limits, o Pinarj, Pinario, Secondo, Tertio, Quarto, et Quinto, you must concede this consequence,—That any natural thing, about to be studied by the said human eye for an artificial purpose, is collocated, of necessity, nearer to the said human eye than to the confines of space. What then? It is evident that there is more light behind the said natural thing, than before it. Wherefore, says the Supernity of my Lord, all natural things must be existimated as being lighted singularly from above, by cause, that the sun is above, and duplicitly from behind, by cause of the curvament of the vast coelestial dome, and by cause of the inlimitable space filled with inmoderate limpid, tralucid aether. Moreover, he negates the lighting from the front, by cause that the space between the seeing eye and the seen thing is of no moment, weight, or magnitude, in comparation with the space between the said seen thing and the said confines of space. And, supernally intending his hand before the flames of a lamp of *v.* wicks, nearer to my eye than to the said lamp, he commanded me to observe that its contour was not delineated by a denser color than the color of the hand itself, as our artificers (exasperated by Gajo, Titio, and Sempronio) would depict it: but rather by a color which appeared

to be more lucid than the radiance of the hidden flames. For this cause, he deigns to delineate his figures with candid contours in convenient gradations of tincture, instead of with the black or fusky contours ordained by the canons; and to this is due, in my opinion, the illusion of verity, of solidity, of disjunction from circumstances, which is manifest in his supernal pictures. Pity incites him (who inspects the Saint Agapitus) to elevate the said suave martyr, liberating him from that ponderous capital dolor which would be produced by long suspension in inverse order. Without auxiliary notice, one would imagine the forms of the Divine Cupid and the Virgin Psyche to be carved in alto rilievo: for the inferior line of that long, nervose leg, which the Celsitude of Duke Renato does not genuflect, although located in the umbriferous obscurity of his expanded wings, of the form of Madonnina Marcia, of the nebula of her dusky hair, nevertheless produces a luminous contour dividing the leg from the lauret in the rear, and persuading the spectator that if he would, he could surround the teretude of the said leg entirely with his hand. Not that the said contour is essentially of more luminous color than the rest: but accidentally so it appears to be; and, therefore, so it must be depicted, supernally says my Lord.

Messer Giacopo Sansovini had in his workshop a putt of the age of *xiiii.* years, by name Filippino Fabri to serve you, hilarious in mind, rubicund and pinguid in body, who ministered wet clay to the sculptor. On a certain day, a light mordacious flea by chance molested Pino. All the morning, se nullam in partem non mouet, as the Divine Gajus Julius Caesar Semper Augustus says. At noon, instead of going to dinner, in the garden he exuded his vesture, vehemently shaking the same in the sun, dismissing the pungent flea. The month was October. Not very far away, a grand vine ostended purpureal grapes. In a moment of time, oblivious of nudity, Pino captured a cluster, and therewith saturated his hunger, standing erect and divaricate near the door of the workshop. By chance, Messer Giacopo omitted his siesta, and returned. Johia, cries he, perceiving pinguitude, rubicund, membrose, and terete,

I knew not that it was the Divine Juvenal Bacchus who distended the shirt and the hosen of Pino. Conducting the putt, as he was, by the ear, on a pedestal as an example he constituted him. Day by day in the workshop Pino exposed his form. Day by day in the workshop the sculptor effected his effigy. Winter advened. Cold and damp was the workshop by cause of the wet clay. Still Messer Giacopo ceased not his labor. Still Pino the Pinguid ostended connudate membrature. Fever molested him on the Solempnity of St. Thomas Apostle, the image at length being complete. After *viii.* days the fever became malignant; and, his mind being alienate, incessantly he leaped from his bed in order to dilate himself as Divine Juvenal Bacchus. So, vexed by delirium, anon the victim died.

Artificers perceive here a delicate nose, there a speciose belly, here an egregious hand, there a noble head, here a candid breast, there a sinuose leg. Producing tablets and silver-points, they delineate these particulars. And now comes the time when a patron requires an effigy of himself in the similitude of, let us say, Divine Auricomous Hyperion. Instantly, the astute artificer effects numerous antecedent delineations, wherein is preserved something of the aspect of the patron: but the strawberry nose has languished in pallor, the warts and the pimples not less than the moles and the pustules have evanesced, rugosity is smoothed, ventriosity is eliminated, beneath luxuriant tresses calvity absconds, direct are the members and most formose. The patron lauds the work. Anon, in his workshop, in secret, the said astute artificer coacts all the innumerable charts, specimens of particular lineaments, which, from time to time, he has made from diverse conformations more or less perfect. Adsisted by these, for his patron he composes an heroick effigy excessive in pulchritude, totally dissimilar to anything, or to any creature, in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, but grateful to the vanity, and productive of zecchini or even of dobloni.

Far contrariwise is the method of my Lord's Supernity. He uses no examples, except such as are consummate in every art and part,

face, form, body, members, color, texture, habit, all eximious, all of equal speciosity. He neither fatigates nor inmolates his said sublime examples, nor exposes them to perils of fevers; for the audience-chamber is heated, even before the Solempnity of Saint Katharine the Martyr, by fires on the hearth and in braziers. Moreover, the intellect of the said examples being equal to their pulchritude, they relax, they pandiculate their members, they rest their bodies, they quietly play micating their digits, while my said Lord meditates; and, at his supernal signal, by the aid of the chalked carpet, they reproduce themselves in the accurate position wherein they had been collocated.

Nor does this patrician artificer fiddle-faddle with innumerable scraps of paper containing adumbrations of particulars, minute delineations of singulars. He inmutably stands or sits at a just interval from the examples, sometimes during as long as half an hour, contemplating them, comprehending in his memory the divers curvaments of their forms and flexures, the divers forms of their colors effected by light and shade. Veiling his eyes, pacing to and fro, in his supernal mind he will deliberate, selecting phaenomena worthy to be remembered, rejecting all the rest, while the examples indulge themselves. So, he will continue his studies during days, during weeks, during months, before exsecuting a singular line. Anon, with a charcoal-stick, he indicates on his canvas or on his panel, primo, the form of his example; secondo, the accurate forms of the light and shade of the whole composition, subtilely very subtilely, exquisitely very exquisitely. This, with infinite eximious assiduity, having been done, the labor of the examples is mitigated: for, finally, the Supernity of my Lord applies pigments in successive crusts, without hesitation, without emendation, simplicitly redintegrating his memory by an inspection of the examples from time to time. Long diligent preparation, sedulous care, finally celerity of exsecution, is the method used by benign Nature in her operations: says he. The seed of a flower in the earth germinates during long months of autumn and winter: spring comes: like magick it buds and blooms: supernally says he.

The Celsitude of Duke Renato, during a dozen years was nothing but a long-legged white-bodied fiery-haired, astrilucent-eyed lump of puerine loquacity, dicacity, scurrility, garrulity, pernicity, agility: puerice begins to bud: blooms in adolescence in *ii.* brief years: and lo, vivid serene formosity in excelsis: most supernally says he.

For these causes it is evident that the Supernity of my Lord is supreme among artificers, as among Roman patricians. Nor is it less evident, o Pinarj, Pinario, Secondo, Tertio, Quarto, et Quinto, that this is the stile of an epistule of Messer Quinctus Horatius Flaccus.

(Thursday, xxviiii Sept)

This day, a.d. iii. Kal. Oct., came from Ardea *iiii.* puncheons of quince wine. Very succulent. Also, came from the Curia Messer Gabinio Gabinj, saying that *cl.* of the most ample citizens of Fiorenza, for their crime of treason have been banned during this month of September. Now, if the argute Messer Niccolo Machiavelli had not migrated to The Lord *iii.* years ago, and were here to tolerate this exemplication of his sentence, *He who becomes master of a city used to liberty and who neglects to destroy the same must prepare himself to be undone by it*, or some such words as those, I doubt not but that he himself, being a Fiorentino, precipitevolissimevolmente would erase that from his *Principe.* Iugulatur suo gladio, as Messer Publius Terentius Afer says.

(Friday, xxx Sept)

This day, Prid. Kal. Oct., I have deliberated in my mind that it will be well to fix upon some permanent domicile, before I shall be numbered among the seniors; unius lacertae me dominum facere, as Messer Decimus Junius Juvenal says. And, seeing that at Ardea is established my nephew Cristoforo with an honest spouse, and *v.* grand infants verisimilar to cherubs, and twice as many more, I doubt not, about to come; seeing that these are of my own blood, the only ones, seeing that the Celsitude of Duke

Renato is benevolent to me, and I to him; I think I will seek an opportunity to invade Ardea, where my apartment is more commodious, the view more amoene, and where I can cultivate my own herbs. Then, if, at any time, our Lord the Pope should deign to erect Ardea as a bishoprick, and to preconize me to that episcopal dignity, no prolonged inquisition will be necessary to invent either the bishop or the amethyst for his ring. Better is a chaffinch in the hand than a thrush in the bush,[1] as the vulgar adage says.

Gheraldo, let the thing be done.

(Saturday, i Oct)

This day, Kal. Oct., in preparation for the monthly confession, in secret I took occasion to exhort that effrenate little satyr, Don Eros Ardeati, concerning his intemperate incontinence. Who, having heard me with humility, ingenously inquired why it should be accounted to him for sin that he indulged certain native incognite cupidities, which he recently had invented. To whom I responded, saying that Divine Providence, in His Mercy and Clemency, deigned to plant certain cupidities in mortal men; and, with cupidity, imperium; and, with these a promise of sufficient grace obtainable by supplication; in order that the said mortal man might have an opportunity of procuring merits, either per luxuriarum abdicationem et contemptionem or per liberorum licitam procreationem, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says, not in commerce with all and singular persons of courtesy, but in legitimate nuptials. Furthermore, I invected, saying that immense emolument and small damage, not only for the salvation of the soul, but also for the sanity of the body, were attached to moderation and to self-abnegation; and I cited the commendable example of those antick barbarick Goths, of whom Messer Gajus Cornelius Tacitus has written, Sera juuenum uenus, eoque inexhausta pubertas; and also the laudable example of those antick Gallicans, of whom the Divine Gajus Julius Caesar Semper Augustus has written, Qui diutissime inpuberes permanserunt maximam inter

[1] 'Megli'è fringuello in man' che tordo in frasca.'

suos ferunt laudem: hoc ali staturam ali uires neruosque confirmari putant: intra annum uero uicesimum foeminae notitiam habuisse in turpissimis habent rebus. Wherefore, I said, seeing him to be but now about to enter his sixteenth year, notwithstanding that his stature already exceeded that of most juvenals of twice his age, it behoved him to temper his cupidity, to conserve his vigor, and to contain himself in chastity at present; for, I admonished him, our adversary the devil, by means of a succuba in the similitude of Antea or of any other of the courteous persons in question, is used to incite perfervid adolescents in the flower of their age to eternal damnation, where there is neither rest nor opportunity for penance, as Messer Andrea Bassi says. In conclusion, I said that this species of cacodaemon could not be frustrated by exorcisms, nor by magick, but only by instant flight. Anon, with commotion of mind, he solemply and sincerely promised to contain himself; and straightway he applied himself to the circumspect Dom Giangualberto, than whom there is in this palace, or even in the City itself, of the sacrament of penance no more just or more mild administrator. I believe that Don Eros will contain himself. I know that he will not contain himself long, seeing of what color he is, seeing that he is not inhuman, seeing how many there be ardent to seduce him who falls in love like a blackbeetle into a basin,[1] as Messer Gajus Decimus Laberius says. Nevertheless, he shall not be punished, nor incarcerate; for bonds or stripes will compel him to open rebellion, or to secret stratagems; at Uenus inuenit puero succumbere furtim, as the Nobility of Don Albius Tibullus says. In this matter, he is, and must be esteemed, his own master. But as soon as possible he shall lead a wife into matrimony, for, as the Sanct Apostle and Doctor Paul says, it is better to marry than to burn, in fire eternal and infernal understood. This is the style of a sermon. It would not be incommodious if I were to preach in this sense to palatial puerice at the catechizing tomorrow afternoon. Who knows how many of the pages are in persimilar case with Don Eros, whence a sincere word may redeem them. Certainly

[1] 'amore qui cadit tanquam blatta in pelvim.'

with puerice, it is the safest and most benefick counsel, sincere palam et aperte dicere, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says. Gheraldo, preach.

(Monday, iii Oct)

This day, a.d. v. Non Oct., at Ardea, the Celsitude of Duke Renato having been molested by an unusual number of bats, lizards, serpents, and spiders, on the secret stair, inquired the cause of the same. And it was proved that the indolent Scipione has omitted to sweep the window-slits at the same time when he swept the stair; by which means the incursion of vermin is not restricted. For his negligence, the said Scipione instantly tolerated a flagellation. A mole on the back portends health.

(Tuesday, iiii Oct)

This day, a.d. iiii. Non Oct., through the whole night, I incessantly dreamed of palatial puerice vaulting by turns over my bed, as though it were the horse in the gymnasium; and that was a most amoene spectacule: for to dream of puerice portends felicity.

(Wednesday, v Oct)

This day, a.d. iii. Non Oct., at noon, came from Padua a courier with a secret breve from the seraphick Don Prospero for Duke Renato; and, within the hour, on a fresh horse, he rode away with the response. Very singular.

(Saturday, viii Oct)

This day, a.d. viii. Id. Oct., pertumid Tiber suddenly bursts his banks, and inundates the City. Duke Renato and the ingenuous Don Eros Ardeati transnavigate the streets in a little boat sent from the ferry, armed, and attended by the firm Don Ruggiero: for that erudite Anglican is navarch as well as doctor and bellator.

At the eighth hour of the day, I by chance was standing in the Catinari gateway noting the crowd running towards Campidoglio,

when the conceited satyrick ingenious Messer Benvenuto passed; who stayed only to exsecrate the flood invading his workshop, and to say that he was seeking a porter to remove his goods to the interior, which abuts on Giordano, and consequently is more elevated than the front; and so he hurriedly departed. But I am not ignorant that he goes in terror of my Lord's Supernity, whom he never has forgiven for demolishing the Deidamia; and also that he evades the vindication of a Roman prince, creator, artificer and christian, to whom he applied such dedecorous and infamous names as Gothick Upsetter, Saracen Smasher, and Piece of Pork. And, while writing of nicknames, I myself will apply to the said maledicent Messer Benvenuto an apt and proper one from Messer Publius Terentius Afer, which is Heaytontimoroymenos, or Ipsesepuniens, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero translates it. As though the Supernity of my Lord, or any in this palace, ever thought of him. Di meliora. Even I had become oblivious that such a man was.

At avemmaria, returned Duke Renato and Don Eros, narrating cum omnium admiratione, how that they have rowed into the courtyard of the Borgian palace of the Sforza on Banchi Vecchi; and the flood continues to flow.

(Sunday, viiii Oct)

This day, a.d. vii. Id. Oct., have been verified the presensions and predictions of Dom Gheraldo Pinarj.

In the audience-chamber, between the hour of terce and the hour of sext, toward the end of the fourth period, my Lord supernally was depicting the Divine Cupid and the Virgin Psyche. Before him, on the prasine carpet, the examples stood and genuflected. A little behind him, on the dais, I sat, intonating lauds of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I concluded the psalm Deus misereatur nostri. On proceeding to Benedicite, which canticule I know from cotidian recitation, my eyes diverged from my book; went errant to my Lord; thence to his supernal picture, thence to the examples. Behold: a new incipient effulgence, more eloquent than any words,

inlumining, dilating, the ardent astrilucent eyes, the clean venete innocent eyes, of the Celsitude of the Duke Renato and of Madonnina Marcia; a new constriction of conjunction; a new coruscant clarity of color, hair more rutilant than candescent carbon, hair more tenebricose than night, skin more nitid and more virginal than ivory, skin more pellucid and more rosy than a precious union-pearl in the dawn, as Don Tarquinio says; and there were other conspicuous manifestations.

Ure igne Sancti Spiritus renes nostros et cor nostrū Domine: ut Tibi casto corpore serviamus, et mundo corde placeamus.

Mater purissima, ora pro nobis.
Mater castissima, ora pro nobis.
Mater inviolata, ora pro nobis.
Mater intemerata, ora pro nobis.

(Monday, x Oct)

This day, a.d. vi. Id. Oct., after vespers, secretly to me responded the Celsitude of Duke Renato, very grave, very firm, very serene, saying that he formerly spoke to Madonnina Marcia on our Divine Lord's Natal Day, when he gave her the ring—where is that ring?—; and he said these words, and no more, *A pearl to a pearl; the candor of the sea to the candor of the earth; purity to Saint Agnes.*[1] Prior to that, he spoke to her when he brought Don Eros Ardeati from Ardea, who had saved the life of her father; and he said these words, and no more, *By the deed of this one thy father lives.*[2] Prior to that, he spoke to her when he himself saved her from Mauritanian pirates; and, when she was recuperate after her syncope, he said these words and no more, *Live, o little girl, be happy.*[3] By side these, he cannot remember himself to have said one other word to her, since he first became able to wash his

[1] 'Una perla ad una perla, lo candore de lo mare ad lo candore de la terra; puritade ad Sant' Agnese'

[2] 'Per l'operato di questo uiue lo tuo padre.'

[3] 'Uiue, puellula, uale.'

own face. Now, this ducal adolescent is as veridical as Saint Uriel Archangel, Prefect of Divine Archives.[1] He is incapable of prave thoughts, more incapable of prave words, most incapable of prave acts. Moreover, Madonnina Marcia never has been absent from the vigilant eye of the maternal Dionisia, except when she has been in the audience-chamber before the Supernity of my Lord, and before me writing. Jocundly interrogated as to the next word which he will say to her, Colosseros profoundly inspired, erected his resplendent head, a guisa de leon quando si posa, as Messer Dante Alighieri says, and superbly responded saying that His Celsitude would perpend the thing.

This night, after supper, in the presence of the maternal Dionisia, with a momentary erubescence, very amoene, tranquilly and simplicitly to me responded Madonnina Marcia, saying, that she formerly spoke to the Celsitude of Duke Renato on our Divine Lord's Natal Day, when he gave her a grand ring, and she said these words and no more, *Thanks, Celsitude.* Prior to that, she spoke to him when he brought from Ardea Don Eros Ardeati, who had saved the life of her father; and she said these words and no more *Thanks, Celsitude: Thanks, Ser Eros*, by cause that the last was not yet noble. By side these, she affirmed that she never has spoken one other word to Duke Renato. Invited to indicate the present location of the said grand ring, she responded saying that, having believed His Celsitude to command her to offer the said grand ring to some saint, after the banquet she went alone to the chapel, where she had tried to place it on the finger of the Blessed Virgin Mary Deipara: but failing, by cause of her parvity, she hid it in the talarian vesture of the said Blessed Virgin Mary Deipara. Interrogated as to the place where she last saw the grand ring, she responded, saying *There.* Interrogated as to the time when she last saw the said grand ring, she responded saying, *Then.* Interrogated as to whether Duke Renato knows how she disposed the said grand ring, she responded, saying that she was unable to say by cause of her ignorance of the thing. Jocundly interrogated

[1] 'Diuini Tabularj Praefectus.'

as to the next word which she will say to the Celsitude of Duke Renato she simplicitly responded saying that she knew not.

O exquisite intact flower of cyclamen. O vernant deaurate flower of honeysuckle. O ingenuous innocents.[1]

The ring is there, not only hidden in a fold, but, also, invisible by cause of the ivory and gold of which the said fold is formed.

(Tuesday, xi Oct)

This day, a.d. v. Id. October, the flood consurges and increases. The *v.* courtyards are *v.* lakes. The lions and *xviiii.* horses are drowned. Mercenaries, horses, and other inurbane creatures occupy the hall, and occur on stairs and galleries and ramparts. But the dire Divine Cupid has taken to the water, with Don Eros and palatial puerice, desperately contending on rafts in a naumachy. Certainly this strenuous Celsitude should adjoin himself to a virgin of his patrician order. On no account may he offend this pure tender flower. It is futile again to speak to my Lord. His Supernity totally is rapt by his art, wherein alone he lives, inconscious of the world. Could I give sight to his blind eyes, could I attract him from that inaccessible altitude whereon he is fixed in contemplation of the formations of his mind, then, he would effervesce with ire: there would ensue iniquity of thought: there would ensue iniquity of word: the revocation of the renunciation subturpicularly would be suggested, urged, insisted on, so that by any means, even by turpid means, the Supernity of my grand prince might remove the obstacule impeding his progress in the arts: but there would not ensue iniquity of fact, by cause of the equity and the mundity of the mind of Duke Renato, not less than his obstinate indomitable pertinacious soul, which we all have good reason for knowing. And so, between Supernity and Celsitude, between father and son, there would surge discord, dissension, altercation, infandous furibund conflict. Quod di auertant omen, as Messer Marcus Tullius Cicero says.

[1] 'O fior di ciclamino, squisito, intacto. O fior di caprifolio, vernante, deaurato. O ingenuosi innocenti.'

(Wednesday, xii Oct)

This day, a.d. iiii. Id. Oct., with equal celerity, the inundation ebbs. A flood is an unusual and unheard-of prodigy in the vintage season; and this year there have been no aestival rains, but only vernal. Duke Renato returns to the audience-chamber, vividly serene. One may learn nothing from his face, and nothing from his demeanour; except that such precious and such colossal consummate formosity never before has been manifested on this orb of earth. How mirifick it is that, in this virtuose form should lie, obscure, arcane, recondite, the materials of joy and sorrow, of peace or war, of right or wrong, of life or death. Aduersarius noster diabolus it is who makes a marriage between an old woman and an adolescentule, uidelicet, that inverecund old hag of Dellavalle who married her grand-nephew anno aetatis suæ *xiii*. Beata Maria Virgo it is who makes a marriage between a veteran and puellula, uidelicet, the betrothal[1] of herself to Saint Joseph the Just. But Pater Coelestis Deus Optimus Maximus Superum Pater Nimbipotens it is Who makes a marriage between puerus and puera, uidelicet, the primaeval progenitors of the human race.

(Thursday, xiii Oct)

This day, a.d. iii. Id. Oct., the flood continues to diminish. Rapacious Tiber returns to his channel, and vehemently courses to the sea. The streets are impervious except to equestrians, by cause of the madid sand and slime. They say that *xciiii.* detestable Hebrews have been drowned no further away than Ponte. Expandi Manus Meas tota die ad populum incredulum, as Canonical Scripture says. In this palace, horses and mercenaries have returned to their proper domiciles. Messer Gabinio Gabinj ought to bring the news. A fire has been lighted in this audience-chamber to dry the air, *xliii.* days before the Solempnity of Saint Katharine. But another fire is also lighted in this said audience-chamber. Flammigerous Divine Cupid is cupid of the Virgin Psyche. What counsel does Colosseros intend? Always, His Celsitude has mani-

[1] 'impalmamento.'

fested eximious rectitude, inerrant promptitude, in his counsels. Fumo comburi nichil potest, *flamma* potest, as Messer Marcus Attius Plautus says; and it is not smoke, but a flame which here is kindled. It cannot be a cruel flame. Will it be a purifying flame? For we must be salved sic tamen quasi per ignem, as the Sanct Apostle and Doctor Paul says. What will Duke Renato do? What ought I to do? In dense caliginous tenebricosity I wander, ignorant of the way. In the words of the Religious King of Hierusalem, Uias Tuas Domine demonstra michi et semitas Tuas edoce me.

(Friday, xiiii Oct)

This day, Prid. Id. Oct., Sol and Boreas having dried the streets, with Duke Renato and Don Eros Ardeati, attended by a guard, I rode to inspect the ruin wrought by the calamitous inundation. Here and there were cadavers of drowned persons, very deformed, who had been unable to evade the sudden inmoderation of the flood irrupting their houses. Tiber is a turbid torrent. Ponte Xysto trepidates. Wherefore, the inpavid Duke Renato causes us to cross by the island, to inspect the quays all wet and muddy. The major part of the grain and merchandize, usually congregated there, has been washed away: the rest is spoiled; and famine is at our door. From the mouth of Cloaca, visible above the stream, a devolute torrent precipitates itself with a trucid clamor, persimilar to my Lord's supernal lions when they used to roar. Most horrifick.

After completorium, the gate has been opened to admit a half-drowned courier from Don Prospero, with a secret breve for Duke Renato, the fifth within a month. Very portentous.

(Saturday, xv Oct)

This day, Id. Oct., I perceive the moribund breath of autumn in the air, damp, frigid, premature, due to the inundation. In this palace there is an odor as of death, which the fires have not dispelled, except in the audience-chamber. After the painting I will drink red wine, and I will gallop to Saint Peter's *in Montorio* before dinner, in order to warm my blood.

Duke Renato more stringently embraces her. Suddenly, very vivid erubescence tinged her from brow to finger-tip and foot: faded and left her pallid as snow; and her delicate form inclined in yielding languor. Yet my Lord supernally does not see. Oh, blind. And he is depicting them. Oh, blind. The Celsitude of Duke Renato produces himself with the superb voracious inresistable habit of the ardent conquistator, of the seraphick exsuperator, who comes again with joy importing trophies and spoils. And now?

(Sunday, xvi Oct)

In Nomine Patris et Filj et Spiritus Sancti. Amen. In the year *mdccc.* from the Parturition of the Virgin, the seventeenth day before the Kalends of November, after midnight, in the City, in the chapel of this palace of Poplicola di Hagiostayros, at the altar of Saint George of Seriphos, I, Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, have conjoined in matrimony,

the Celsitude of Don Renato Ascanio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, Duke of Ardea, Roman Patrician, of the age of fourteen complete years, son of the Supernity of Don Marcantonio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, Prince Poplicola di Hagiostayros, Duke of Deira, Duke of Squillace, etc. Roman Patrician,

with

the Nobility of Madonnina Marcia Figlidelre, of the age of thirteen complete years and nine complete months, daughter of the Nobility of Don Marco Figlidelre, seneschal of the castle of Ardea under the Celsitude of the aforesaid Duke.

The witnesses present have subscribed their own names in attestation of the act:

✝ I, Don Ruggiero Rodolfi, of Kent in Anglia, captain of the guard nnder the Celsitude of the aforesaid Duke.

✝ I, Don Eros Ardeati, Roman knight, lieutenant and standard-bearer under the Celsitude of the aforesaid Duke.

✝ I, Dionisia Flavj, nurse to the Celsitudes of the aforesaid Duke and of the aforesaid Duchess, because I cannot write, I have signified with my own hand the sign of the Cross of Christ.

✝ I, the aforesaid Dom Gheraldo Pinarj, curate of this palace of Poplicola di Hagiostayros in the City, hereby confirm and declare the foregoing as a true and lawful marriage.[1]

After prime, I celebrated the Divine Mysteries for the intentions of Their Celsitudes. The Celsitude of Duke Renato received

[1] 'In Nomine Patris et Filj et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Anno *mdccc.* a Partu Uirginis, a.d. xvii. Kal. Nou., media post nocte, ad Urbe', in hujus palatj Poplicolae Hagiostayri aedicula, apud Sancti Giorgj Seriphi ara' ego, Dominus Gheraldus Pinarj, in matrimonio conjunxi,

Celsitudine' Domini Renati Ascanj Agapiti Giorgj Drakontoletis Poplicolae Hagiostayri Ardeae Duce' Romanu' Patriciu' expletos annos *xiiii.* gnatu' e Supernitate Domini Marci Antonj Agapiti Giorgj Drakontoletis Poplicolae Hagiostayri Principe Poplicola Hagiostayro Deirae Duce Squillacis Duce etc. Romano Patricio ortu',

cum

Nobilitate Dominulae Marciae Regisfilioru' expletos annos *xiii* et menses *viiii.* gnata e Nobilitate Domini Marci Regisfilioru' Ardeæ castri Seneschallo sub suprascripti Ducis Celsitudine orta.

Testes praesentes nomina propria in acti attestatione subscripsere:

✝ Ego, Dominus Rogerus Rodolfi de Cantia in Anglia sub suprascripti Ducis Celsitudine cohortis praefectus.

✝ Ego, Dominus Eros Ardeati Eques Romanus sub suprascripti Ducis Celsitudine locumtenens ac signifer.

✝ Ego, Dionisia Flauj ad suprascripti Ducis et suprascriptae Ducissae Celsitudines nutrix quia scribere non possu' manu propria significaui Crucis signu' Christi.

✝ Ego, suprascriptus Dominus Gheraldus Pinarj hujus palatj Poplicolae Hagiostayri ad Urbe' parochus praedictas ut nuptias ueras et legitimas ex hoc confirmo atque denuntio.'

His rites in the usual place. I conveyed our Divine Lord and Saviour in His Sacrament to the Celsitude of Duchess Marcia, genuflecting with the maternal Dionisia below the screen. The Celsitude of the said Duchess retired from the chapel to the gynaeceum attended by the maternal Dionisia. The Celsitude of the said Duke retired to His proper cabinet. The countenances of Their said Celsitudes are inlumined by refulgent splendor absolutely inhuman.

Don Ruggiero has amoved the guard. Don Eros again admits the obstupified gentlemen and pages to the antechamber of Duke Renato.

Says Don Livio Drusi, The Supernity of my Lord will not paint today, by cause that the day is the natal day of Duke Renato: but, after Terce, he will study the examples during a half-hour.

Meanwhile, I know what I have to do. In the comick words of Messer Marcus Attius Plautus, I simplicitly say *Ut ueniamus Luci.*

END OF THE DIURNAL OF DOM GHERALDO PINARJ

OF THE FORMAL CAUSE

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROLFE TO APISTOPHILOS ECHIS: GREETING, AND THESE LETTERS.

In order that you may not fail to reach the light, I have done what follows here, as literally as possible (for this is no place for me to intrude the euphuism of elegant English), from the Latin which was written on nine skins of fine vellum, each measuring thirty-one inches by twenty-two inches, fastened together by a thick skein of raw silk which passes through nine holes pierced at one edge of the length of the vellum.

The script is of the Petrarchan or Italick species; the letters close and oblong, *but perpendicular*; the words and paragraphs well-spaced. The gesture is deliberate, concise, ruthlessly purged of all emotion.

The nine skins are rolled together lengthwise. They were tied with the long ends of the skein of raw silk, one strand of which has been cut, leaving a seal (now an amorphous mass of wax) binding the original knot. Attached by silk to the end of the ninth skin are two small silver cases; the one circular in shape, containing the ducal sigil of Ardea, the other an oblong, containing the sigil from the intaglio of Saint George of Seriphos which appears to have been worn by all males of the house of Poplicola di Hagiostayros. Both sigils are in white ceralacca.

The outside of the roll of nine skins, i.e. the reverse of the ninth skin, is inscribed as follows:

Let Prince Poplicola di Hagiostayros
read these letters in his most secret chamber.
Let him detain the messenger.

Aided by this note, you yourself, dear Kretan, ought to be able to read and to understand.

From London. The nineteenth day before the Kalends of February mcmviii.[1]

DUKE RENATO'S LETTER

(The contents of the first skin)

† Renato Ascanio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros to a Sacrilegious Murtherer and my most dear Father, health, consolation, benediction.

Dismiss fear. Neither infamy nor penalty shall disturb thee.

Justice must be done. I, and thou, and none other before the Lord God, are its administers. From our office we may not flinch. Therefore, though these letters will be as knives, incising and laying bare old wounds, believe it, o father, that health by this means only can be obtained.

(The contents of the second skin)

I loved Marcia. In a moment of time, I knew that I loved her. Then the whole world held nothing else for me.

Thou shalt remember that I formerly killed a pirate about to rape her in slavery; and that I carried her body up the secret stair. Thou shalt know that this conjunction differed from all others. I was sensible of a new commotion of mind excited by the same. My *xiii.* years made me unable to understand it. I deliberated that it was undesirable, certainly unspeakable. Very soon, the memory of it passed into oblivion.

When thou wast depicting the Saint Agnes, I saw her. She was the first virgin to be seen by me. I esteemed her very strange. My mind admonished me that I ought to make myself worthy of the admiration of this one. I daily used my body in exercitations in the

[1] January 14, 1908.—Ed.

courtyard under her window. She never looked from her window. She was honest, as I might have known.

Day by day seeing her, night after night her image occessed me.

Once Dom Gheraldo said, of a verse which I made concerning his yellow cat, and which during *iiii.* days incessantly rang in mine ears, If thou wishest to forget a thing, write it.

I judged it inconvenient that the image of a seneschal's daughter should occess me, a prince's son. To liberate myself, in secret I depicted that image on a panel. Day by day seeing her, I learned to know every lineament of her; so that, when she was absent, I could form her image in my mind. When I willed, so I did. When I willed not, she was not, even in my mind.

When I contemplated her proper person, or thy picture, or mine, I esteemed her admirable. She never noted me, nor spoke to me. I deliberated that she should do both. I gave to her a ring.

Thereafter, I saw her no more for a long time. When I inspected thy picture, or mine, I esteemed her more admirable. When, by chance, I saw her in thine hall, or at Ardea, I esteemed her more admirable than the others. When thou didst adorn me with this duchy, I renounced a right by cause that she was so very admirable, so very venerable, so very ineffable: not on account of the others, but on account of her.

Then, with his blood, my beloved foster-brother invigorated her father. She thanked me, she thanked him: she noted neither. My strength, my skill, my form, attracted none of her observance. I esteemed her as admirable as possible. She was as far from me as any saint in heaven. I directed my mind to thoughts of other things.

Then, at thy mandate, o father, I held her body in my arms. Day after day I held her. And I no longer was a boy.

My foster-brother and my companions, participated their vigor with courteous persons and others. They said that so they obtained pleasure. I very greatly desired pleasure: but, being ducal I desired no pleasure from mine inferiors. Also, I desired more than pleasure. As, when one prayeth, one expecteth that thing for which

one prayeth; but also one expecteth the affectus and observance of the saint to whom one prayeth: so, I desired more than the body of Marcia. I desired Marcia, all Marcia.

I took council with Prospero. I might not name the thing to thee, o father. Why, thou knowest. He was the only one of our House apt and worthy. Do nothing, until thou knowest that thou must do something; was his sentence. It coincided with mine own. I contained myself in my ducality.

Then, one day, mine eyes unwittingly lit up a lamp in hers. By the light thereof, I saw opened the gates of the kingdom of love. In comparation with that kingdom, my duchy and the whole world became of no price.

I sent the news to Prospero. The thing was not convenient to be discussed with priests. The thing was a man's; and I found myself to be a man through love. I profoundly cogitated in my mind. Wrote again Prospero this emendation of his sentence, Do nothing, until thou knowest that thou must do something, and what that thing is which thou must do. It was the thought of my own mind effected in words. I examined my conscience. I pondered mine honor, my desire, my cause. I pondered whether my desire was blinding mine honor, or no. I deliberated to light again that lamp of love in Marcia's eyes from the light in mine. It was done.

I had no use for words. I dismissed my familiars. I thought of Marcia. I knew that she must be mine, mine own, my self. Night came. I was alone. Mine heart yearned for Marcia. I decided to take her, honorably, and instantly.

At midnight, I went to Dom Gheraldo; to whom I said that I loved Marcia, and that I spurned the devil. I commanded that priest to bless us two in honorable matrimony that same hour. I excited from their sleep Eros, my beloved foster-brother, and Ruggiero, my praefect of cohort. Ruggiero confined my familiars in their dormitories, and filled mine antechambers with guards. Happily thy Biagio was at Squillace, or we should have killed him. At the altar of our primate tutelary, Dom Gheraldo performed his

function. The ring was the ring with the union-pearl. It is with these letters, prompt to thine hand. I commanded that priest to inscribe the act of marriage in his book-of-hours, until a more apt codex should be effected. The book with the act are, with these letters, prompt to thine hand. Receive them now, o father, though once thou didst reject them.

I led my wife to my bed.

Came dawn.

(*The contents of the third skin*)

On that day, I attained my fifteenth year. I was intending myself to announce to thee my marriage consummate on that day. I knew that thou furiously wouldst rage. I never flinched from thee. I never flinched from myself. I never flinched from any man. In my mind I had it that thou always hadst been just and merciful, and sometimes loving to me. On that day I expected indulgence.

By custom, none were permitted to appellate thee, by day or night, not even I thy son; until, defatigate with study, thou shouldst deign to speak. I said no word to vex thee. In mine arms I held my wife, to thee contemplating us.

Thou wast perturbed in thy mind, o father. Thou didst pace the floor. Thou didst knit thy brows.

Quietly I continued to kneel: continued to hold my wife in mine arms.

Thou didst pause in thy pacing near us. Fixed in high meditation were thine eyes, o father.

Dom Gheraldo read his psalm to the end. He doubted. I gave him a sign. He descended to us; he knelt by us. I ostended to thee his open book.

The movement drew thee from thy trance of contemplation. Thine eyes considered the act of my marriage. In a moment of time thou didst dash the book from mine hand. Thou didst stab the head of that good priest. He fell on me. Marcia swooned on me. By these and the wings I was impeded.

Thou didst rush to thy throne. Thou didst stamp with thy foot

in violent fury. Thou didst shriek, Descend to hell. By thy magick art, thou didst effect the aperture of a fissure in the floor.

I seized my wife. The carpet slid and sank. Dom Gheraldo slid and sank. I heard the thud of him. The threads of the wings snapped, and I sank with Marcia.

Looking up, I saw the fissure closing above mine head. It was dark. I struggled, thrusting out my legs in falling. My wings scraped walls in the descent.

Suddenly, with some concussion, I fell on the body of that priest. I was lying on my back, astonished, shaken. My wife was on my breast.

I intended the force of my mind to this event.

(*The contents of the fourth skin*)

Supine I remained, till tranquillity came back to me, and the slight dolor of the fall evanesced. Thou shalt remember my propriety of seeing in the dark. Around me I saw walls of stone. Rising I spread mine hands and touched them. There was a floor of stone, not level, but oblique. From a distance was heard a sound of water.

I denuded myself from the wings. I kissed my wife on her lips till she returned my kisses. Together we thanked The Lord God and our saints for preserving us from injuries. I felt Dom Gheraldo dead. I was unable to extract thy poignard from his tonsure. We were drenched in his blood. We took his book. We prayed in the dark that The Lord God would look propitiously upon his soul.

I bade Marcia confide herself to me. Hand in hand, we cautelously descended the oblique floor. We slowly proceeded by an inclosed way, apparently of stone. We ceased not to touch those walls with our hands. At a certain place the floor became slimy. On hands and knees we crawled. Suddenly, terminated the descent, being traversed by a rather narrow cave. Water flowed through that cave. Prone on the verge of the oblique floor, I was able to extend mine arm downward, and to prove the flood. I knew that flowing water must have an exit. Holding the verge in

mine hands, I lowered myself into the water. It was deep and commodious for swimming.

I said to Marcia that she must commit herself to the firmity of my body and limbs. Ubi Gajus ibi Gaja, she responded. I took from her her vestment. I bound her to me, breast to breast. Into her hands I gave the book of Dom Gheraldo. I bade her clasp her arms round my neck. I adjured her to hold that book on that neck, until we attained safety, or until death came. I bade her to engirdle me in such a manner as that mine arms and legs should not be impeded. Thou shalt remember how that thy son, in his boyhood, used himself to swim burthened with Eros or with others. Thus, then, bearing my pearl, I let myself down into the flood; and I swam.

The water was foul. There was a stench as of hell. Rats swam away from me. The hair of Marcia floated by my flanks. I was sensible of her breathing under me. She was not timid in the darkness. I swam with the flood. I saw her face lying on the water under mine. Her eyes were closed. The cave was very long. There was a little light, and a little more light, augmenting. At my kiss, she opened her eyes and smiled. She had full faith in me. I swam more strenuously. Swift was the flood. Daylight invaded the cave. I swam as strenuously as possible. We passed through an arch, leaving the cave behind. Thou mayest suppose that that cave was Cloaca. Now I knew the river where I continued to swim.

I have written these things as they seemed to me. But I believe all that I have written, from the initial of this fourth chart of membrane to this place, indubitably to have been a delusion of the devil evoked by thy magick art. For otherwise the conception in the mind of a passage, from thine audience-chamber through Cloaca, is dementia. If the truth were manifest, it without doubt would be that our angelick guardians extorted us from the talons of thy genius-companion,[1] and deposited us in a known place, whence we might deliver ourselves in safety. For, that very day,

[1] 'genj tui comitis ex unguibus.'

the sacraments of penitence and matrimony and eucharist had confirmed us in a state of grace. This is my opinion. Note it.

I knew the river where I swam. Tiber was in high flood. Very swiftly we were carried by (Monte) Testaccio, and beyond the walls. Swimming with no effort, I anew considered the thing attentively. I deliberated that thy crime, o father, ought to be concealed; and that the task was mine.

For this cause, I swam a long way with Tiber, into open country. When at length, with my wife I emerged, none saw mine emergence: for I selected the place. Indeed, I believe that none saw us since the moment when thou didst expel us from thy palace. Certainly none recognized us for a living duke and duchess. There was a score of drowned Romans with us in Tiber.

Marcia was cold. We ran in the sun, like Adam and Eve in mine hall; and dried her hair. At night, we slept in the grass. At dawn, we continued to run, evading shepherds. We ate berries. During a day we traversed the solitude toward the sea. The third day we attained the shore. I concealed my wife among the sand-hills.

I ascended to the nearest watch-tower, and revealed myself to my watchmen. Happily they were not perturbed, when they saw me alone and nude. They esteemed me to have swum down Inchiastro from my castle in my usual manner. Of these, I sent *viiii.* by horse to Ardea. They carried my written mandate to Marco that he should detain the messengers, should open the doors of the secret stair, and should dismiss all persons from the passage thence to mine own apartment. But I blindfolded and bound the tenth; and I carried his cloak and food and wine to my wife among the sand-hills. Then I released him, and with his oars I was propelled to Ardea.

In my wardrobe, I vested myself. From Marco I obtained vesture for his daughter. I returned by the secret stair, alone with these, in my little boat, to the seashore. At length, Marcia ascended to my castle.

I convoked my family. I promulgated the act of my marriage,

denouncing Marcia as my wife and duchess. I dismissed my watchmen to their tower, my familiars to their stations.

Now there remains not anything unknown to thee concerning mine escape from death.

(The contents of the fifth skin)

Came from Rome my *iii.* faithful familiars, that is to say, my foster-brother, mine Anglican, and my Moor. Having noted mine absence; having noted that Biagio, on his return, was excluding all and singular from thy proximity; having suspected some foul deed; they vowed to hunt me through all the world. They had no knowledge of my site: but, coming first to Ardea, there they found me.

To them I said nothing of thy crime. I sealed the lips of my wife, thy daughter. I denounced myself as being fatherless. It sufficed.

All my noble familiars, save Eros and Cristoforo and Ruggiero and old Marco, were in Rome. There they might remain. I had done with Rome and Romans.

I understood that thy crime would be as a chain impeding thee. I knew that, for a time, thou wouldst believe me to be dead, with Marcia my wife and that dead priest. I was certain that thou never wouldst dare to seek me, even when some chance should impel thee to imagine me as still alive. I understood that this my duchy of Ardea would be sacrosanct to thee for ever. I am Poplicola di Hagiostayros as well as thou. Thou knowest it.

To Rome I sent Eros attended, to fetch Zioquinio's[1] children and Dionisia and the Flavj. I ordained Ruggiero, secretly and without attracting note, to place my castle in a state of siege. I

[1] 'Ut Zioquinionis gnatos et Dionisiam et Flauios exquireret.'
This would appear to be a corrupt word formed from 'Zio Tarquinio,' or 'Zioquinio' in familiar locution, meaning 'Uncle Tarquin' *i e.* Don Tarquinio Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, often mentioned in these pages. although it should be noted that Don Tarquinio was cousin of Duke Renato's father.

missed all who were Romans, or who had kin in Rome, lucing my family and my garrison to *ccciiii.* persons in all.

To Cristoforo, in secret, I said that his uncle had lived.

I constituted as my priest Fra Pietro of the Trinitarians. To n, sub sigillo, I divulged all the sad exit. I monished Prospero ncerning mine acts. He instantly brought out of France my dfather, the Vicomte Réné XVIII. de Chastelmondesir; and ey came to me, proffering help and absolute allegiance. I thanked em both. To Prospero, I said that it sufficed to wreck the lives *ii.* of Poplicola di Hagiostayros, the one for the crime of the her. I dismissed him that he might prosecute his vocation withut impediment, to win grace and existimation for our House. le is the only one who will do that, until *iiii.* centuries have passed. Note my prediction. To my godfather I said that I desired to save ur honor, that I desired no revenge and no help. He blessed me, nd departed, and is dead. May The Lord God be propitious to is soul: he was a very noble man.

I collocated a guard at the City gate confronting (Via) Ardeaina. Ingress was denied to all who were intending themselves for he citadel, save such as had my safe-conduct; that is to say, Prospero and Eros, and their couriers.

Eros became inconvenient in my castle by cause of his incontinence. There was not one among my familiars apt to be married to him: further, he refused to marry. He preferred the curriculum of arms. I deliberated to use him as mine extern agent. With *ii.* decurions I maintained him in Rome, that he might watch thee in secret.

In all this, my plan was not to evade thee, o father, but the consequences of thy crime: not to prevent thee from attaining thine own salvation but to prevent ignominy from affecting thee, and Poplicola di Hagiostayros through thee. Other plans there may have been, and better plans. So, I myself at this moment judge. But the deviser of this plan was a youth of the age of *xv.* years, not a man of the age of *xxx.* years. And, in the sum, the plan was not a bad one.

In the year *mdxxxi.*, on the day of Saint Mary Magdalene Penitent, my love gave a son to me. The act of his baptism, by my priest Fra Pietro of the Trinitarians, in the chapel of this my castle of Ardea, is, with these letters, prompt to thine hand.

By Apostolick Dispensation, my godfather, the Vicomte Réné XVIII. de Chastelmondesir, was the godfather of my son.

Angels withdrew my Darling Marcia to Paradise.[1]

(*The contents of the sixth skin*)

During a year, I was a white-haired mute, by her sepulchre in my chapel, by her corner in mine hall, by the well in my courtyard, where, at sunset, we sat together on her last night on earth. Bereft of my wife, I understand what thou, o father, hast suffered, since my mother ceased to live.

One day, Dionisia laid on my knees my child, an Infant Jhesus done in gold and aquamarina; and, when he most piteously smiled, extending little hands to me, I saw Marcia in his baby eyes.

Eros said that thou hadst health of body; that thou wast living in thy vacant palace, alone and silent, praying like a priest, served by Biagio and a few others. These knew me to be alive in my duchy. Whether thou knewest it, I know not. None dared to speak to thee. Me, thou hadst slain, at least in intention. Always thou hast been apart from other men.

I lived with Marcia's son, who is mine.

In secret, Eros followed thee through all thy pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. He sent letters to me by certain Anglican friars of my religion. He said that thy ten years' penance there, and thine austerities, would suffice to assoil one who had slain our Lord the Pope as well as Caesar. He knew not that thou hadst slain an innocent priest. I say nothing of myself with my wife. Thou art not the first Roman father who hath used his right to the life of his son.

And in Rome thou hast lived these last years. Thy reputation

[1] 'In Paradisum deduxerunt angeli Dilectissimam meam Marciam.'

is that of an holy man, a just and noble prince. I know all. I know that thou hast been purged by the fire of penitence.

Here, we have lived the simple life.

Marco departed to the Embrace of The Lord at the new year *mdxxxiii*. That, and the death of mine heart, are the only deaths of note. Births have augmented my family to *dlviiii*.

I named Cristoforo seneschal in succession to Marco. It was due to him. Poplicola di Hagiostayros oweth him the price of blood; and never can pay. He himself added to my family his *xvi.* sons and *i.* daughter. They are

Madonnino Pinario de' Pinarj, now in the sixteenth year of his age:

Madonnino Secondo de' Pinarj, the same:

Madonnino Tertio de' Pinarj, the same:

Madonnino Quarto de' Pinarj, now in the fifteenth year of his age:

Madonnino Quinto de' Pinarj, the same:

Madonnino Sexto de' Pinarj, now in the fourteenth year of his age:

Madonnino Septimo de' Pinarj, now in the thirteenth year of his age:

Madonnina Gheralda de' Pinarj, the same:

Madonnino Octavio de' Pinarj, now in the twelfth year of his age:

Madonnino Nono de' Pinarj, now in the eleventh year of his age:

Madonnino Decimo de' Pinarj, the same:

Madonnino Undecimo de' Pinarj, now in the ninth year of his age:

Madoninno Duodecimo de' Pinarj, the same:

Madonnino Fortunato de' Pinarj, now in the eighth year of his age:

Madonnino Quartodecimo de' Pinarj, now in the seventh year of his age:

Madonnino Quintodecimo de' Pinarj, now in the fifth year of his age:

Madonnino Sextodecimo de' Pinarj, now in the second year of his age.

Eros sent to me his spurious sons, from here, there, and everywhere, *xiiii.* in all. O father, thou hast used thyself very unjustly to my beloved foster-brother. I know all. Neither that spurious son, nor the spurious sons of him, shall be infamous on our account. I have legitimated them in his name. They are

Madonnino Massimo de' Ardeati, now in the fourteenth year of his age:

Madonnino Dionisio de' Ardeati, now in the thirteenth year of his age:

Madonnino Castore de' Ardeati, now in the twelfth year of his age:

Madonnino Polluce de' Ardeati, the same:

Madonnino Ognisanti de' Ardeati, the same.

Madonnino Erme de' Ardeati, the same:

Madonnino Ascanio de' Ardeati, now in the eleventh year of his age:

Madonnino Agapito de' Ardeati, the same:

Madonnino Mauritio de' Ardeati, the same:

Madonnino Lucifero de' Ardeati, now in the tenth year of his age:

Madonnino Hespero de' Ardeati, the same:

Madonnino Claudio de' Ardeati, now in the ninth year of his age:

Madonnino Manlio de' Ardeati, the same:

Madonnino Celio de' Ardeati, now in the eighth year of his age.

I married Ruggiero to a little Greek princess, whom in Sicily he saved from shipwreck, and loved. They have *iii.* sons, who are

Madonnino Roberto de' Rodolfi, now in the thirteenth year of his age:

Madonnino Niccolo de' Rodolfi, now in the twelfth year of his age:

Madonnino Giorgio de' Rodolfi, now in the eleventh year of his age.

When these sons of Cristoforo, of Eros, of Ruggiero, attained the age of reason, I admitted them to my family as pages. When they attained the age of puberty, I admitted them to my family as gentlemen. In defect of nobles, I have had no chamberlains.

I married Silvio Flavj to Big Jenny. They have *iii.* sons and *ii.* daughters, who are

Flavia de' Flavj, now in the twelfth year of her age:

Vespasiano de' Flavj, now in the eleventh year of his age:

Tito de' Flavj, now in the tenth year of his age:

Domitiano de' Flavj, now in the ninth year of his age:

Gabriella de' Flavj, now in the sixth year of her age.

While Eros and Ruggiero were absent, (the one in Rome, in the Holy Land, or at his patrimony; the other at sea, or engaged in my negociations), I delegated their offices to Astorgio Flavj in defect of another.

On account of hability I have promoted that one.

I have admitted to my family *ii.* sons of that Don Pietro Gregorio Borgia di Velletri,[1] who formerly was friend to the Prince,[2] robust youths and expert. Under Ruggiero they have been instituted in nautical matters.

When Ziopilio[3] died *viiii.* years ago, we celebrated a festival in

[1] His epitaph, from the church of San Lorenzo at Velletri, (most courteously furnished to me by his direct descendant Conte Cesare Borgia), is as follows :—

'*Hic requiescit Nobilis et Strenuus Eques Dom Petrus Borgia de Velletro*
Filius viiii. Nobilis Uiri Gorj Borgiae
Cataphractor Locumtenens et Signifer Caesaris Borgiae Ispani Valentini Ducis
Qui obiit An. Dni. mdx. die quinto Men. Feb.'

[2] This would be Machiavelli's 'Principe,' the great Duke of Valentinois and Romagna, Cesare (called) Borgia.

[3] 'Cum vixerat Ziopilio.' This would appear to be a corrupt word formed from 'Zio Pompilio,' (or 'Ziopilio' in familiar locution) meaning 'Uncle Pompilio,' i.e. Don Pompilio Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, previously noted in these pages, and cousin (?) of Duke Renato's father.

honor of Prospero, promoted Advocate of the Sacred Apostolick Consistory. That hath been our only festival during these years, excepting holidays, and the birthdays of my son.

Once in each year, Prospero visited me, even since his brothers and sisters ceased to be my wards. Of the marriages, of Madonna Horta in *mdxxxviii.*, of Madonna Elena in *mdxxxviii.*, of Tarquinio Secondo, and of his twin Hersilio, in *mdxlii.*, cognition already hath been given to thee. Of the birth of Silvio, and of his natural tonsure, also thou hast heard.[1]

Owing to the rigor of our seclusion in this castle, many citizens have deserted this city. I hear that there is more fever there now than formerly. On this side of the fosse, health is maintained by daily exercitations, along my river, and in the open country between my castle and the sea. The sea hath receded much since thou wast here. Another mile of land divideth it from this place.

Evacuated farms, olivets, vineyards, have been taken in hand by Cristoforo. The times have been peaceful. My demesne, located on the road to nowhere, is out of the way like a backwater of a river, evading note. With Colonna *iiii.* affrays, with brigands *i.* by Colle de' Due Turri, have been our sole wars. In these we reported victory, and comprehended rich spoils.

Though we neither have beaten our swords into ploughshares nor our spears into pruning hooks, my forces have been occupied in agriculture, merchandize, and navigation. Under Ruggiero, also, I have constituted and do use *ii.* trading-ships, which negociate from Ostia to Sicily and Calabria and Appulia. My flax and mine arras are held in great existimation in those parts.

From this thou shalt know that my revenues have sufficed and are augmented; though I have not required one copper[2] from Isidoro. Know, also, that my treasure containeth itself in *xvii.* chests, instead of in *viiii.* as formerly. I am taking *v.* with me, for my religion.

[1] Subsequently, Don Prospero as Cardinal resigned one of his bishopricks to his nephew.

[2] 'rame'.

During all these years, many counsels have I cogitated. All things and some others in my mind I have pondered and considered. To the Lord God I have prayed by night and day.

Father, o my most dear father, hear my plan.

(*The contents of the seventh skin*)

Poplicola di Hagiostayros must not be deprived of its heir.

I am thine heir. My son is mine. But, to make this known would be to make known the crime of my father. Poplicola di Hagiostayros cannot profer Poplicola di Hagiostayros.

A life for a life. That is the law of The Lord God. Thou didst not slay me in fact. Thou didst not slay my wife in fact. And thou hast done the penance of a saint for thine attempt.

But there is the account of Dom Gheraldo. That sacrilege and that murther cry for expiation. Poplicola di Hagiostayros oweth a life.

Then hear me. I, thy son Renato, command thee my father, by the blood of Dom Gheraldo, to obey me now.

My son, he who bringeth to thee these letters, Renato Secondo Ascanio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, is thy son Born Again,[1] now henceforth, for evermore.

Since he was liberate from swadling-bands, he never left my side. To him I have been as a brother, or rather as a mate. I have produced his body as strong as mine was at the time of my marriage: but he is more lithe, more agile, and, I think, more slender, except as to breast and shoulders. All that I myself know, I have taught him; save one particular, wherein his nature maketh him superior to me. Beneath his hair, below his ears, thou shalt note certain orifices. His yellow skin hath the color of the sand; his colorless hair hath the pallor of the little waves; his coelestial eyes have the color of the sea, whereby he was conceived among the sand-hills. He swam before he walked; under, as well as on, the waters. Prospero denominated him Sea-bloom and Sea-boy. He combineth with his humanity the nature of a fish. Never detain him long away from the water, or he languisheth. Note these things.

[1] 'gnatus tuus est Renatus, nunc, deinceps, et in sæcula.'

Fra Pietro hath imbued him with Christian doctrine, hath informed him in human letters. I know that his soul is pure and fearless and keen and true. He is the son of Marcia. When he attained the age of *xii.* years, I narrated to him the histories of his divine mother, and of thee.

Our most Holy Lord Pope Paul,[1] Who loved me when I was a boy and he was Cardinal-Dean, hath used His Beatitude very urbanely to me. At Easter, I divulged to Him all the past, and this my plan for the future. He deigned assent.

Madonnino Renato attaineth the fifteenth year of his age this day, as I myself attained the fifteenth year of mine age *xv.* years and *viiii.* months and *v.* days ago. He weareth my vests; he weareth my name. He is the sole residuum of thy son.

Concede to him that place, that grade, that dignity, which thou formerly didst cut away from me. Let that life be henceforth his, which should have been mine. Let it be unbroken. To this end, during all these years, I have formed my well-beloved son. Let it continue. I judge that it will not continue long.

Our Lord the Pope hath recognized him, and hath confirmed him. Thy familiars never will dare to cavil at any mandate of thine. My familiars to-day, to-morrow his, the familiars of the Celsitude of Madonnino Renato Secondo Ascanio Agapito Giorgio Drakontoletes Poplicola di Hagiostayros, Duke of Ardea, by Grace of God and Saint Peter Apostle, also know their duty.

So, the world never shall know thy crime.

(*The contents of the eighth skin*)

For the purity of our lineage, for the security of Poplicola di Hagiostayros, it is my will that thou sedulously shouldst conserve as thy most precious deposit, the act of my marriage in the book of Dom Gheraldo, and the act of the baptism of my son, born in lawful wedlock. Diligently read in that book, and learn how that good priest reckoned us.

The *iiii.* rings on the fingers of my son will enable thee to

[1] This would appear to be Paul P.M. III. (Alessandro Farnese).

existimate his rated authority, if these letters under my proper hand and sigils be not sufficient credentials.

Item, the ring with the union-pearl, made, for my well-beloved wife and Duchess Marcia, by Rafaele del Moro, who (if he yet liveth, and of that I am ignorant) will recognize his own handiwork: with this ring I wedded my lover.

Item, the ring with the rose-sapphire illustrate with diamonds, which the Lord Pope de' Medici deigned to me *mdxxviiii.*

Item, my ring of Poplicola di Hagiostayros with the blue beryl, *lviii.* carats in weight, incised with the effigy of our primate-tutelary.

Item, the ring of this duchy of Ardea with the grand alexandrolith, *xci.* carats in weight, incised with the ducal insignia and the Twins Generose:[1] by torch-light its color changeth from green to purple.

Thou thyself, by the ample lock of it, wilt recognize the steel coffer, which mine armourer made for me *mdxxviiii.* My son hath the key. Therein thou shalt find these particulars; the book of Dom Gheraldo and the acts: also the titles of this Duchy of Ardea, with the new codicil of Christ's Vicar: also, the regalia: also, the master-key of the treasury-chests and of the treasury. Of these things, all and singular, my son is absolute possessor. It is my mandate.

I constitute his family as followeth:—

His priest, his eleemosynarius, his praefect of study, is Fra Pietro of the Trinitarians. *Wise.*

His seneschal, his procurator, his treasurer, is Madonno Cristoforo de' Pinarj. *Faithful. Argute. Example of Virtue.*

Extra delegates under Madonno Cristoforo de' Pinarj are—

Of the vineyards, Longino di Cecco de' Garaviglj. *Probose.*

Of the farms, Zenofonte di Cecco de' Garaviglj. *Nimble.*

[1] These would appear to be the Dioskoyroi, Kastor and Polydeykes: but I am unable to explain them in this connection, except as an Hellenism inspired by the very Hellenistick Don Tarquinio. Certain passages in his holograph acts support this opinion.

Of the olivets, Cecco de' Garaviglj. *Expert.*
Of the flax, Panfilio de' Birri. *Urbane.*
Of the arras, Filiberto de' Saggiuoli. *Ingenious.*

His praefect of cohort, his counsellor, is Madonno Ruggiero de' Rodolfi. *Faithful. Prisk. Habile. Example of Virtue.*

His lieutenant and standard bearer is Madonno Eros de' Ardeati. *Faithful. Loving. Lovable. Very noble.* I will that the right of succession to these *ii.* offices be vested separately in Madonnino Castore de' Ardeati and Madonnino Polluce de' Ardeati, most elegant little creatures which their father got out of Syria.

His praefects of ships are—
Madonno Cesare di Pietrogorio Borgia di Velletri. *Stabile.*
Madonno Lodovico di Pietrogorio Borgia di Velletri. *Bold.*

His chamberlains are—
Madonnino Pinario de' Pinarj. *Robust. Favorable to my son.*
Madonnino Secondo de' Pinarj. *Of a very fervent nature. Brave.*
Madonnino Tertio de' Pinarj. *Honest. Inquisitive.*

His gentlemen are—
Madonnino Quarto de' Pinarj. *Assiduous. Brawny.*
Madonnino Quinto de' Pinarj. *Violent. Austere.*
Madonnino Sexto de' Pinarj. *Sensile. Fastidious.*
Madonnino Massimo de' Ardeati. *Ravid-eyed. Favorable to my son.*

His pages are—
Madonnino Septimo de' Pinarj. *Firm. Tall.*
Madonnino Dionisio de' Ardeati. *Pious. Dexterous.*
Madonnino Roberto de' Rodolfi. *Manly. Favorable to my son.*
Madonnino Octavio de' Pinarj. *Impudent. Swift.*
Madonnino Castore de' Ardeati. *Sweet-spoken. Inseparable from his twin.*
Madonnino Polluce de' Ardeati. *The same.*
Madonnino Ognisanti de' Ardeati. *Petulant. Delicate.*
Madonnino Erme de' Ardeati. *Impetuose. Valid.*
Madonnino Niccolo de' Rodolfi. *Equal-handed. Ingenuous. Favorable to my son.*

Madonnino Nono de' Pinarj. *Modest. Humane.*
Madonnino Decimo de' Pinarj. *Sinisterous. Vehement.*
Madonnino Ascanio de' Ardeati. *Literate. Quiet.*
Madonnino Agapito de' Ardeati. *Subtacit. Healthy.*
Madonnino Mauritio de' Ardeati. *Inconsiderate. Intrepid.*
Madonnino Giorgio de' Rodolfi. *Animose. Candid.*
Madonnino Lucifero de' Ardeati }
Madonnino Hespero de' Ardeati } *In mind and body these twins are as rare as white sparrows. Note them.*
Madonnino Undecimo de' Pinarj. *Bashful. Client of my son.*
Madonnino Duodecimo de' Pinarj. *Lusty. Simple.*
Madonnino Claudio de' Ardeati. *Loquacious. Sincere.*
Madonnino Manlio de' Ardeati. *Sanguine. Grey-eyed.*
Madonnino Fortunato de' Pinarj. *Hoarse with shouting. Pertinacious.*
Madonnino Celio de' Ardeati. *Blithe. Delicate.*

His cubicularius, his praefect of wardrobe, is Silvio de' Flavj. *Faithful. Considerate.*

Assistants to the last are—
Vespasiano de' Flavj. *Prisk.*
Tito de' Flavj. *Versute.*
Domitiano de' Flavj. *Small.*

His praefect of ceremonies is Astorgio de' Flavj. *Faithful. Attentive.*

His butler is Valerio de' Flavj. *Faithful. Frugal.*

His physician[1] is Demetrio de' Dondoloni. *Erudite. Diligent. Benign. Fortunate.*

His secretary is Sigismondo de' Goti. *Faithful. Literate. Of egregious form.*

His auditor is Ubaldo de' Ferrarj. *Faithful. Acute.*

His notary is Tommasino di Tommaso da Prato.[2] *Faithful. Prudent.*

His armourer is Ercole de' Romani. *Faithful. Ingenious.*

[1] 'Medicus.'

[2] Clement P.M. VII. had a Latin Secretary called Tommaso da Prato, whose spurious son this would appear to be.

Assistants to the last are—

Formoso de' Romani. *Vehement.*

Serafino de' Romani. *Hot-headed.*

Fabio de' Romani. *Operose.*

Adonide de' Romani. *Dicaculous.*

Leandro de' Romani. *Prisk.*

His praefect of stores is Cecchino di Cecco de' Garaviglj. *Sedate. Far-seeing.*

His chief cook is Celso de' Cherubini. *Pudick.*

His equerry is Celestino de' Lanciotti. *Adept.*

His nurse is Dionisia de' Flavj. *Faithful. Dear.*

So I will and command.

Note this. For love of me and of my son, my beloved foster-brother hath renounced his right. For love of my son and of thee, I have consented to this renunciation, for the present. Take care that neither Eros nor his noble progeny shall suffer either in honor or in fortune by their germanity; and at a convenient time, exsecute righteousness.

Note this well. The magnanimous Pinarj forgive. Their piety, toward me thy son, and toward my son, hath been most ineffable. If my son should love, and should will to espouse, Madonnina Gheralda, daughter of Madonno Cristoforo de' Pinarj by his wife Madonna Catarina de' Drusi, oppose him not, but confirm him. It is my mandate. Note it well. I conjecture that the occasion will not be given. I believe that he will not remain very long here.

(*The contents of the ninth skin*)

A life for a life. That is the law of The Lord God.

To my son, to my friends and familiars, I have said a last farewell.[1]

To the Minister-General of the Trinitarians, I have made my vows.

At the moment of time when thou shalt read these letters, I am

[1] 'Filio meo, amicis meis atque familiaribus, plurimam salutem dixi.'

admitted to the order of priesthood, all intervals having been observed.

I have sworn to use my life for the redemption of Christians held in captivity by infidel Moors.

This night I take ship for Africa, with other friars of my religion.

With thee, in thy palace is thy son.

At avemmaria, o my most dear father, take thou thy son and stand in the gateway of thy barbacan on Catinari.

Two friars of the Trinitarians will pass; one black, one white. Distinguish them from pies,[1] by the cross of red and blue upon their cloaks. The first is Fra Baltassare, formerly my slave, now my brother in The Lord. The second is Fra Giorgio, formerly thy son.

And, for a sign that thou faithfully wilt observe all the conditions of this my will and testament, in penitence kneel thou to that friar, to whom for this particular ministry God's Vicegerent hath delegated the plenitude of Apostolick Authority; and from mine hand, accept absolution, pardon, benediction.

Confide alway in The Lord God for mercy for thyself. Pray alway for the eternal rest of the souls of thy daughter Marcia, and of that good priest Gheraldo. Dismiss fear. Do good with thy years. Take care that my son continue worthy of our name. Let him not lack paternal love.

Fare thee well, most inlustrious prince and father; until anew, in the presence of The Lord God, I shall embrace my wife, my son, my mother, and thee, o my most dear father, fare thee well.

From my castle of Ardea. In the year mdxlv. of Man's Salvation. On the day of Saint Mary Magdalene. Before the dawn.[2]

[1] 'Illos a picis distingue—.' Dominicans are called *magpies* from their white habits and their black cloaks. The Trinitarian habit is verisimilar, but the cloak is differenced as described.

[2] July 22, 1545.—Ed.

EPILOGUE

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROLFE TO APISTOPHILOS ECHIS: GREETING, AND THESE LETTERS.

When princes will wrangle, peoples must excruciate. You will remember that, towards the end of the last century, the feud between Vatican and Quirinal (concerning some trumpery question of temporal sovereignty) caused infinite distress among the artizans of Rome. You will remember how that masons, joiners, and their sister-trades, especially were pressed by privation.

A version of Dom Gheraldo's diurnal was being read to the Countess of Santa Cotogna; and, by chance his soliloquy of *xiiii.* Jan. 1529 arrested her attention. I never saw a woman more illumined by an inspiration than at that moment.

Poplicola must continue to be Poplicola,[1] quoth she. *I suppose that what Poplicola di Hagiostayros has done before, Poplicola di Hagiostayros can do again. These starving people annoy me; and I never liked this fusty old palace. So we will go and live in my insula*[2] *while they pull it down, and clean it, and put it up again all nice and fresh.*

The work instantly was initiated; and, by this means, during the next two years, constant occupation was provided for some hundreds of operators who otherwise would have fallen into the grip of that deridible futility now masquerading as Charity. So once more, Poplicola di Hagiostayros (in the words of Dom Gheraldo) very meritoriously fed the esurient and clothed the nude, by making work for hundreds of artificers, masons, and joiners who, else, with their wives and children would have starved by reason of the trouble of the time. May the good deeds

[1] 'Her Excellency's ancestor, Publius Ualerius, received the surname Poplicola, from the People's love.

[2] A little modern mansion in Via Toniro.

of the Countess of Santa Cotogna count to her supernal eternal premium.

A few months later, I went with Her Excellency to inspect a trap-door, which had manifested itself during the removal of the floor from the throne-room. I hoped to gain important details relating to the manuscripts of Dom Gheraldo and Duke Renato; which documents I temporarily had laid aside in despair, on finding no trace of the rings or regalia. (And I may as well tell you here, that the titles of the duchy of Ardea have passed by marriage to another Roman House, just one degree less ancient than Poplicola di Hagiostayros; and are inaccessible to me.)

The whole of the palace, from the roof of the fifth story to the floor of the first, evenly had been taken down stone by stone, and beam by beam. Each beam, each stone had been marked, and disposed in the courtyards in such a way that all impaired pieces might be made good, in order to [ensure] the accurate re-edification of the pile. On ascending the great stair, and traversing the end of the gallery, we saw the long range of state apartments denuded of all vestiges of walls and ceilings. This wing included nine antechambers of divers shapes and sizes, the great throne-room or audience-chamber, and some other chambers. We walked in open air, as on a species of terrace, along a floor broken at intervals by masonry indicating the recent position of party-walls. The pavement of the antechambers was formed of innumerable pieces of varicoloured marbles and fragments of semi-precious marbles set in no pattern in cement: (*opus alexandrinum*, I think they call it). A hollow, slight but apparent, similar to the furrow round the site of the shrine of Saint Thomas-à-Canterbury, had been worn therein by thousands of dead feet which during centuries had passed along. The throne-room, for the first quarter of its length, (which was over the archway leading from the second to the third courtyard), was paved with white and black marble in a chequer pattern. The remainder of this great floor was of oak, laid in square panels each about ten feet in size. At the far end was a dais of three steps of the same wood, where once had stood the throne. The

foot-pace of this dais was formed of oak blocks, small and square, set alternately opposing the grain of the wood. Near the lower end of the room, where the white and black marble chequer ended and the square oak panels began, there was a yawning pit. When I saw it, I nearly swooned with joy.

The faithful steward Signor Carlo del Tritone, who was supervizing operations, now summoned the master-joiner. Interrogated, this one said that the little blocks of the dais had been easy to remove: but that when the man loosened this block—here he indicated a block which the right foot of anyone seated on the throne could press,—it was found difficult to move; and, when a crow-bar was applied with much force, behold a sudden crash, behold also a pit in the floor far away, as we might see. Wherefore, having called for Christ and Signor Carlo, he had dismissed his joiners. There was the invention of him now speaking, who begged the lady-countess and this Mr. English to observe him with favour.

The mouth of the pit was square. A panel of the floor was suspended in it by a great rusty hinge. The aperture was just at the junction of the oak and the marble chequer. Two holes were four feet apart on the inside opposite to the hinge. The pit was dark; and a lanthorn lowered a little way showed only masonry.

After discussion, Her Excellency ordained planks to be laid across the aperture and sealed; and the dais with the floor between it and the pit to be taken up. The indispensable Signor Carlo was left to superintend the operation and to guard the sacrosanctity of the pit.

The next day we returned, bringing with us Fra Pierpaolino of the Preachers, who indulges a passion for the curious, and Signori Macelli and Longhi, archaeologists of supreme reputation.

The dais had been removed, and the particular block which had caused the discovery, was seen to be the head of a lever governing elaborate mechanism.

This extended, through a groove in the beams below the level of the floor, as far as the pit, where it affected the dropping and

raising of the massive panel. There was an arrangement for locking the gear. The machinery was rusty, and considerable force was required to set it in motion. As we lacked the constructor's secret, when Signor Carlo demonstrated the mode of action, only this was proved—that a certain kind of pressure on the lever-block opened and shut the trap several times in our presence.

We deliberated to explore the pit. I offer a rough design that you may comprehend its situation.

The candle in an open lanthorn, lowered at the end of a cord, burned without affection. When it touched the bottom the cord was marked, drawn up, and measured, giving thirty-eight feet as the depth of the pit. The base of the lanthorn was dry and clean. Two scaffold-poles horizontally were laid across the aperture. A long ladder perpendicularly was lowered between them. The portion remaining in view rectangularly was lashed to the scaffold-poles. A mason was instructed to bring up an accurate account of all that he was to see. He descended the ladder carrying a lanthorn.

We observed the light as it dwindled to a spark in going down. Presently it ceased to move. The next instant, it fell with a little crash, and was extinguished. Then an agitated creature came clambering up the ladder, huskily whispering that there was a dead man below.

We stormed interrogations at him; but he only repeated that there was a dead man there, whose bones he had seen, of a whiteness, of a luminosity, of a horror, as surely as that Christ was his Most Holy Saviour.

We were much excited. It is well known that, when a Roman uses that form of asseveration, the matter is of gravest import. We ourselves agreed to descend. A lanthorn apiece was provided. Fra Pierpaolino tucked up his white gown, took a cord with him, (Signor Carlo retained the other end of it), and led the way. He agreed to pull four times in case he should find sufficient foothold for us at the bottom. The signal followed. We passed down the ladder after the Countess of Santa Cotogna.

When we reached Fra Pierpaolino, we stood upon a slight

incline which was dry and dusty and inclosed by walls on three sides. On the floor by the wall next to me there lay a human skeleton in great disorder, male by the pelvis, perfectly white and clean. In that part of the crown of the skull where a clerk would wear his tonsure, a gold-hilted dagger was imbedded. I extracted it very suddenly: for the aperture was about an inch-and-a-quarter in width, but the blade was corroded by rust to the thickness and width of the blade of a penknife, though in length it passed completely through the skull into the lower jaw under the incisors. Fra Pierpaolino, who had been on his knees arranging the bones in some sort of order, stood up and handed to Her Excellency a rosary of lapis-lazuli, a gold crucifix, and a handful of jewels, fourteen in all, each set in a gold rim and attached by gold rings to the large gold ring of the crucifix, Of these the most notable were a branch of coral of the magnitude of a man's thumb, and the largest and most magnificent amethyst which I have ever seen.

I instantly said to the Countess of Santa Cotogna, *Excellency, I have the honour of presenting Dom Gheraldo Pinarj.*

Then, as we stood there in that dark hole, I briefly spoke of the diurnal which I already have laid before you here. The friar recited *De Profundis* with antiphon. Resuming our lanthorns, we continued examination of the pit.

Three walls perpendicularly and rectangularly extended to the aperture in the audience-chamber: but the fourth wall was seen to terminate in an archway, seven-and-a-half feet above the floor on which we stood. The said floor slanted down an arched tunnel ten feet wide, seven-and-a-half feet high. I omitted to ascertain the angle of this slope and the length of the tunnel. We cautelously proceeded, I leading, for the others appeared to ascribe to me something like vested rights in this adventure. Very soon the floor became slimy, and the versatile Signor Carlo returned to the audience-chamber for a long rope, one end of which he confided to the master-mason at the top of the ladder, the other he brought to us; and Her Excellency (an expert conquistatrix of innumerable

Alps) roped us together in Alpine fashion. Again we proceeded through the slippery tunnel. The level of the slime rose: it covered the walls: it covered the arched roof overhead. Rats squeaked and ran before us. The Countess of Santa Cotogna squeaked, but did not run. For my part, I very gladly would have run—after my betters, (understood). One of our archaeologists, in proof of equanimity, offered us cigarettes; and then tried to light his own with his spectacles which he struck on their case. Finally, the passage terminated with an abrupt fall into a slightly larger tunnel of more ancient masonry, through which a horrid putid stream was flowing.

Signori Macelli and Longhi, without hesitation, pronounced this to be an actual Cloaca; and, with consideration, Cloaca Maxima. They elaborately discussed the error of the tunnel's constructor, (whoever he was), *who evidently had wished tumid* Tiber to invade his shaft and to clear it of whatever he might have cast therein. But the perpendicular shaft had not been carried deep enough, or Tiber in flood had not risen high enough since 1530; and the angle of the slanting tunnel had not sufficed to correct the prime miscalculation. Otherwise Dom Gheraldo's remains would have found sepulture in Tiberine sand many centuries ago. Very curious.

Some days later, I was paying my respects to the Countess of Santa Cotogna. Her lovely fair head emerged triumphant from a great green-velvet gown, and round her neck she wore a rosary of lapis-lazuli from which depended a crucifix and a bunch of jewels. These I admired. They were amethyst, coral, bloodstone, crystal, amber, jacinth, chrysolith, catseye, opal, chalcedonyx, sapphire, agate, green jasper, purple carnelian. We talked long of matters already narrated here. When I was about to take my leave, I said that, if she should have no other use for it, I earnestly desired to have the skull of Dom Gheraldo as a memento. O terrible Man, she responded, I have ordained Fra Pierpaolino to give him decent sepulture and, for his poor soul, to say a mass for each year during which he has lain unburied beneath my floor. Do you imagine

that I want him to haunt my new palace? No. And, by the bye, how do you like my new paper-knife?

She handed to me from the table a bright and shining thing, a long thin blade, clean, polished, sharpened, with a massive hilt of gold rilievo. I took it to the light for inspection. It was the poignard from the skull of Dom Gheraldo.

. . . .

Now, o Apistophilos Echis, you ought to know the Four Causes, the Material, the Formal, the Efficient, and the Final, of this my attempt at Historick Romance. And here I will make an end. And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto. For as it is hurtful to drink wine or water alone: and as wine mingled with water is pleasant and delighteth the taste: even so speech finely framed delighteth the ears of them that read the story. And here shall be an end. Live, love, be happy.

From the 'Bucintoro' of Venetia.[1] *The Nones of November, mcmviii.*[2]

[1] The Royal Bucintoro Rowing Club, Venice. Rolfe, who had arrived in that city in August 1908, became a member of the Club and used its facilities extensively. During periods of homelessness he gave the Club address as his own, and much of his later literary work was done there. The fact that Rolfe signs this Epilogue as from the Bucintoro indicates that he was working on *Don Renato*, presumably in proof form, as late as the Autumn of 1908. At this time he was living at the Belle Vue Hotel in Piazza San Marco, a short distance from the Club. For an account of his life during this period, containing frequent references to the Bucintoro, see Rolfe's novel *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* (Cassell, 1934 and 1962) and the several volumes of *The Centenary Edition of the Letters of Frederick William Rolfe* (Vane, 1959 &c.) —Ed

[2] November 5, 1908.—Ed.

GLOSSARY

N.B. Kipling appends a glossary to his *Departmental Ditties*. I suppose that that great writer also knows how gladly The Public takes a little trouble over its higher pleasures.

A

abhominable	(Juliana Berners) *adj.* odious, excellent, large, used in modern vulgar sense of 'awful'	(abominabilis)
ablegateship	*subst.* an embassage to a foreign court	(ablego)
acerb	(De Quincey) *adj.* sour, sharp	(acerbus)
adept	(Cowper) *adj.* skilful through effort	(adipiscor)
adolescent	*subst. adj.* between the ages of 15 and 30	(adolescens)
adolescentule	*subst.* one just past puberty, cf. peradolescent	(adolescentulus)
aegritude	(Elyot) *subst.* indisposition of mind or body	(aegritudo)
aestival	*adj.* pertaining to summer	(aestivalis)
aestive	*adj.* pertaining to summer	(aestivus)
aestuose	*adj.* very hot or agitated	(aestuosus)
alate	*adj.* winged	(alatus)
alexipharmick	*subst.* antidote	(alexipharmacon)
ament	*adj.* distracted	(amens)
amicity	*subst.* friendship	(amicitia)
amoene	*adj.* pleasant	(amoenus)
amoenity	*subst.* pleasantness	(amoenitas)
amyct	*subst.* linen hood worn by clerks: part of the Vestment	(amyctus)
angor	*subst.* strangling, trouble of mind, cf. dolor	(angor)

anguicomous	*adj.* with snaky hair	(anguicomus)
animose	*adj.* spirited, undaunted	(animosus)
animosity	(Skelton) *subst.* courage	(animositas)
antecessor	(Carlyle) *subst.* one who goes before	(antecessor)
apert	(Fotherby) *adj.* open, uncovered	(apertus)
argute	(Sterne) *adj.* active, keen, witty	(argutus)
argyrocorinthian	*adj.* silver-colored brass	(argyrocorinthius)
arts	*subst.* the larger limbs	(artus)
astrilucent	*adj.* gleaming like stars	(astrum luceo)
atrid	*adj.* dead black, *opp. to* albus, dead white	(ater)
aulick	*adj.* pertaining to a royal court	(aulicus)
aurate	*adj.* golden	(auratus)
aureate	*adj.* decorated	(aureatus)
auricomal auricomus	*adj.* golden-haired	(auricomus)
aurochs	*subst.* the *Bos Urus* or bison of Poland	(*German,* auerochs =a wild ox)

B

balbous	*adj.* stuttering	(balbus)
balbute	(Browne) *verb* to stutter	(balbutio)
ban	*subst.* publick proclamation of outlawry, banishment	(abalieno)
bandit	*subst.* outlaw under the ban	(abalieno)
barbarism	*subst.* a fault in the native language	(barbarismus)
barbarolexis	*subst.* a fault in the foreign language	(barbarolexis)
basilick	*adj.* king-like	(basilicus)
bellator	*subst.* warrior	(bellator)
bezel	*subst.* the part of a ring which confines the stone	(*Chald* bezal =limits)

bifid	*adj.* cleft	(bifidus)
brumal	*adj.* wintry	(brumalis)

C

cachinnate	*verb* to laugh loudly	(cachinno)
cadaver	*subst.* dead body	(cadaver)
caesarial	*adj.* dark-haired, i.e., beautiful-haired according to the Roman taste	(caesaries)
calid	*adj.* hot, rash, fiery	(calidus)
callid	*adj.* shrewd, skilful	(callidus)
callidity	*subst.* shrewdness, skill	(calliditas)
calor	*subst.* glowing heat	(calor)
calvaria	*subst.* skull	(calvaria)
calvity	*subst.* baldness	(calvitium)
camis	(Spenser) *subst.* shirt, chemise	(camisia)
candid	(Dryden) *adj.* glittering white, *opp. to* niger, glossy black	(candidus)
candor	(Massinger) *subst.* glittering whiteness	(candor)
capital	*adj.* pertaining to the head	(capitalis)
cataphractor	*subst.* mailed cavalryman	(cataphractor)
catulaster	*subst.* stripling	(catulaster)
cerussa	*subst.* white-lead	(cerussa)
citharoedick	*adj.* pertaining to one who plays the cithara	(citharoedicus)
coact	(Hale) *verb* to gather	(cogo)
coerulean	*adj.* dark blue	(coeruleus)
comity	*subst.* courteousness, gentleness	(comitas)
compt	*adj.* spruce, smart	(comptus)
connudate	*adj.* stark-naked	(connudatus)
contortuplicate	*verb* violently to writhe and twist	(contortus plico)
contuberne	*subst.* tent-companion, comrade, mate	(contubernalis)
cotidian	*adj.* daily	(cotidianus)

crass	*adj.* thick, solid	(crassus)
creature	(Bacon, Fuller) *subst.* the thing created	(creatura)
crepuscule	*subst.* twilight	(crepusculum)
crisp	(Vives) *adj.* curly	(crispus)
crural	*adj.* pertaining to the shins	(cruralis)
cubicularius	*subst.* valet-de-chambre	(cubicularius)
cubicule	*subst.* bedroom	(cubiculum)
cymar	*subst.* gown, overcoat	(*It.* zimarra)

D

deaurate	*adj.* gilded	(deauro)
debile	*adj.* feeble	(debilis)
decorous	(Motley) *adj.* seemly, beautiful	(decorus)
dedecorous	*adj.* unseemly, ugly	(dedecorus)
delfin	*subst.* dolphin	(delfinus)
delicate	(Evelyn) *adj.* charming	(delicatus)
devolute	*adj.* rolling down, falling headlong	(devolvo)
dicacity	*subst.* pertness, biting wit	(dicacitas)
dicaculous	*adj.* talkative, bitterly witty	(dicaculus)
dierect	*adj.* stretched out and raised up	(di-erigo)
digladiant	*adj.* fighting for life	(digladior)
digladiation	(Evelyn) *subst.* a fight for life	
dilucid	(Bacon) *adj.* clear, bright	(dilucidus)
direct	*adj.* straight	(dirigo)
direct	*verb* to straighten	
discruciation	*subst.* chagrin, torment	(discrucio)
dival	*adj.* god-like	(divalis)
divaricate	*adj.* stretched wide, straddling	(divarico)
dole	*subst.* trick	(dolus)
dolor	(Spenser) *subst.* trouble of body, cf. angor	(dolor)

E

effrenate	*adj.* unbridled, unruly	(effreno)
enucleate	*adj.* stripped, e.g. a kernel stripped of its husk	(enucleo)
ephebe	*subst.* male youth of 17 to 20 years	(ephebus)
equipollent	(Bacon) *adj.* of equal value or significance	(aequipollens)
erubescent	*subst.* blushing	(erubescens)
esurient	*adj.* hungry	(esuriens)
exalbid	*adj.* whitish	(exalbidus)
excandescence	(Blount) *subst.* irascibility	(excandescentia)
eximious	*adj.* select, extraordinary	(eximius)
existimate	(Steele) *verb* to judge a thing after having estimated its value	(existimo)
exitial	(Evelyn) *adj.* deadly, pernicious	(exitialis)
exitiose	*adj.* deadly, pernicious	(exitiosus)
expetent	*adj.* longing	(expetens)
explete	*adj.* full, perfect	(expletus)
exquisite	(Shakespeare) *adj.* daintily-finished, carefully sought out	(exquisitus)
exsult	*verb* vigorously to spring up, to gambol	(exsulto)
exsultant	*adj.* vigorously springing up, gambolling	(exsultans)
exsultation	*subst.* frisking, rejoicing	(exsultatio)

F

fascinator	*subst.* one with the evil eye	(fascinator)
fascine	*subst.* bundle, phallus-shaped charm against evil eye	(fascinum)
fastidiose	*adj.* squeamish	(fastidiosus)

fastidy	*subst.* squeamishness	(fastidium)
fatidick	*adj.* foretelling destiny	(fastidicus)
faustine	*adj.* fortunate	(faustus)
femoral	*subst.* thigh	(femur)
feral	*adj.* pertaining to the dead	(feralis)
firm	*adj.* strong, steadfast	(firmus)
firmitude	(Bp. Hall) *subst.* strength, steadfastness	(firmitudo)
flabellifer	*subst.* fan-bearer	(flabellifer)
flabellum	*subst.* fan	(flabellum)
flavian	*adj.* flaxen, pale golden-yellow	(flavus)
fleam	*subst.* lancet	(phlebotomus)
flebile	*adj.* causing to weep, lamentable	(flebilis)
flume	(Howitt) *subst.* flowing water	(flumen)
formose	*adj.* finely formed, beautiful	(formosus)
formosity	*subst.* fineness of form, beauty	(formositas)
fort	*adj.* powerful, brave	(fortis)
frigor	*subst.* coolness	(frigor)
frondose	(Gray) *adj.* leafy	(frondosus)
frondosity	*subst.* leafiness	(frondositas)
fulgid	(Pope) *adj.* glittering	(fulgidus)
fulguration	(Dr. Donne) *subst.* brightness, lightning-flash	(fulguratio)
fulmination	*subst.* lightning that strikes and sets on fire, thunderbolt	(fulminatio)
fuscous	(Burke) *adj.* dark, swarthy	(fuscus)
fusky	*adj.* dark, swarthy	(fuscus)

G

galbanate	*adj.* delicately clothed	(galbanatus)
gelid	(Goldsmith) *adj.* icy-cold	(gelidus)
gelidity	*subst.* icy-cold	(geliditas)
genuals	*subst.* garters	(genualia)

genuinely	*adv.* pertaining to cheek or jaw	(genuinus)
germanity	*subst.* faithful brotherhood	(germanitas)
gibberose	*adj.* very humpty-backed	(gibberosus)
gingilism	*subst.* pealing laughter	(gingilismus)
gracile	*adj.* slim, slender	(gracilis)
gracility	(Milman) *subst.* slimness, slenderness	(gracilitas)
grandity	(Camden) *subst.* greatness	(granditas)
graveolent	(Boyle) *adj.* noisome	(graveolens)
gravid	(Herbert) *adj.* laden	(gravidus)
gymnick	(Burton) *adj.* lightly-clothed (for bodily exercise)	(gymnicus)
gynaeceum	(Tennyson) *subst.* the women's quarters	(gynaeceum)

H

habile	(Spenser) *adj.* skilful, nimble, swift, able	(habilis)
hability	(South) *subst.* ability	(habilitas)
habit	(Irving) *subst.* deportment	(habitus)
habitude	*subst.* plight, habit, appearance	(habitudo)
hariol	*subst.* soothsayer	(hariolus)
hebdomadally	*adv.* weekly	(hebdomadaliter)
hebete	*adj.* dull, faint, weak, exhausted	(hebes)
hebetude	(Harvey) *subst.* dulness, faintness, weakness, exhaustion	(hebetudo)
hestern	*adj.* of yesterday	(hesternus)
hircose	*adj.* goatish	(hircosus)
hispid	(Martyn) *adj.* bristly	(hispidus)
horripilation	*subst.* bristling hair	(horripilatio)

I

ilicet	*subst.* oak-forest	(ilicetum)
ill-intellected	*adj.* misunderstood	(mala intelligere)

inbelline	(Junius) *adj.* peaceful	(inbellis)
inberb	*adj.* beardless	(inberbis)
inclyte	*adj.* celebrated	(inclytus)
incruent	(Brevint) *adj.* bloodless	(incruentus)
indecorous	(Burke) *adj.* unseemly, ugly	(indecorus)
index	*subst.* spy, informer	(index)
infandous	(Howell) *adj.* unspeakable	(infandus)
inhabile	*adj.* unable, clumsy	(inhabilis)
inloricate	*adj.* unclothed in mail	(inlorico)
inlutibard	*adj.* filthy-bearded	(inlutibarbus)
innable	*adj.* that which cannot be crossed by swimming	(innabilis)
inpavid	*adj.* fearless	(inpavidus)
inprovised	(Browne) *adj.* unforeseen	(inprovisus)
inremeable	(Dryden, Max Beerbohm) *adj.* from which one cannot return	(inremeabilis)
instaure	(Marston) *verb* to renew	(instauro)
insulsity	(Milton) *subst.* silliness	(insulsitas)
intemerable	*adj.* inviolable	(intemerabilis)
intercalate	(Mantell) *verb* to put in between	(intercalo)
invect	(Beaumont & Fletcher) *verb* to inveigh	(inveho)
inverecund	*adj.* without shame	(inverecundus)
investite	*adj.* unclothed, inpubick, innocent	(investis)
invituperabilissimous	*adj.* that which by no means can be blamed	(invituperabilissimus)

J

juvenal	(Shakespeare) *adj.* youthful (between the ages of 30 and 46)	(juvenalis)
juvencal	*adj.* young (man or bullock)	(juvencus)
juvence	*subst.* youth (from age of 30 to 46)	(juventus)

L

lacertose	*adj.* muscular	(lacertosus)
laneous	*adj.* woollen	(laneus)
Lar	*subst.* Lord	(Lar, Lars, Larth)
latrocinity	*subst.* highway robbery	(latrocinium)
laureole	*subst.* laurel-crown	(laureola)
lauret	*subst.* laurel-grove on the Aventine Hill	(Lauretum)
lepid	*adj.* pretty, pleasant	(lepidus)
lethiferous	*adj.* death-bringing	(lethifer)
livid	(Dryden) *adj.* bluish, black and blue, envious	(lividus)
lorica	*subst.* mail-shirt	(lorica)
lubidinose	*adj.* sensual	(lubidinosus)
lubricity	*subst.* slipperiness, deceit, lewdness	(lubricitas)
lubrick	*adj.* slippery, deceitful, lewd	(lubricus)
lucrifick	*adj.* profitable	(lucrificus)
luctifick	*adj.* baleful	(luctificus)
lucubration	(Irving) *subst.* study by lamp-light, night-work	(lucubratio)
lymphatick	*adj.* panick-struck, frantick, distracted	(lymphaticus)

M

macilent	*adj.* thin, scraggy	(macilentus)
mansuete	*adj.* gentle	(mansuetus)
mansuetude	(Herbert) *subst.* gentlehood	(mansuetudo)
manuinspection	*subst.* palmistry	(manuinspectio)
margaritiferous	*adj.* producing pearls	(margaritifer)
marmoreal	*adj.* made of marble, marble-like	(marmoreus)
medullose	*adj.* marrowy	(medullosus)
membrature	*subst.* formation of the members	(membratura)
membrose	*adj.* large-membered	(membrosus)
micate	*verb* to glitter, quiver	(mico)

micant	*adj.* glittering, quivering	(micans)
milesian	*adj.* obscene	(milesius)
minate	*verb* to threaten	(minor)
minim	*subst.* the little finger	(minimus)
minium	(Burton) *subst.* cinnabar, red-lead, vermillion	(minium)
miracidion	*subst.* a lad of 14	(miracidion)
mollitude	*subst.* suppleness, softness	(mollitudo)
morose	*adj.* peevish, wayward	(morosus)
morse	*subst.* a clasp	(morsus)
mulierity	*subst.* womanhood	(mulieritas)
mulierose	*adj.* fond of women	(mulierosus)
mund	*adj.* clean, nice, neat	(mundus)
mundity	*subst.* cleanliness, niceness, neatness	(munditia)
musty	*adj.* young, new, fresh, unfermented	(mustus)

N

nasute	(Bp. Gauden) *adj.* large-nosed, witty	(nasutus)
natrix	*subst.* an eelskin scourge	(natrix)
naumachy	*subst.* mock sea-fight	(naumachia)
navarch	(Mitford) *subst.* ship-captain	(navarchus)
nemoral	*adj.* woody	(nemoralis)
nemorose	(Evelyn) *adj.* woody	(nemorosus)
nervose	(Pope) *adj.* sinewy	(nervosus)
nictate	*verb* to wink	(nicto)
nigrick	*adj.* glossy black, *opp. to* candid, glittering white	(niger)
nigrify	*verb* to blacken	(nigrifico)
nigritude	*subst.* glossy blackness	(nigritudo)
nitid	(Reeve) *adj.* plump, healthy-looking, bright	(nitidus)
nitidity	*subst.* plumpness, healthy beauty, brightness	(nitiditas)
nitor	*subst.* brightness, sheen	(nitor)
nothus	*subst.* an illegitimate son	(nothus)

nubile	*adj.* marriageable	(nubilis)
nude	*adj.* unarmed, bare, wearing a single garment	(nudus)

O

obfuscate	(Sterne) *verb* to darken	(obfusco)
olid	(Boyle) *adj.* stinking, frowsy	(olidus)
olitor	(Evelyn) *subst.* olive-dresser	(olitor)
olivet	*subst.* olive-garden	(olivet)
opt	*verb* to choose	(opto)
ostend	(Webster) *verb* to shew	(ostendo)

P

pagan	*adj.* pertaining to the country	(paganus)
paganick	*adj.* pertaining to the country	(paganicus)
palpate	*verb* to stroke	(palpo)
pandiculate	*adj.* stretched as in yawning	(pandiculor)
pandiculation	*subst.* stretching as in yawning	(pandiculor)
papaver	*subst.* poppy	(papaver)
pavid	*adj.* frightened	(pavidus)
pavonine	*adj.* colored like a peacock's pride	(pavoninus)
pavor	*subst.* fright	(pavor)
pensile	(Howitt) *adj.* hanging down	(pensilis)
per-	*in composition equals* very	(per)
peradolescent	*subst. adj.* on the verge of adolescence	(peradolescens)
percandid	*adj.* very white and shining	(percandidus)
percandity	*subst.* extremely brilliant whiteness	(percanditas)
perdurable	(Shakespeare) *adj.* very durable	(perdurabilis)

peregrine	(Bacon) *adj.* foreign	(peregrinus)
perfricate	*verb* to rub	(perfrico)
perlepid	*adj.* very pretty	(perlepidus)
pernicitly	*adv.* nimbly	(perniciter)
pernicity	*subst.* nimbleness	(pernicitas)
pernick	(Milton) *adj.* nimble	(pernix)
perose	*adj.* very odious	(perosus)
perpallid	*adj.* very pale	(perpallidus)
perridiculous	*adj.* very ridiculous	(perridiculus)
perturpid	*adj.* very shameful	(perturpis)
perturpitude	*subst.* a very shameful deed	(perturpitudo)
pervalid	*adj.* very strong	(pervalidus)
pinguid	(Mortimer) *adj.* fat, sleek	(pinguis)
pinguitude	*subst.* fatness, sleekness	(pinguitudo)
potesty	*subst.* power	(potestas)
praecellent	(Sheldon) *adj.* very distinguished	(praecellens)
prasine	*adj.* leek-green	(prasinus)
prave	*adj.* crooked	(pravus)
precation	(Cotton) *subst.* prayer	(precatio)
preconize	*verb* to proclaim	(praeconor)
predicable	*adj.* praiseworthy	(praedicabilis)
prepete	*adj.* fleet-footed	(prepes)
prepollent	(Boyle) *adj.* very distinguished	(prepollens)
prisk	*adj.* old-fashioned	(priscus)
probose	*adj.* good	(probus)
procacious	(Barrow) *adj.* pert	(procax)
procacity	*subst.* pertness	(procacitas)
procere	*adj.* tall	(procerus)
procerity	(Dr. Johnson, De Quincey) *subst.* tallness	(proceritas)
progymnast	*subst.* slave who performs gymnastics with (but preceding) his master	(progymnastes)
proterve	*adj.* violent, wanton	(protervus)
pube	*subst.* one arrived at puberty	(pubes)
pudibund	*adj.* modest	(pudibundus)

puerice	*subst.* boyhood	(pueritia)
puerine	*adj.* boyish	(puerinus)
pulchritude	(Chaucer) *subst.* beauty	(pulchritudo)
pure pute	*adj.* perfectly pure	(purus putus)
putid	(Bp. Taylor) *adj.* stench, rottenness	(putor)
putt	*subst.* boy (*Italian* puto; *modern Italian* putto)	(putus)
pyladean	*adj.* very faithful	(pyladeus)

R

raucisonous	*adj.* hoarse-sounding	(raucisonus)
ravid	*adj.* greyish	(ravidus)
recent	*adj.* young, fresh	(recens)
repentine	*adj.* sudden, unlooked-for	(repentinus)
resilient	(Bacon) *adj.* rebounding	(resilio)
rigor	*subst.* stiffness, cramp	(rigor)
roborate	*adj.* strong, vigorous	(roboro)
robust	*adj.* oaken, hard, lusty	(robustus)
rugose	*adj.* wrinkled	(rugosus)
rugosity	*subst.* wrinkles	(rugositas)
rutilant	(Evelyn) *adj.* glowing red	(rutilans)

S

sabbatick	*adj.* pertaining to Saturday	(sabbaticus)
salient	(Burke) *adj.* springing, throbbing	(saliens)
sapor	(Browne) *subst.* taste	(sapor)
scitulous	*adj.* neat, adroit	(scitulus)
sensile	*adj.* endowed with sensation	(sensilis)
sentence	(Milton) *subst.* opinion	(sententia)
silvan	(Dryden) *adj.* woody	(silva)
silvestrine	*adj.* woody	(silvestris)
sime	*adj.* snub-nosed	(simus)
sitibund	*adj.* very thirsty	(sitibundus)
smaragd	*subst.* emerald	(smaragdus)

solert	*adj.* clever, adroit	(solers)
solivagous	*adj.* wandering alone	(solivagus)
spadonick	*adj.* castrated	(spado)
speciose	*adj.* beautiful	(speciosus)
speciosity	*subst.* beauty	(speciositas)
splendescent	*adj.* brightening	(splendesco)
spurious	(Milton) *adj.* illegitimate	(spurius)
stelliferous	*adj.* bearing stars	(stella fero)
stuprate	*adj.* deflowered	(stupro)
sub-	*in composition equals* rather	(sub)
subhilariously	*adv.* rather hilariously	(subhilariter)
subingenious	*adj.* rather ingenious	(subingenious)
subtile	(Spenser) *adj.* fine, slender, unadorned, exact	(subtilis)
subturpicularly	*adv.* rather shamefully	(subturpiculariter)
subturpiculous	*adj.* rather shameful	(subturpiculus)
succussature	*subst.* jolting	(succussatura)
succussion	*subst.* shaking	(succussio)
sucid	*adj.* juicy, fresh	(sucidus)
sufflavian	*adj.* pale-yellow	(sufflavus)
suggrand	*adj.* rather large	(suggrandis)
sugillate	(Wiseman) *adj.* beaten black and blue	(sugillo)
surridiculous	*adj.* rather ridiculous	(surridiculus)

T

tabid	(Arbuthnot) *adj.* decaying	(tabidus)
talarian	*adj.* reaching to the ankles	(talaris)
taratarantara	*subst.* Ennius's onomatopee for the sound of the trumpet	(taratarantara)
tenebricose	*adj.* dark	(tenebricosus)
tenebricosity	*subst.* darkness	(tenebricositas)
tenerity	*subst.* tenderness	(teneritas)
terete	*adj.* rounded, well-turned, smooth	(teres)
teretude	*subst.* roundedness, well-turnedness, smoothness	(teretudo)

thrasonian	*adj.* bragging	(thrasonianus)
titule	*subst.* each of a certain number of Roman churches which are served by Cardinal-Presbyters	(titulus)
torose	*adj.* lusty, brawny	(torosus)
torvid	(Webster, 1654) *adj.* fierce	(torvid)
torvine	*adj.* stern, grim	(torvus)
tralucid	*adj.* clear	(tralucidus)
tripudiation	(Carlyle) *subst.* a measured stamping, religious dance	(tripudio)
tripudiator	*subst.* one who performs a tripudiation	(tripudio)
trucid	*adj.* given to slaughter	(trucidus)
trull	*subst.* a dipper, bason	(trulla)
tumid	(Milton) *adj.* swollen, protuberant	(tumidus)
turible	*subst.* censer	(turibulum)
turpid	*adj.* shameful, nasty	(turpis)
turpilucricupidous	*adj.* covetous of base or dishonest gain	(turpilucricupidus)
turpitude	(Shakespeare) *subst.* shamefulness, nastiness	(turpitudo)

U

umbriferous	*adj.* shade-giving	(umbrifer)
umbrose	*adj.* shady	(umbrosus)
urbane	*adj.* pertaining to the City (i.e. Rome), in the fashion of that city	(urbanus)

V

valent	*adj.* strong, healthy	(valens)
valetude	*subst.* good health	(valetudeo)
valgous	*adj.* bandy-legged	(valgus)
varicate	*adj.* with legs apart	(varico)

vaticination	(I. Taylor) *subst.* soothsaying	(vaticinatio)
vegete	(Bp. Taylor) *adj.* vigorous, lively	(vegetus)
veneficous	*adj.* poisonous	(veneficus)
venete	*adj.* sea-blue, Venetian-blue	(venetus)
venustous	*adj.* lovely	(venustus)
venusty	*subst.* loveliness	(venustas)
vepallid	*adj.* very pale	(vepallidus)
verberate	*verb* to beat	(verbero)
veridical	*adj.* truth-telling	(veridicus)
vermicular	(Vulgate) *adj.* scarlet	(verimiculus)
vesticipal	*adj.* clothed, pubick, manly	(vesticeps)
vicinal	(Glanville) *adj.* near	(vicinalis)
vigent	*adj.* blooming, flushing	(vigeo)
virent	(Browne) *adj.* verdant, fresh	(vireo)
virid	(Crompton) *adj.* green, fresh, youthful, lively	(viridus)
virtue	*subst.* the sum of all corporeal and mental excellences of man	(virtus)

EXPLICIT̃